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EDWARD FULLER BIGELOW AND HIS DAUGHTER,
PEARL AGNES.

Two boon companions on many a walk in roads, fields and forests.

400 f. 250

WALKING: A FINE ART

as practised by Naturalists
and explained by
Original Contributions to this volume,
and by Quotations from the published works of those who
love to dally along country lanes

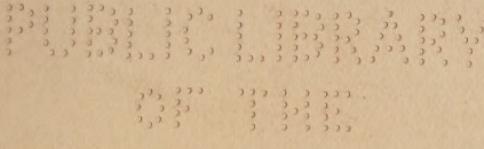
Compiled and Edited by
EDWARD F. BIGELOW

One of the Walkers
and

"Nature and Science" Editor of the
St. Nicholas Magazine

I walk about; not to and from.—*Charles Lamb.*

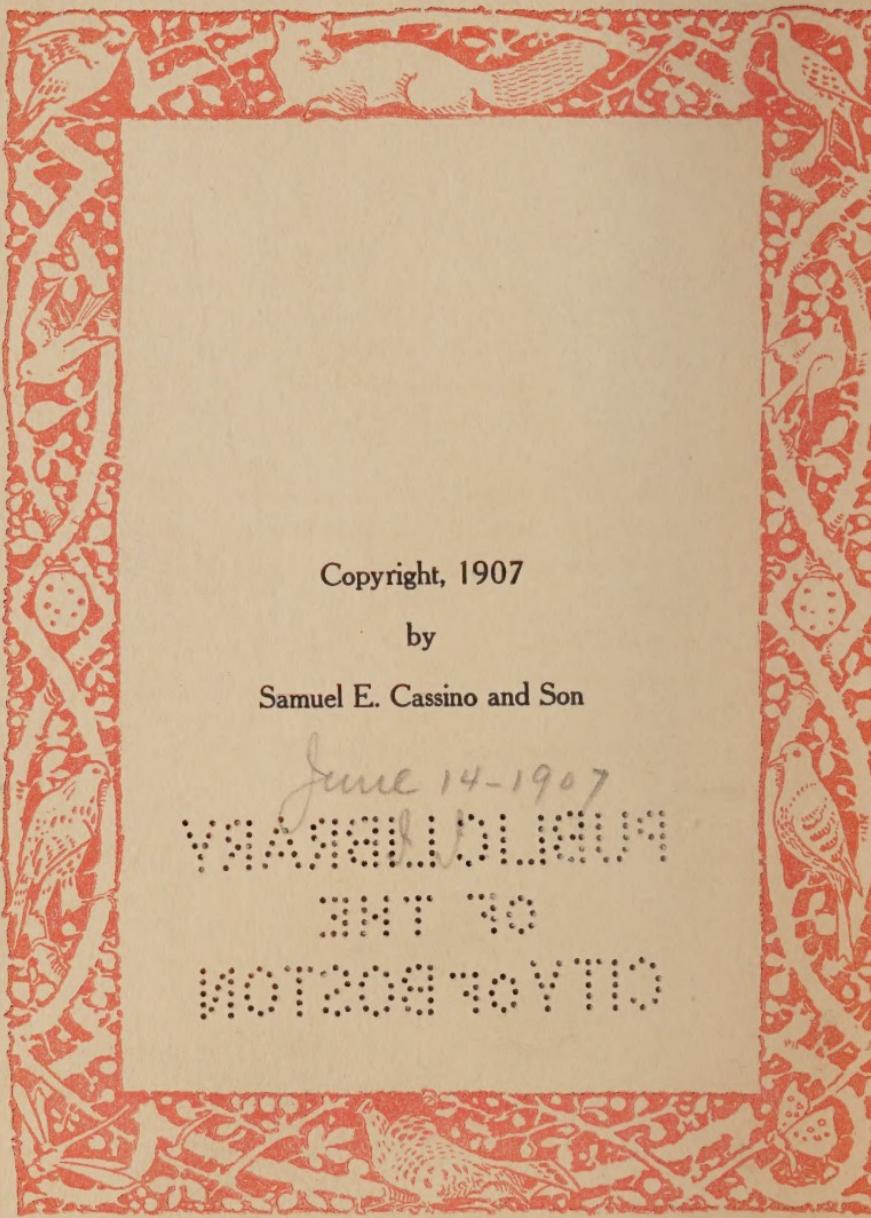
I will go lose myself.—*Shakespeare.*



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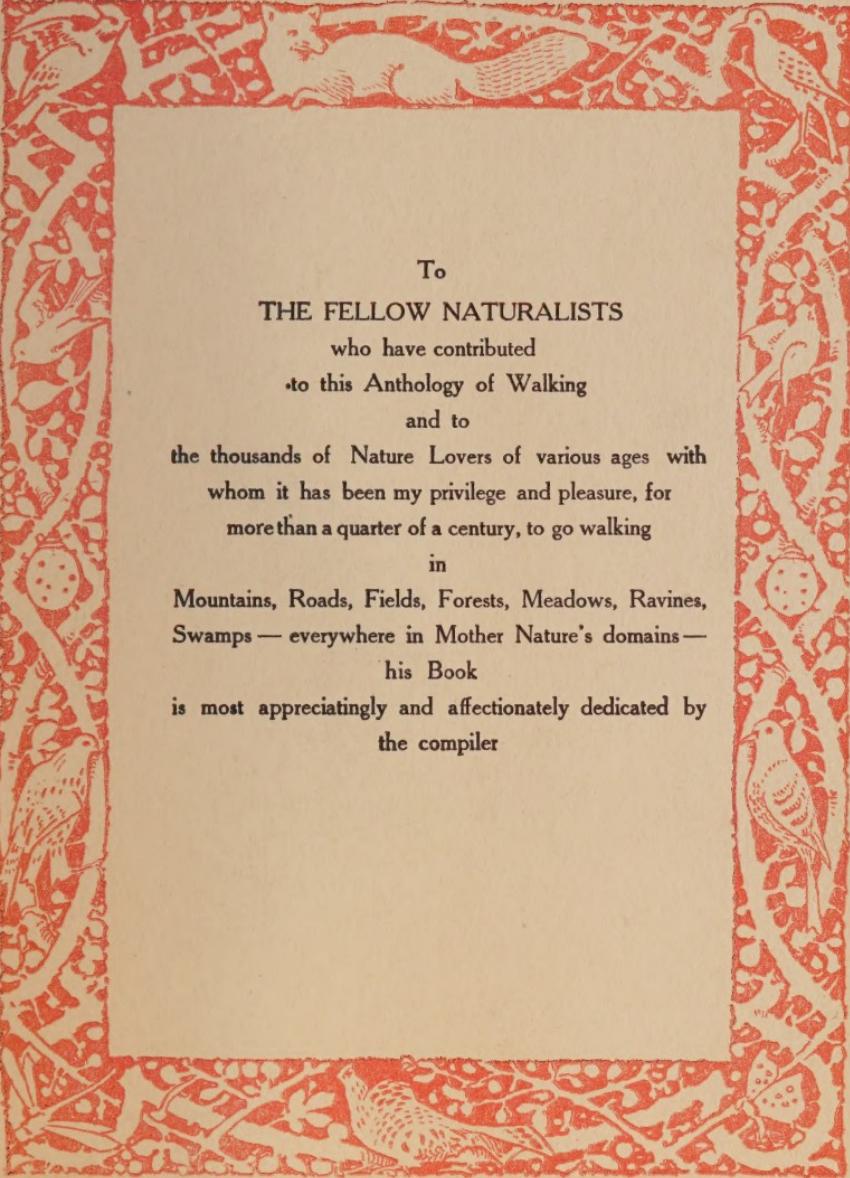


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June 14-1907
VOLUME I
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To
THE FELLOW NATURALISTS
who have contributed
to this Anthology of Walking
and to

the thousands of Nature Lovers of various ages with
whom it has been my privilege and pleasure, for
more than a quarter of a century, to go walking

in

Mountains, Roads, Fields, Forests, Meadows, Ravines,
Swamps — everywhere in Mother Nature's domains —
his Book

is most appreciably and affectionately dedicated by
the compiler

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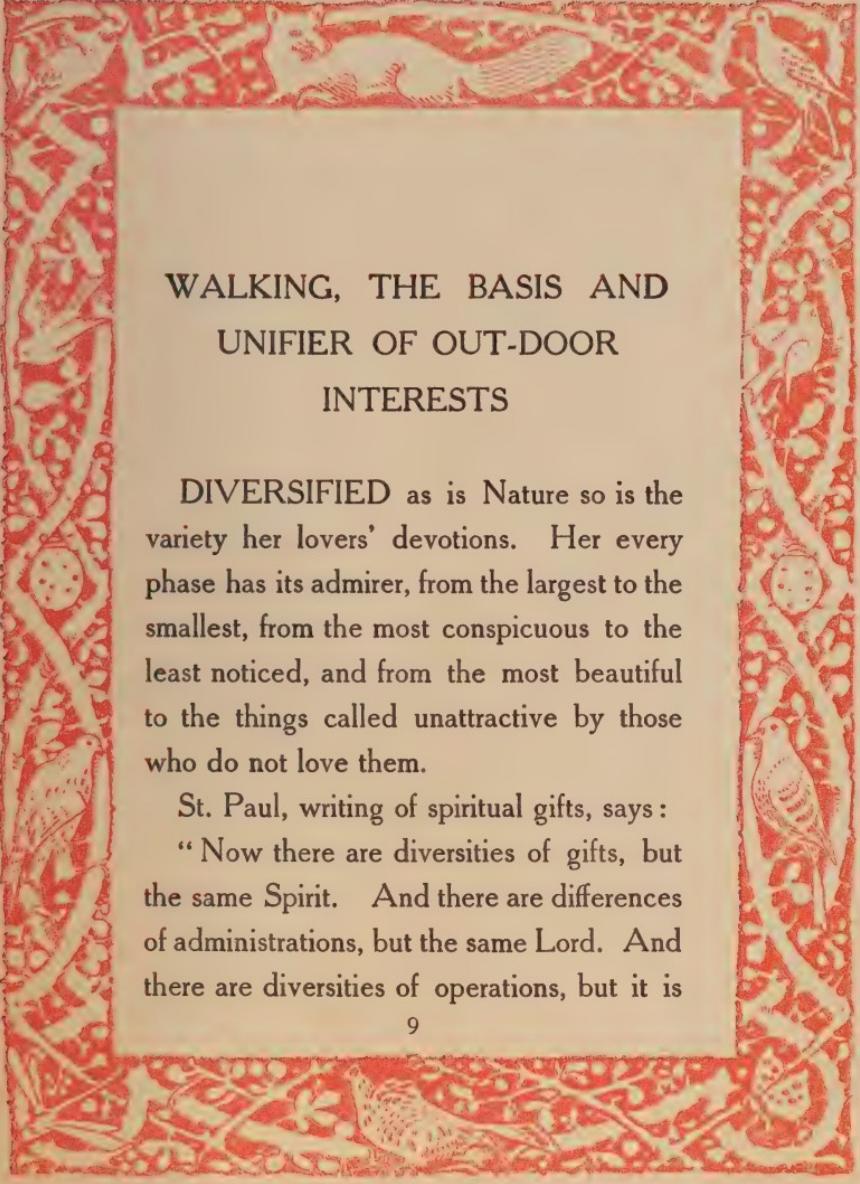
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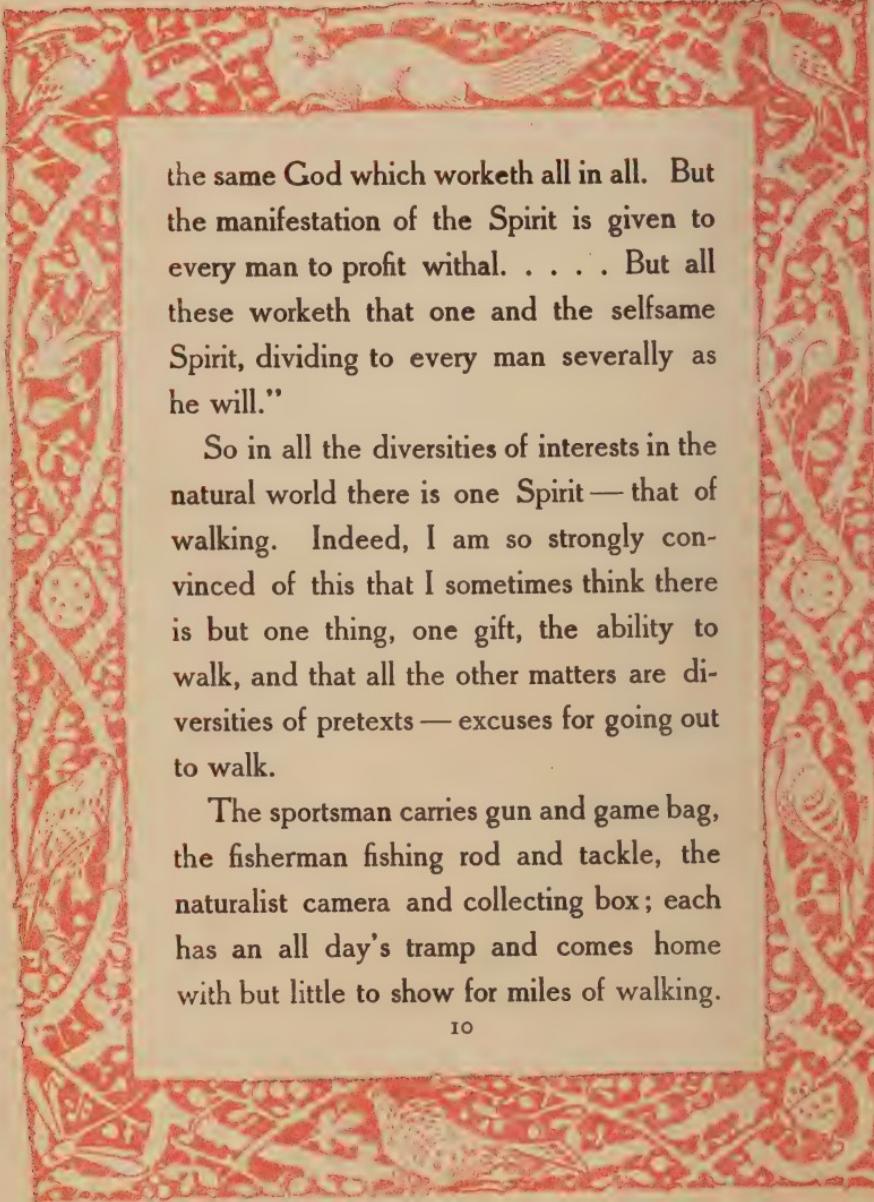


WALKING, THE BASIS AND UNIFIER OF OUT-DOOR INTERESTS

DIVERSIFIED as is Nature so is the variety her lovers' devotions. Her every phase has its admirer, from the largest to the smallest, from the most conspicuous to the least noticed, and from the most beautiful to the things called unattractive by those who do not love them.

St. Paul, writing of spiritual gifts, says :

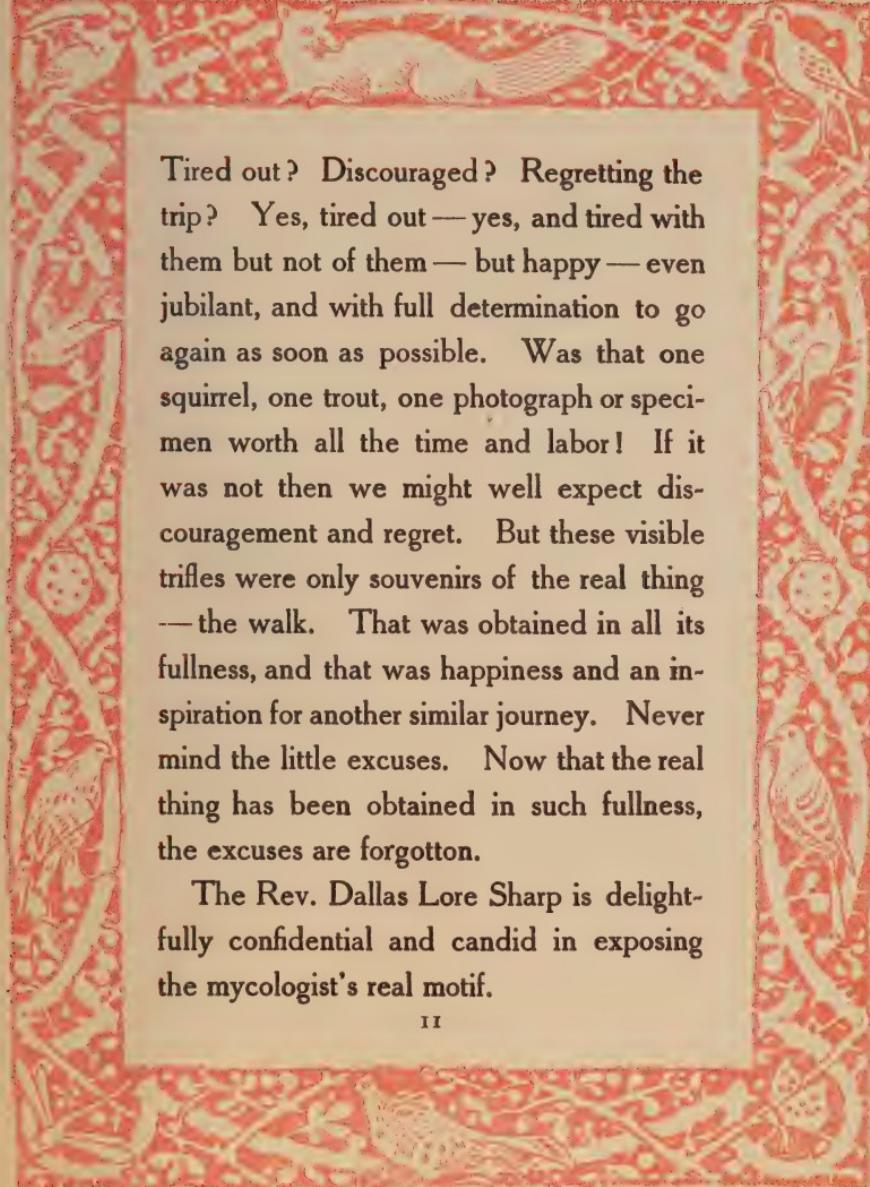
“ Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is



the same God which worketh all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

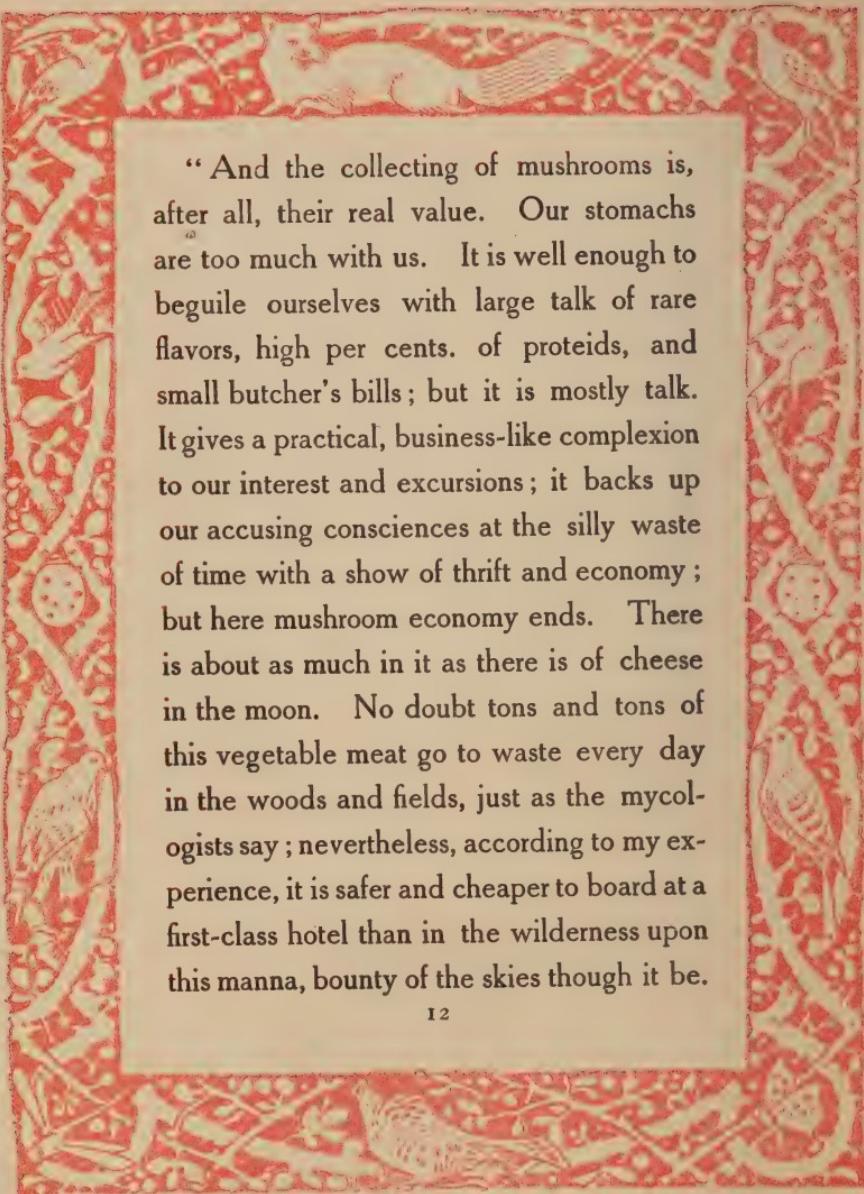
So in all the diversities of interests in the natural world there is one Spirit—that of walking. Indeed, I am so strongly convinced of this that I sometimes think there is but one thing, one gift, the ability to walk, and that all the other matters are diversities of pretexts—excuses for going out to walk.

The sportsman carries gun and game bag, the fisherman fishing rod and tackle, the naturalist camera and collecting box; each has an all day's tramp and comes home with but little to show for miles of walking.

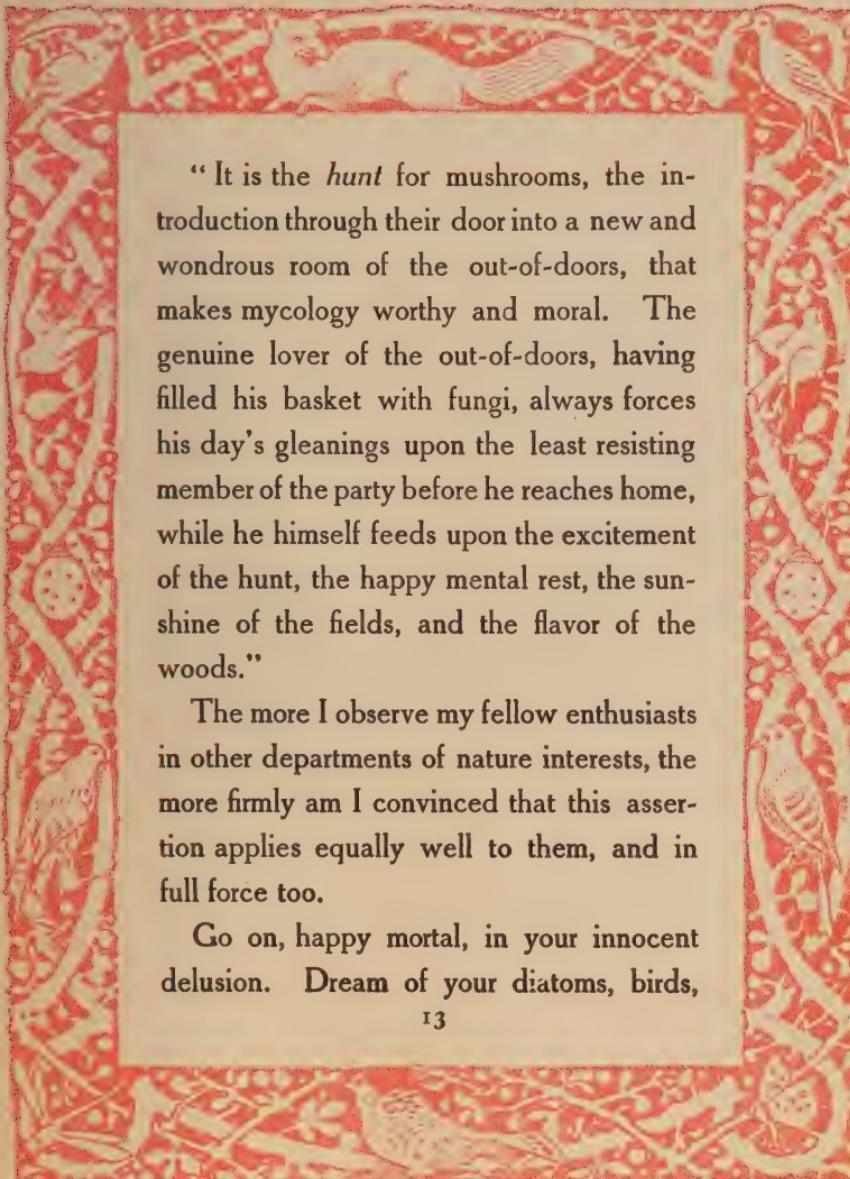


Tired out? Discouraged? Regretting the trip? Yes, tired out — yes, and tired with them but not of them — but happy — even jubilant, and with full determination to go again as soon as possible. Was that one squirrel, one trout, one photograph or specimen worth all the time and labor! If it was not then we might well expect discouragement and regret. But these visible trifles were only souvenirs of the real thing — the walk. That was obtained in all its fullness, and that was happiness and an inspiration for another similar journey. Never mind the little excuses. Now that the real thing has been obtained in such fullness, the excuses are forgotton.

The Rev. Dallas Lore Sharp is delightfully confidential and candid in exposing the mycologist's real motif.



“ And the collecting of mushrooms is, after all, their real value. Our stomachs are too much with us. It is well enough to beguile ourselves with large talk of rare flavors, high per cents. of proteids, and small butcher’s bills ; but it is mostly talk. It gives a practical, business-like complexion to our interest and excursions ; it backs up our accusing consciences at the silly waste of time with a show of thrift and economy ; but here mushroom economy ends. There is about as much in it as there is of cheese in the moon. No doubt tons and tons of this vegetable meat go to waste every day in the woods and fields, just as the mycologists say ; nevertheless, according to my experience, it is safer and cheaper to board at a first-class hotel than in the wilderness upon this manna, bounty of the skies though it be.



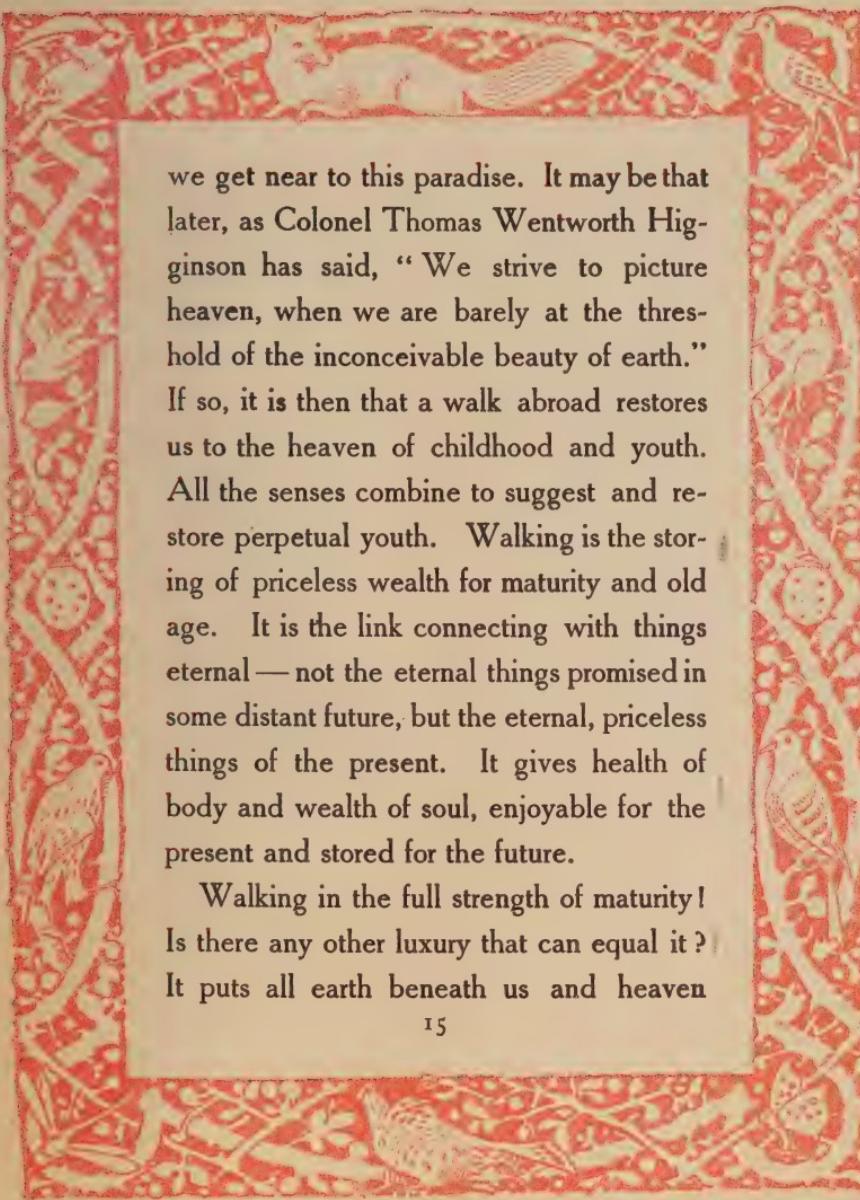
"It is the *hunt* for mushrooms, the introduction through their door into a new and wondrous room of the out-of-doors, that makes mycology worthy and moral. The genuine lover of the out-of-doors, having filled his basket with fungi, always forces his day's gleanings upon the least resisting member of the party before he reaches home, while he himself feeds upon the excitement of the hunt, the happy mental rest, the sunshine of the fields, and the flavor of the woods."

The more I observe my fellow enthusiasts in other departments of nature interests, the more firmly am I convinced that this assertion applies equally well to them, and in full force too.

Go on, happy mortal, in your innocent delusion. Dream of your diatoms, birds,

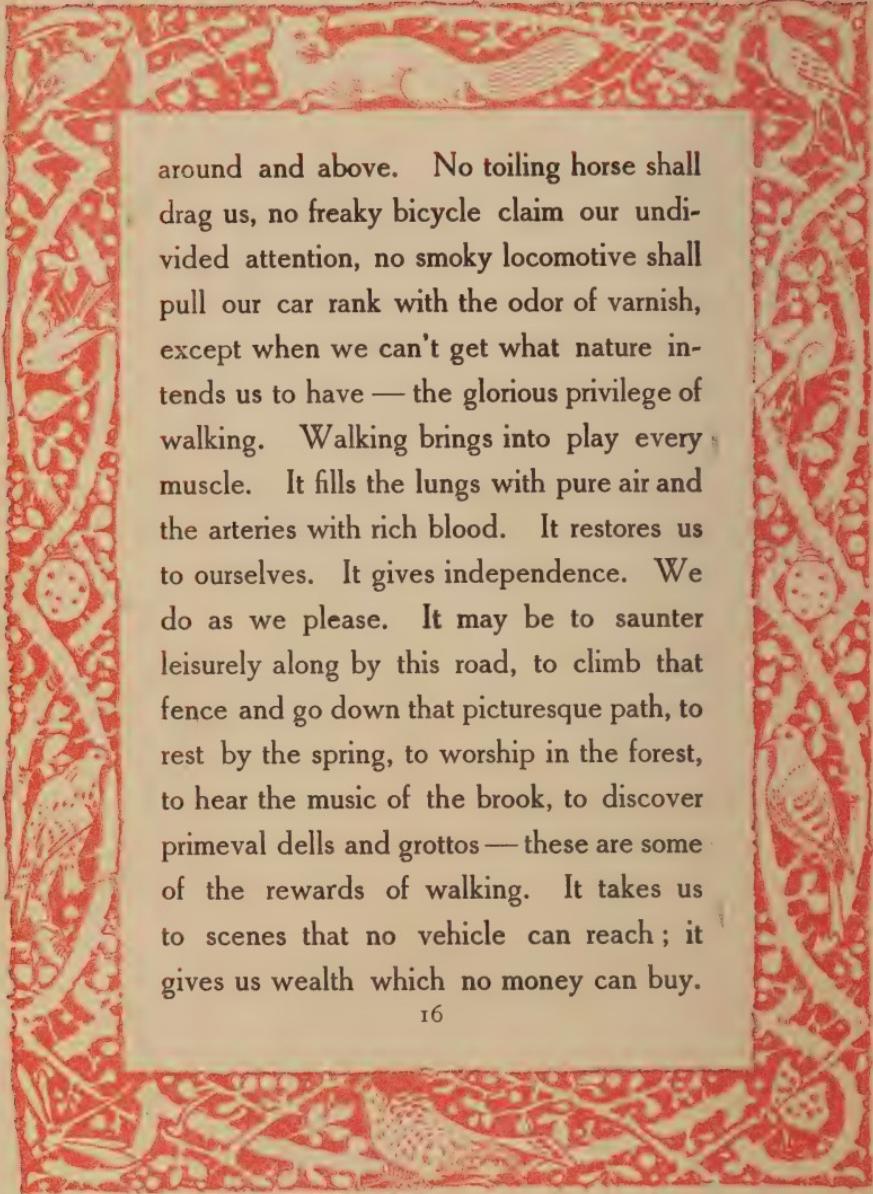
snakes or boulders. They are only agents to entice you to the real thing — walking and its accompaniments. It is the accompaniments that give it charm. These are not the minutiae of nature magnified into importance, nor yet the larger interests hampered within the folds of scientific environments. But you shall, oh scientist, artist, photographer, not only go into the fields to rake up the straws but you shall look to the real things. Your soul shall and does drink in the influence of things. You shall walk in this paradise, and you will be happy though perhaps you are ignorant of the reason.

What a boon is walking to every child and youth. It is not only in our infancy that heaven lies about us but through our youth. In the merry rambles of childhood,



we get near to this paradise. It may be that later, as Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has said, "We strive to picture heaven, when we are barely at the threshold of the inconceivable beauty of earth." If so, it is then that a walk abroad restores us to the heaven of childhood and youth. All the senses combine to suggest and restore perpetual youth. Walking is the storing of priceless wealth for maturity and old age. It is the link connecting with things eternal — not the eternal things promised in some distant future, but the eternal, priceless things of the present. It gives health of body and wealth of soul, enjoyable for the present and stored for the future.

Walking in the full strength of maturity! Is there any other luxury that can equal it? It puts all earth beneath us and heaven



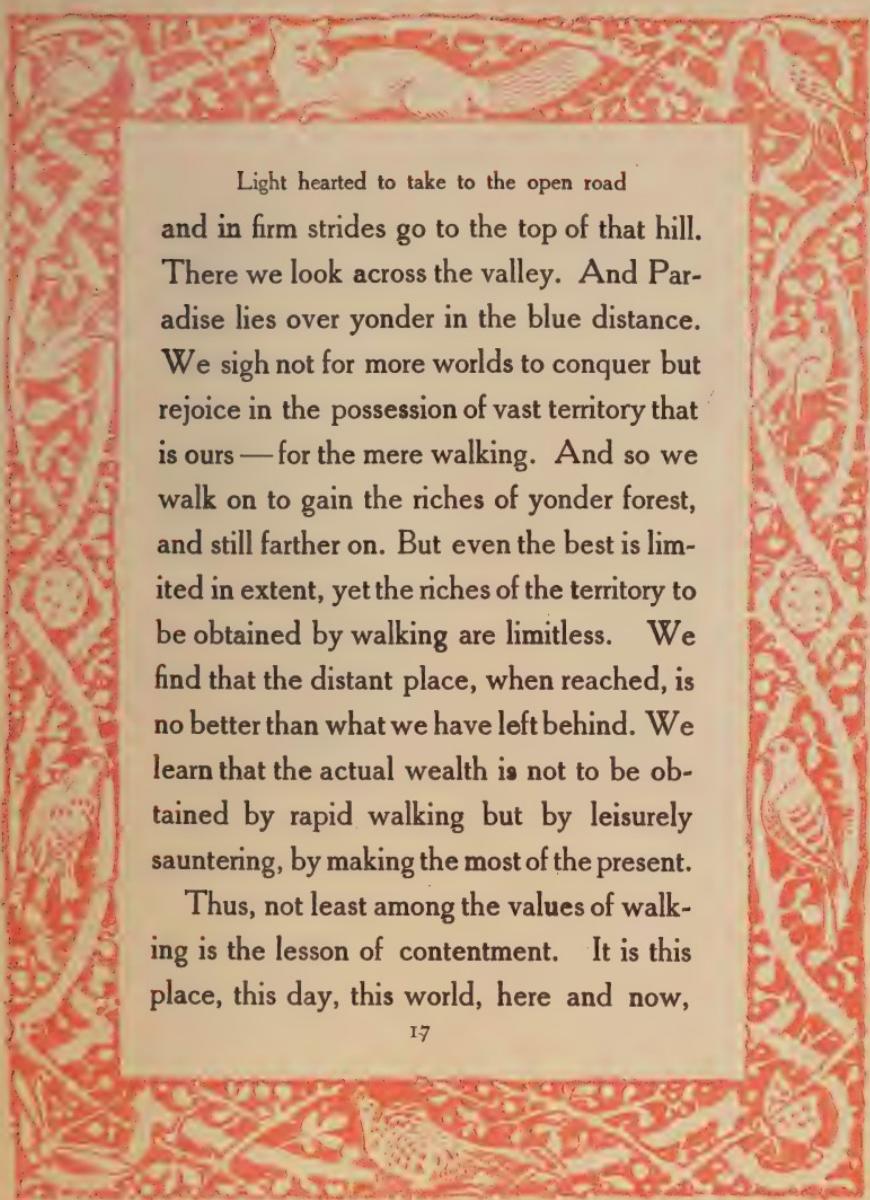
around and above. No toiling horse shall drag us, no freaky bicycle claim our undivided attention, no smoky locomotive shall pull our car rank with the odor of varnish, except when we can't get what nature intends us to have — the glorious privilege of walking. Walking brings into play every muscle. It fills the lungs with pure air and the arteries with rich blood. It restores us to ourselves. It gives independence. We do as we please. It may be to saunter leisurely along by this road, to climb that fence and go down that picturesque path, to rest by the spring, to worship in the forest, to hear the music of the brook, to discover primeval dells and grottos — these are some of the rewards of walking. It takes us to scenes that no vehicle can reach ; it gives us wealth which no money can buy.



ON AN INDIAN SUMMER DAY.



"Walking takes us to scenes that no vehicle can reach ; it gives us wealth which no money can buy We sigh not for more worlds to conquer, but rejoice in the possession of vast territory that is ours—for the mere walking,"



Light hearted to take to the open road
and in firm strides go to the top of that hill.
There we look across the valley. And Par-
adise lies over yonder in the blue distance.
We sigh not for more worlds to conquer but
rejoice in the possession of vast territory that
is ours — for the mere walking. And so we
walk on to gain the riches of yonder forest,
and still farther on. But even the best is lim-
ited in extent, yet the riches of the territory to
be obtained by walking are limitless. We
find that the distant place, when reached, is
no better than what we have left behind. We
learn that the actual wealth is not to be ob-
tained by rapid walking but by leisurely
sauntering, by making the most of the present.

Thus, not least among the values of walk-
ing is the lesson of contentment. It is this
place, this day, this world, here and now,

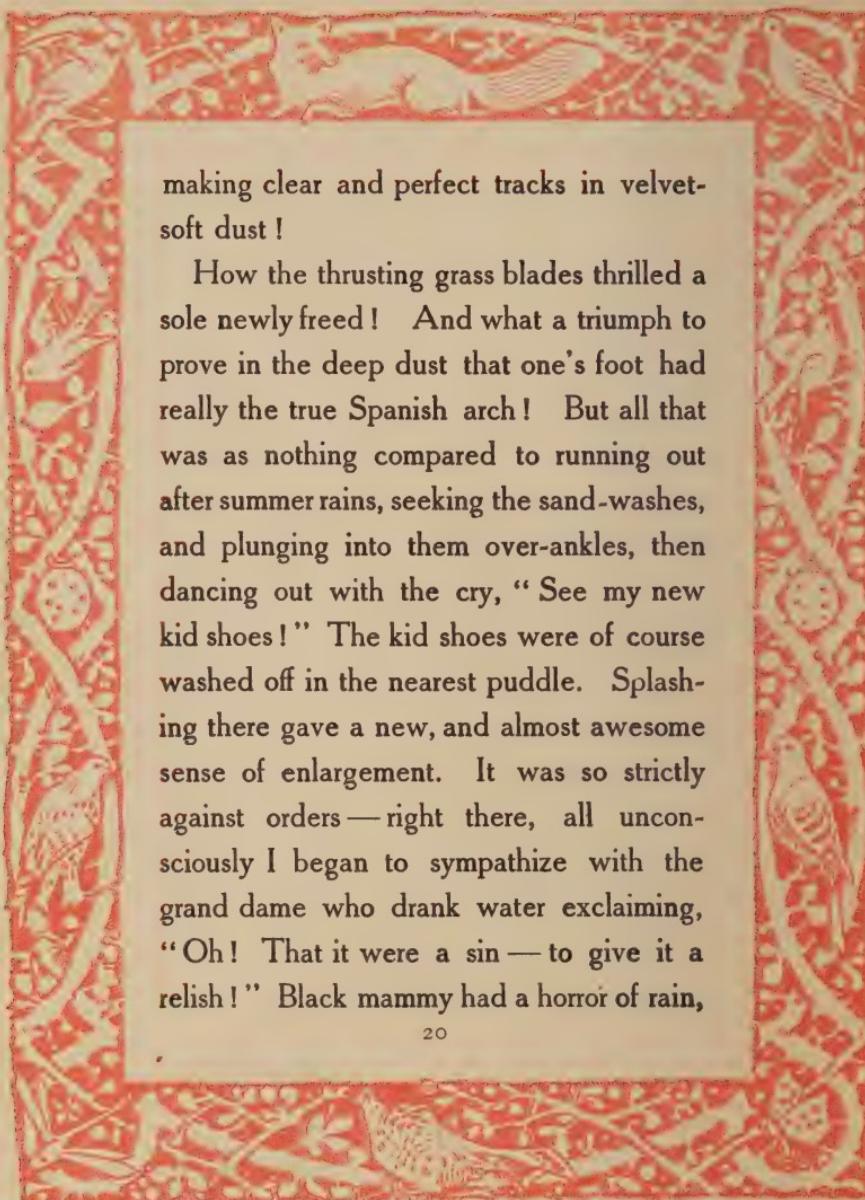
that we are to know, and in which we are so to live that *it* may become to us a paradise. Even if there is a better and greater how shall we comprehend it if we cannot apprehend this? Let us learn to walk well in the paradise which we now possess. Let us heed the great Teacher with whose walks were interwoven lessons from the fields, whose entire ministry was peripatetic. Let no more Beloved Disciple lament that "From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." But rather "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."

"Even so we also should walk *in newness of life.*"

Ever new. Ever a walker. The thought to the walk, spiritualizes the walk, and that kind of walk spiritualizes the walker.

WALKING BAREFOOT

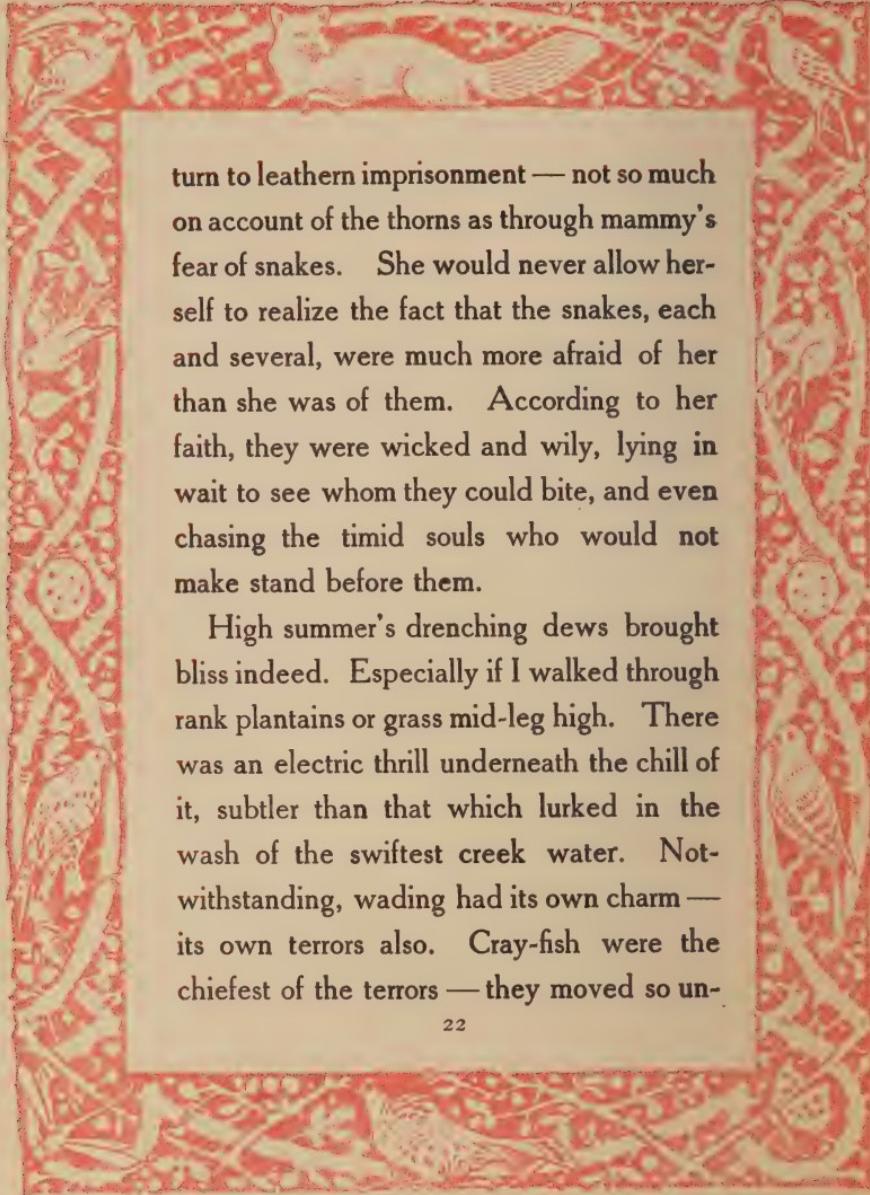
POSSIBLY I have within a tang of primeval savagery ; possibly also I have intimate sympathy with all the sylphs and dryads. Whatever the fact, shoes are the trammel of civilization that bears hardest upon me. As a child my rebellion against them was open and stubborn --- even yet I can recall without regret the beautifully rosetted slippers, the real bronze boots, unsoiled, yet outgrown, which my black mammy used to show me resentfully, at the end of each summer. Summer never really came for me until I had a free foot. Ah ! the delights of treading soft dewy grass or



making clear and perfect tracks in velvet-soft dust !

How the thrusting grass blades thrilled a sole newly freed ! And what a triumph to prove in the deep dust that one's foot had really the true Spanish arch ! But all that was as nothing compared to running out after summer rains, seeking the sand-washes, and plunging into them over-ankles, then dancing out with the cry, " See my new kid shoes ! " The kid shoes were of course washed off in the nearest puddle. Splashing there gave a new, and almost awesome sense of enlargement. It was so strictly against orders — right there, all unconsciously I began to sympathize with the grand dame who drank water exclaiming, " Oh ! That it were a sin — to give it a relish ! " Black mammy had a horror of rain,

and rain water pools — hence there was double delight in facing bareheaded as well as barefooted, a summer shower. The bigger the drops the better. Big drops hardly ever lasted — their end was most commonly a rainbow, with birds beginning to sing again as they ceased falling. Even yet, when my hair is gray, I can not see them hurtle from warm soft summer clouds, without a vagrant impulse to dare their pelting, bareheaded as of old. Garden earth was another thing my bare feet rejoiced in. It was so light, so soft, yet so full withal of delicate tingling surprises. Tiny flints and pebbles had a knack of cropping up, and pricking like fairy javelins. This of course in the first fortnight. After that, soles well calloused laughed even at the thrustings of stubble. Blackberrying alone meant a re-

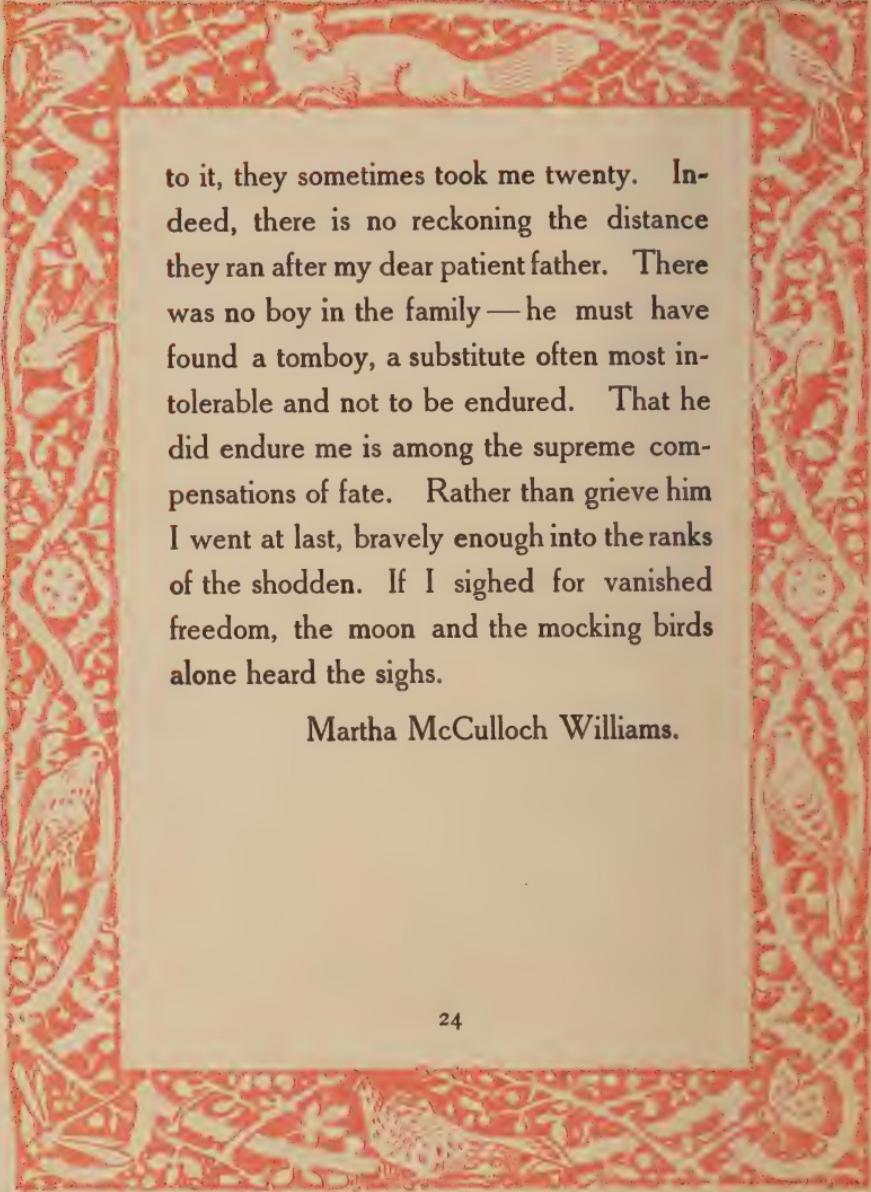


turn to leathern imprisonment — not so much on account of the thorns as through mammy's fear of snakes. She would never allow herself to realize the fact that the snakes, each and several, were much more afraid of her than she was of them. According to her faith, they were wicked and wily, lying in wait to see whom they could bite, and even chasing the timid souls who would not make stand before them.

High summer's drenching dews brought bliss indeed. Especially if I walked through rank plantains or grass mid-leg high. There was an electric thrill underneath the chill of it, subtler than that which lurked in the wash of the swiftest creek water. Notwithstanding, wading had its own charm — its own terrors also. Cray-fish were the chiefest of the terrors — they moved so un-

cannily, and had such a knack of nipping viciously at bare toes. I dreaded them much more than the shy water-moccasins which swam in still places, and had such beautiful coppery coats. The water moccasins ran, or rather floated, away upon any occasion or none, whereas the cray-fish stuck tenaciously each to his hiding place in the shelving rocks, or under the bigger stones of the sand bars.

There was always something pathetic in these barefoot blisses. Back, or rather forward of them, loomed a spectre — a young person in long skirts, and high-heeled boots, who would not be permitted by good society to be openly conscious of her feet. Such capable feet they were too! — well able to carry me ten miles about, yet step as elastically in the last mile as the first. Hard put

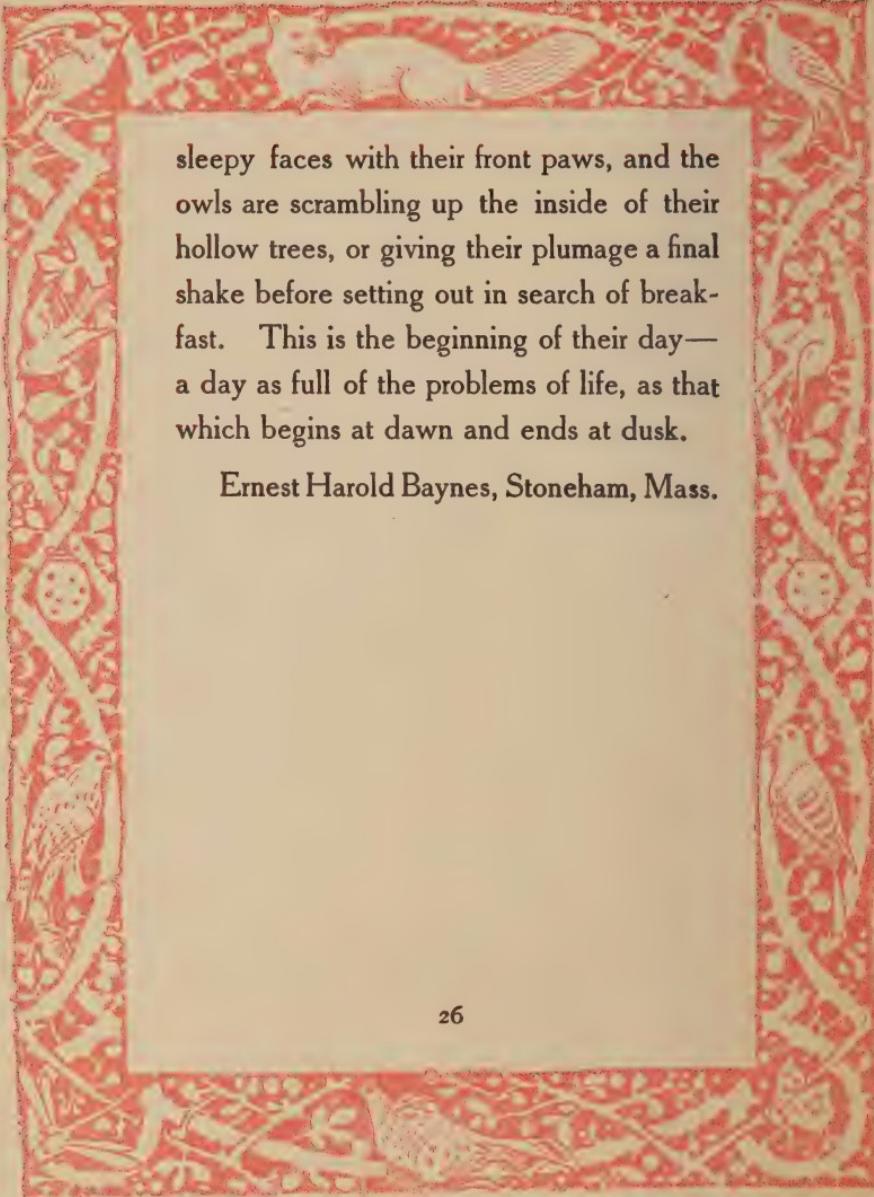


to it, they sometimes took me twenty. Indeed, there is no reckoning the distance they ran after my dear patient father. There was no boy in the family—he must have found a tomboy, a substitute often most intolerable and not to be endured. That he did endure me is among the supreme compensations of fate. Rather than grieve him I went at last, bravely enough into the ranks of the shodden. If I sighed for vanished freedom, the moon and the mocking birds alone heard the sighs.

Martha McCulloch Williams.

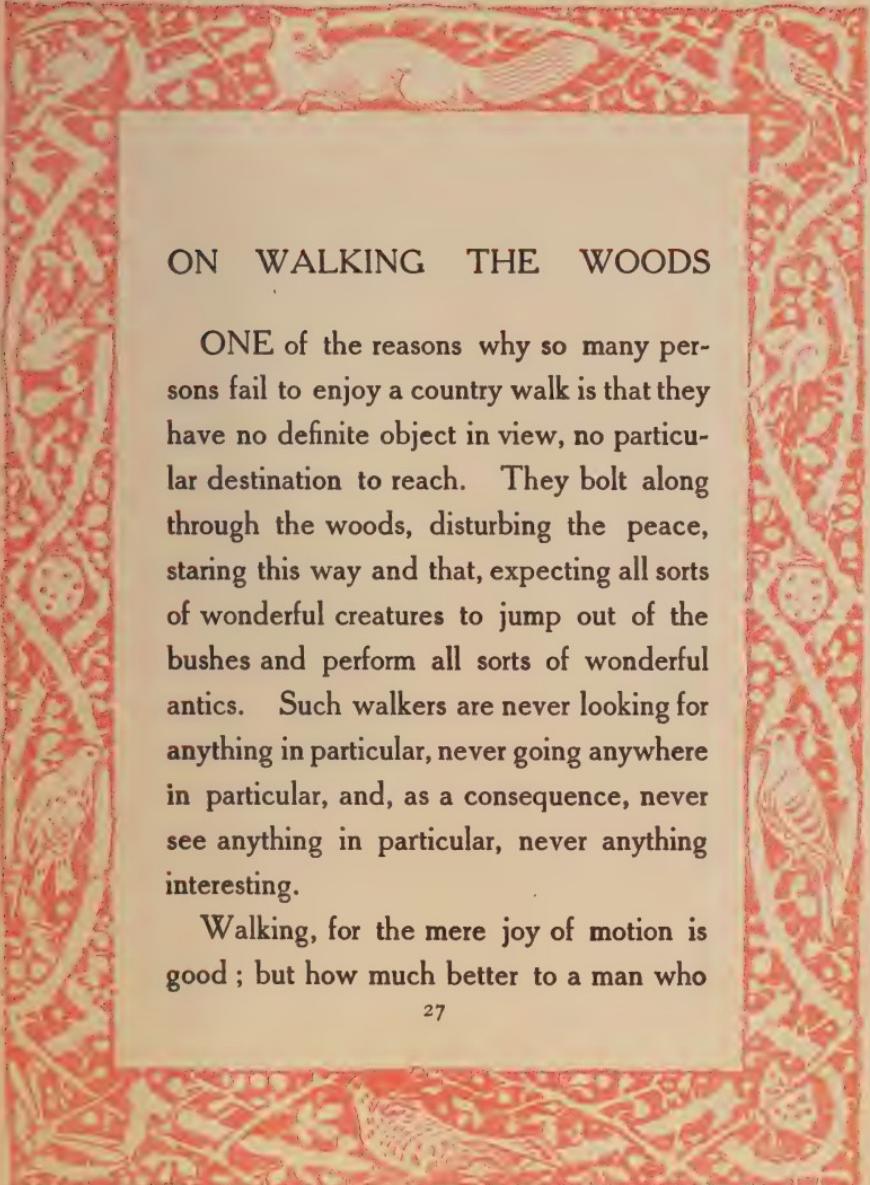
“TWIXT THE DUSK AND THE DAWN”

PERHAPS nothing tends to put one in touch with Nature more quickly than walking in the woods and field at night. After the sun goes down, the human element is gradually reduced to a minimum. Then it is that I like to set out on a hunt amongst the shadows, whence creep forth shy creatures which seldom see the light of day—creatures which are never at their ease save under the sheltering cover of darkness. The foxes, skunks and woodchucks are yawning and stretching their cramped limbs; the muskrats are sitting on their hind legs at the mouths of their burrows, washing their



sleepy faces with their front paws, and the owls are scrambling up the inside of their hollow trees, or giving their plumage a final shake before setting out in search of breakfast. This is the beginning of their day—a day as full of the problems of life, as that which begins at dawn and ends at dusk.

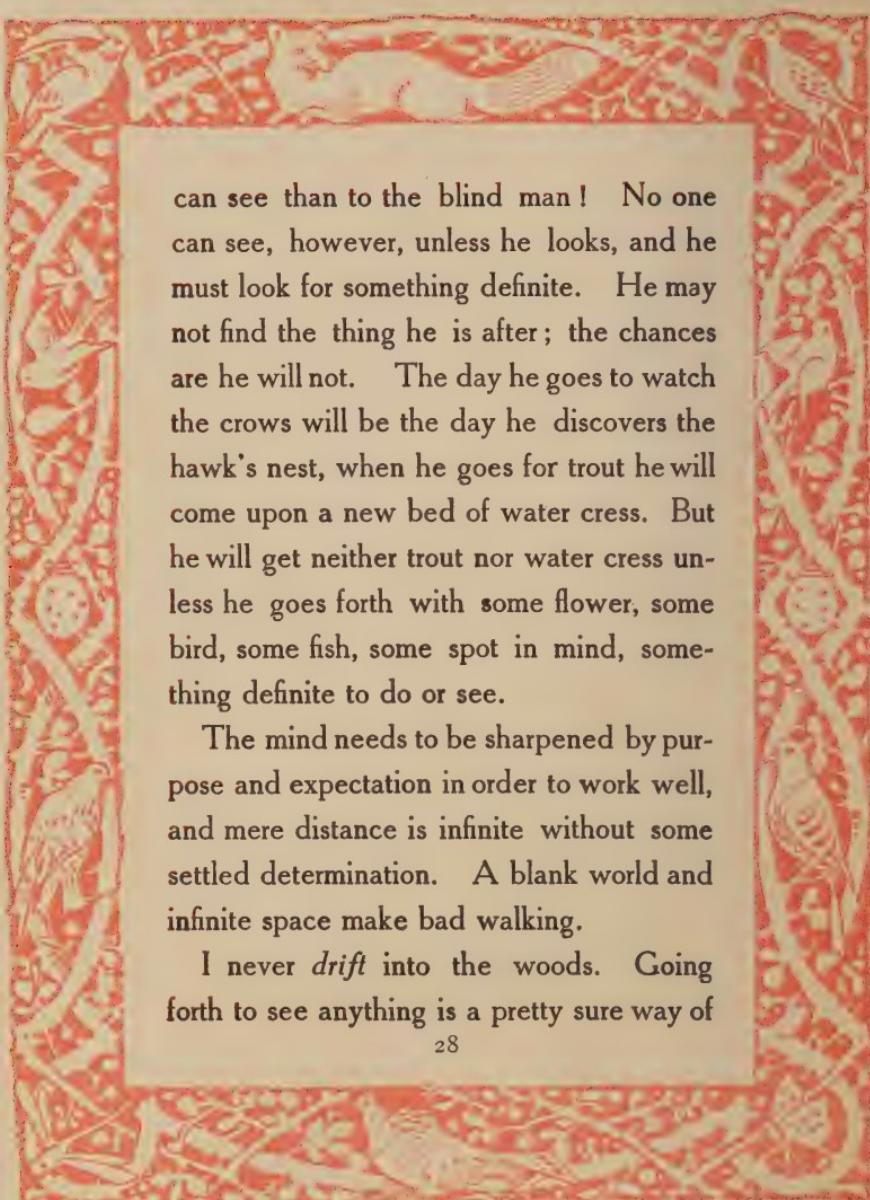
Ernest Harold Baynes, Stoneham, Mass.



ON WALKING THE WOODS

ONE of the reasons why so many persons fail to enjoy a country walk is that they have no definite object in view, no particular destination to reach. They bolt along through the woods, disturbing the peace, staring this way and that, expecting all sorts of wonderful creatures to jump out of the bushes and perform all sorts of wonderful antics. Such walkers are never looking for anything in particular, never going anywhere in particular, and, as a consequence, never see anything in particular, never anything interesting.

Walking, for the mere joy of motion is good ; but how much better to a man who



can see than to the blind man ! No one can see, however, unless he looks, and he must look for something definite. He may not find the thing he is after ; the chances are he will not. The day he goes to watch the crows will be the day he discovers the hawk's nest, when he goes for trout he will come upon a new bed of water cress. But he will get neither trout nor water cress unless he goes forth with some flower, some bird, some fish, some spot in mind, something definite to do or see.

The mind needs to be sharpened by purpose and expectation in order to work well, and mere distance is infinite without some settled determination. A blank world and infinite space make bad walking.

I never *drift* into the woods. Going forth to see anything is a pretty sure way of

seeing nothing ; and taking the path to anywhere is almost certain to lead me nowhere — but home. Dallas Lore Sharp.

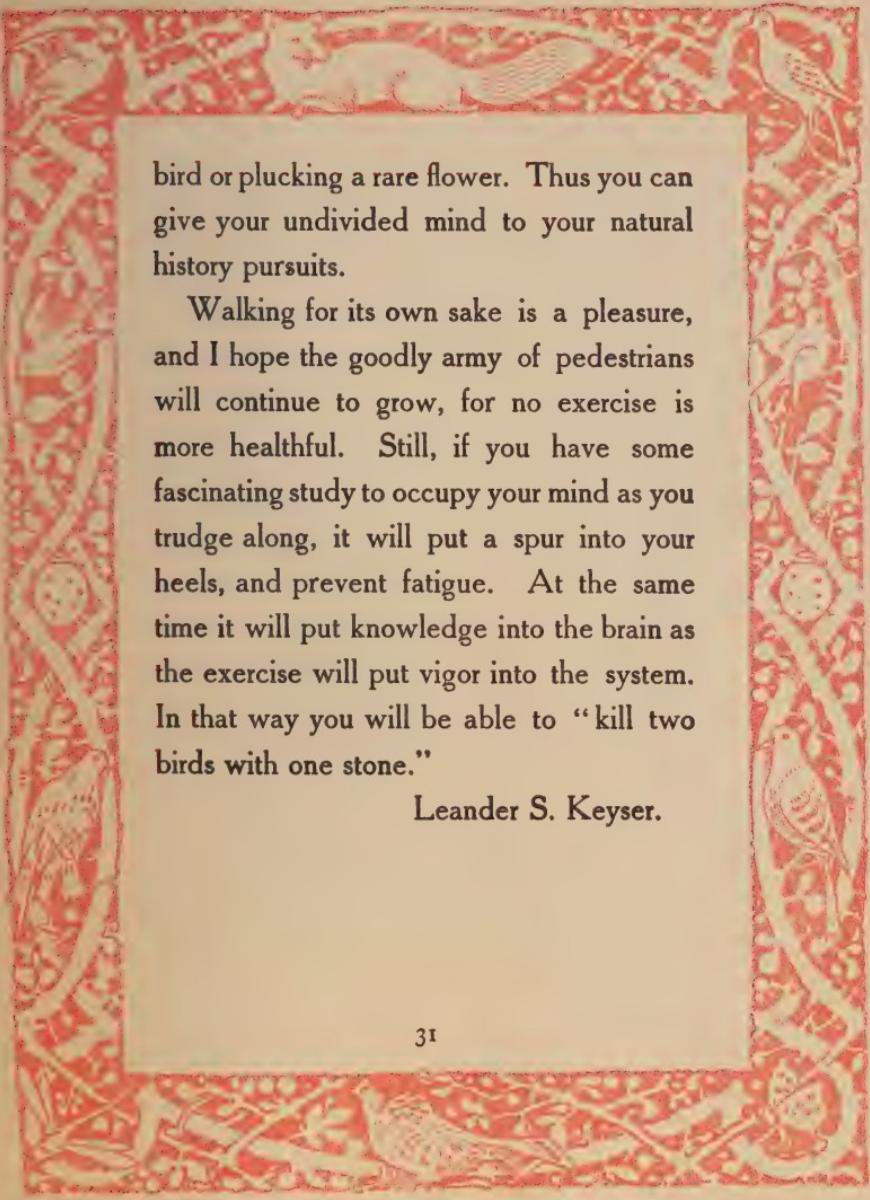


WALKING BETTER THAN RIDING

I AM not conscious of loving to walk merely for the sake of the walking ; yet there are times when I feel the joy and exhilaration of the exercise itself. With me the chief pleasure that comes from pedestrianism is the chance it gives me to see and hear what is going on in the realm of nature. The bicycle is good for speed, and is all very well when you want to reach your destination quickly, but it requires too much of your attention, so that you cannot use your

eyes for much else. The carriage and the automobile make too much noise, drowning out the fine trill of the grasshopper sparrow. Moreover, every kind of vehicle keeps you to the road, and therefore prevents free excursions to the fields and woods where most of the birds are.

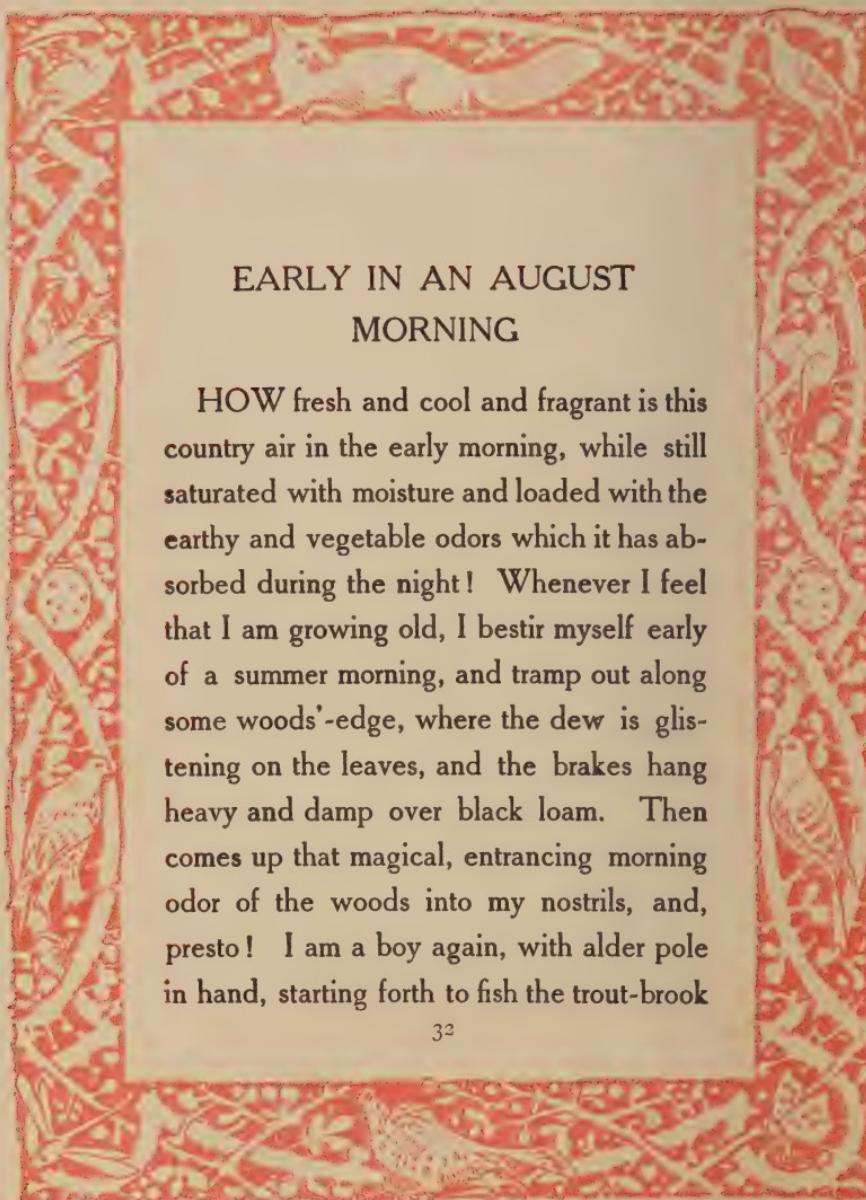
But blessed be "shank's horses!" They make little clatter, so that few sounds, however delicate, escape your ear. You can stop them without a word, and listen and look. They can climb a fence of almost any kind, and carry you across the plowed field over into the meadow or the woods, or through bush and brake and bog. In short, if you do not want to go too far, they will carry you wherever you want to go, and will never try to run away or otherwise divert your attention, while you are watching a shy



bird or plucking a rare flower. Thus you can give your undivided mind to your natural history pursuits.

Walking for its own sake is a pleasure, and I hope the goodly army of pedestrians will continue to grow, for no exercise is more healthful. Still, if you have some fascinating study to occupy your mind as you trudge along, it will put a spur into your heels, and prevent fatigue. At the same time it will put knowledge into the brain as the exercise will put vigor into the system. In that way you will be able to "kill two birds with one stone."

Leander S. Keyser.



EARLY IN AN AUGUST MORNING

HOW fresh and cool and fragrant is this country air in the early morning, while still saturated with moisture and loaded with the earthy and vegetable odors which it has absorbed during the night! Whenever I feel that I am growing old, I bestir myself early of a summer morning, and tramp out along some woods'-edge, where the dew is glistening on the leaves, and the brakes hang heavy and damp over black loam. Then comes up that magical, entrancing morning odor of the woods into my nostrils, and, presto! I am a boy again, with alder pole in hand, starting forth to fish the trout-brook

in yonder hollow. That delicious matutinal woods'-odor is the same the world over; and you may sate your soul and sense with it, if you are early enough, along any country road in August. There is something about it, I am convinced — even for those in whom it does not rouse old memories — that is tonic, rejuvenating, freshening. It is a fluid elixir of life. You feel, as you breathe it, good for a hundred-mile tramp, and you vaguely fear lest the country road shall dwindle into a squirrel track and run up a tree long before you are ready to turn around and come back.

James Buckham, Melrose, Mass.

A SEPTEMBER TRAMP

WHEN the first frost sharpens the air,
then comes new zest and vigor into the blood.
The lover of nature no longer cares to lie
on his back and watch the birds and clouds.
The horizontal has lost its charm for him,
and he is eager for the perpendicular — the
progressively perpendicular. Nothing will
satisfy him now but a good, vigorous tramp.
He must stretch his legs over hill and dale
for hours at a time, rejoicing in the fresh
energy breathed in sparkling air after a hoar-
frost has whitened the grass. Give me a
crisp September morning for a tramp — none
of those listless days while summer still lin-
gers in the lap of fall, but one of those electric

mornings after the first great change in the atmosphere that comes with the breaking of summer's backbone. It may be toward the last of September, or it may be at the very beginning of the month — seasons differ; but some time during September will come the first ideal morning to put on one's walking-shoes and start off for an all-day's tramp. Nothing less would appease that keen craving in your blood. The miles must ring beneath your walking-stick. It is a joy just to leave them behind you.

James Buckham, Melrose, Mass.

WALKING ON THE CRUST

NO marble floor was ever so inviting to the feet, or so easing and stimulating to the muscles, as a far-stretching expanse of crust under a blue winter sky. It is so crisp and electric under foot, so full of spring and elasticity, so graspable and firm, with just enough friction in its surface to hold the foot from slipping and yet not detain it. Everywhere it undulates and sparkles before one, free from all abrupt inequalities, curving over the fences, and sweeping down into deep hollows like a petrified cataract. You may speed along with swinging stride, fearless of stumbling — over stumps, bushes, boulders, over frozen brooks and marshes no longer



WALKING ON THE CRUST.

"No marble floor was ever so inviting to the feet, or so easing and stimulating to the muscles, as a far-stretching expanse of crust under a blue winter sky."

treacherous, your whole body glowing with exercise, and your soul exulting in the strange crystalline beauty of the snow-bound world.

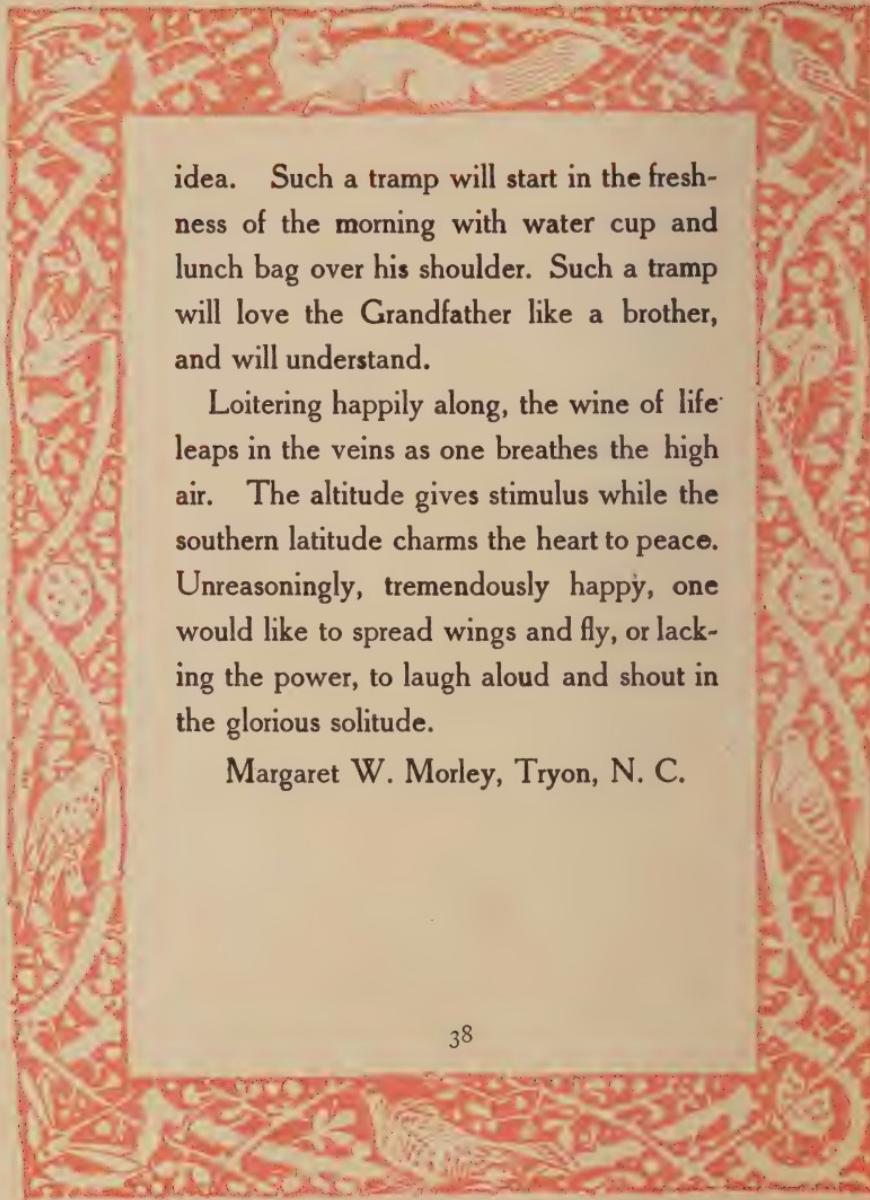
James Buckham, Melrose, Mass.



CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN

HAPPY the mortal who late in June jumps the sparkling Watauga and enters the path that leads to the top of Grandfather Mountain.

Others may prefer the saddle, but the true-born tramp will always be found afoot, lingering by the way, sitting about on logs and rocks or lying prone on the clean dry leaves, as if time were not, or were what the philosopher says it is, an abstract, illimitable



idea. Such a tramp will start in the freshness of the morning with water cup and lunch bag over his shoulder. Such a tramp will love the Grandfather like a brother, and will understand.

Loitering happily along, the wine of life leaps in the veins as one breathes the high air. The altitude gives stimulus while the southern latitude charms the heart to peace. Unreasoningly, tremendously happy, one would like to spread wings and fly, or lacking the power, to laugh aloud and shout in the glorious solitude.

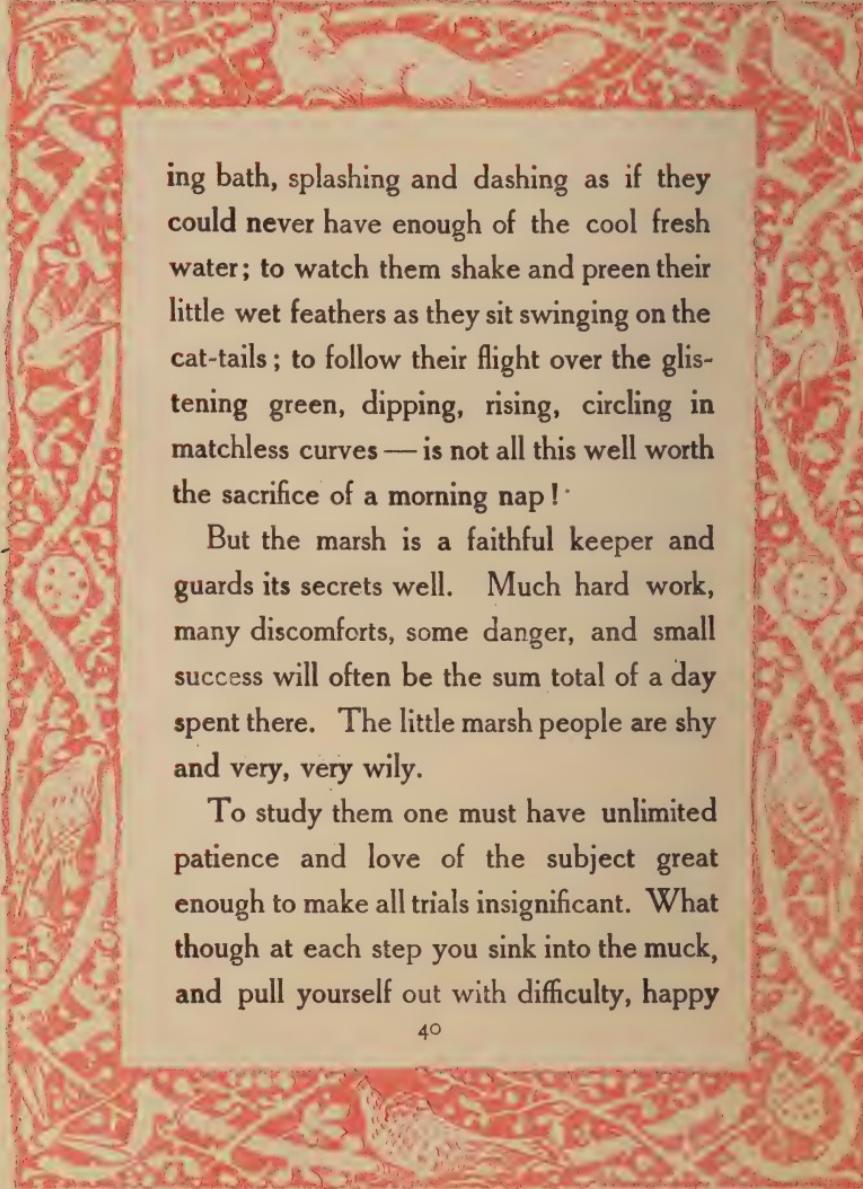
Margaret W. Morley, Tryon, N. C.

MARSH TRAMPS

"Dear marshes! Vain to him the gift of sight
Who cannot in their various incomes share,
From every season drawn, of shade and light,
Who sees in them but levels brown and bare.
Each change of storm or sunshine scatters free
On them its largess of variety,
For Nature with cheap means still works her wonders
rare."

Lowell.

A tramp through the marshes at 4 A. M.,
waist-deep in the lush wild grass, the mists
veiling the wonderful unseen beyond, and,
in the near distance, the pink of the mallows,
the purple of the iris, and the yellow of the
marigold still heavy with the dew, reflecting
the glories of the sunrise sky; to hear the
birds' chorus as you never hear it at any other
hour of the day; to see the birds waken,
stretch their little wings, and enjoy a morn-



ing bath, splashing and dashing as if they could never have enough of the cool fresh water; to watch them shake and preen their little wet feathers as they sit swinging on the cat-tails; to follow their flight over the glistening green, dipping, rising, circling in matchless curves — is not all this well worth the sacrifice of a morning nap!

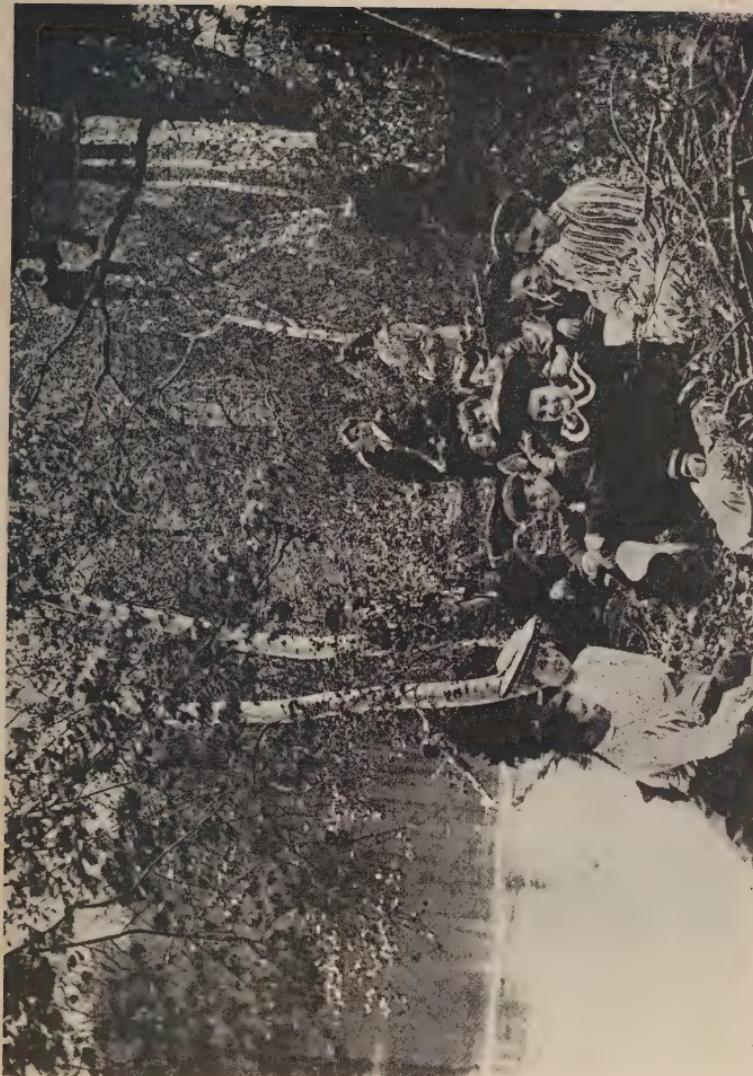
But the marsh is a faithful keeper and guards its secrets well. Much hard work, many discomforts, some danger, and small success will often be the sum total of a day spent there. The little marsh people are shy and very, very wily.

To study them one must have unlimited patience and love of the subject great enough to make all trials insignificant. What though at each step you sink into the muck, and pull yourself out with difficulty, happy

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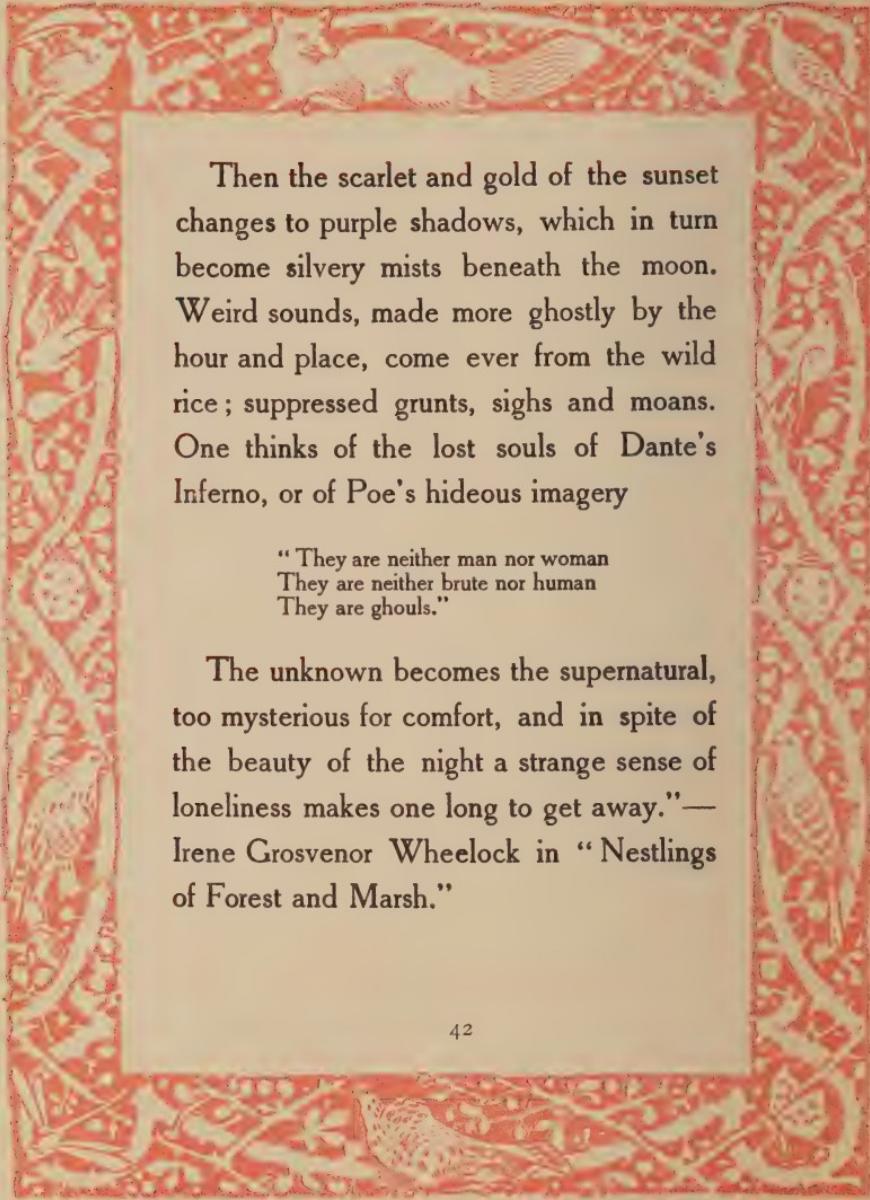
IN THE MARSH BY A SMALL POND.

"Rich are the possibilities ! The next move may show you an undiscovered secret."



if only your rubber boots stay on? What though your subconsciousness is haunted by a fear that the next move may break the treacherous crust and let you into a bottomless pit? The chances are even that it will not, and, "Nothing venture, nothing have" is a good motto for a trumper in Marshland.

Rich are the possibilities! The next move *may* show you an undiscovered secret. How the marsh wren builds his nest; how the blackbird rears his young; where the grebe's white eggs are hatching under a mat of wet pond weed; where the coot is hiding her wee black babies; what the tern finds for breakfast as he skims so lightly over the rushes; what the old marsh hawk is hunting in that fierce downward swoop. These are some of the possibilities of the marsh by day. Who can describe it by night?



Then the scarlet and gold of the sunset changes to purple shadows, which in turn become silvery mists beneath the moon. Weird sounds, made more ghostly by the hour and place, come ever from the wild rice ; suppressed grunts, sighs and moans. One thinks of the lost souls of Dante's Inferno, or of Poe's hideous imagery

" They are neither man nor woman
They are neither brute nor human
They are ghouls."

The unknown becomes the supernatural, too mysterious for comfort, and in spite of the beauty of the night a strange sense of loneliness makes one long to get away."—Irene Grosvenor Wheelock in "Nestlings of Forest and Marsh."

THE VALUES OF WALKING

IN these bright October days, when the perfection of June is rivaled, and even surpassed, the foot naturally goes afield, led by myriad drawings of the heart and longings of the brain for the clear sun and swift color and sweet, clean wind and far sight from the mountain crest and rich fragrance of ferns and fallen maple leaves, with hazel, sweet fern and deerberries, and the royal golden-rods everywhere. There is a physical spell in these autumnal surroundings, such as to supple the muscles and invigorate the nerves and send the legs a pushing pulse to remind them they were made for further and better things than to measure the space between house and work. To the man who lives in

the country, who "farms it," there is no such special impulse, because he just has to walk, anyhow, and yet October and harvest bring zest to the farmer too.

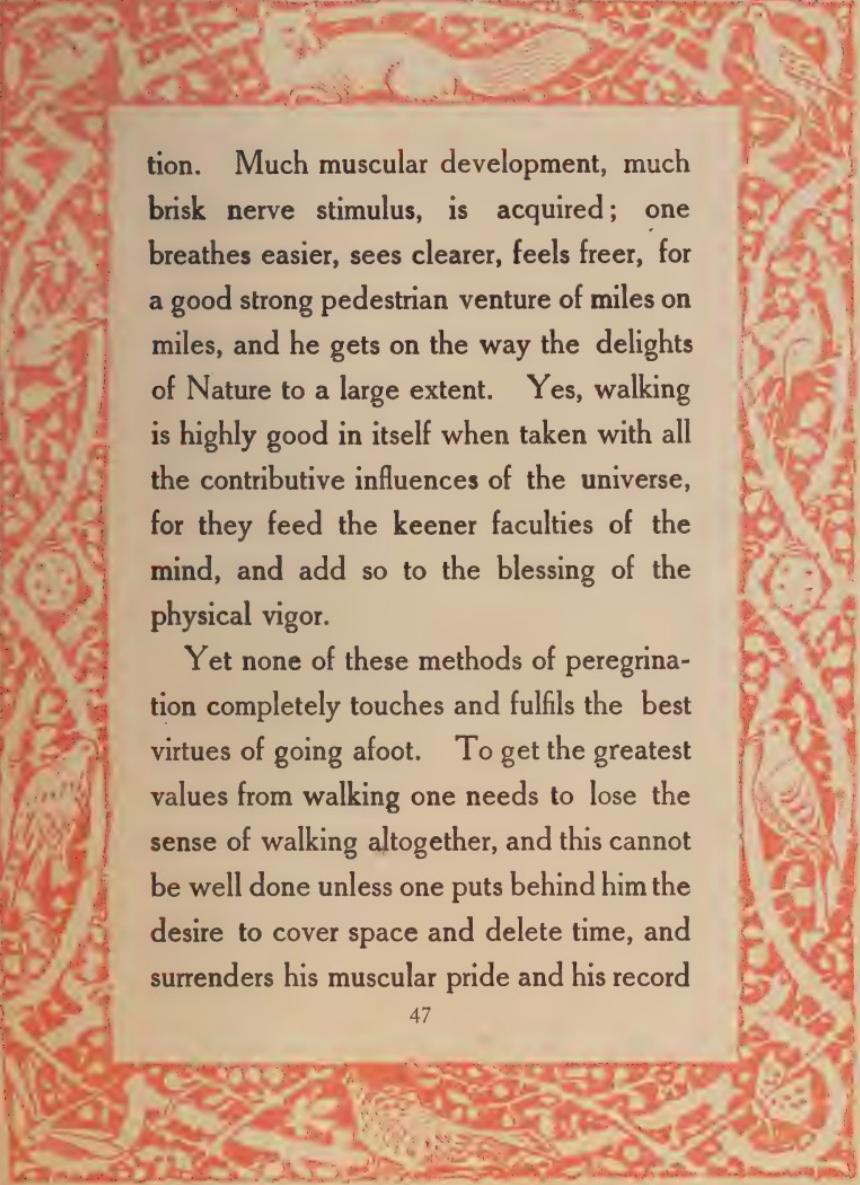
It is, however, in this propitious season that even any sort of walking assumes a pleasurable aspect, that is, out-of-door walking. There is no true joy to be obtained, we fancy, from trotting around a course in a hall, as pugilists do to get into condition for being mauled and for mauling; or as athletes generally practice it. What a horrid matter must be "stated exercise,"—with a purpose in view, whether that be professional or hygienic. The man or woman who dutifully trains up muscle or trains down fat by so many half hours or so many hundred feet a day is doing something which may or may not benefit health, but pleasure cannot

attach to it. However, let us not be too dogmatic. Dr. Holmes in his youth wrote a song of the treadmill, which was formerly a punishment inflicted for small offenses, and finally passed into the phase of usefulness for horses and mules, in sawing wood for the railroads, when wood furnished the furnaces of the locomotives. Then the treadmill was to be seen in every railroad yard in this region, with the patient steed trampling his revolving ladder of slats, running fast in order to keep in the same place, like the White Queen in the immortal Alice's dream. But the treadmill fascinated Dr. Holmes's hero, who had nothing to do but just to walk about, and resolved that, when better luck came to him —

Now hang me ! but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own !

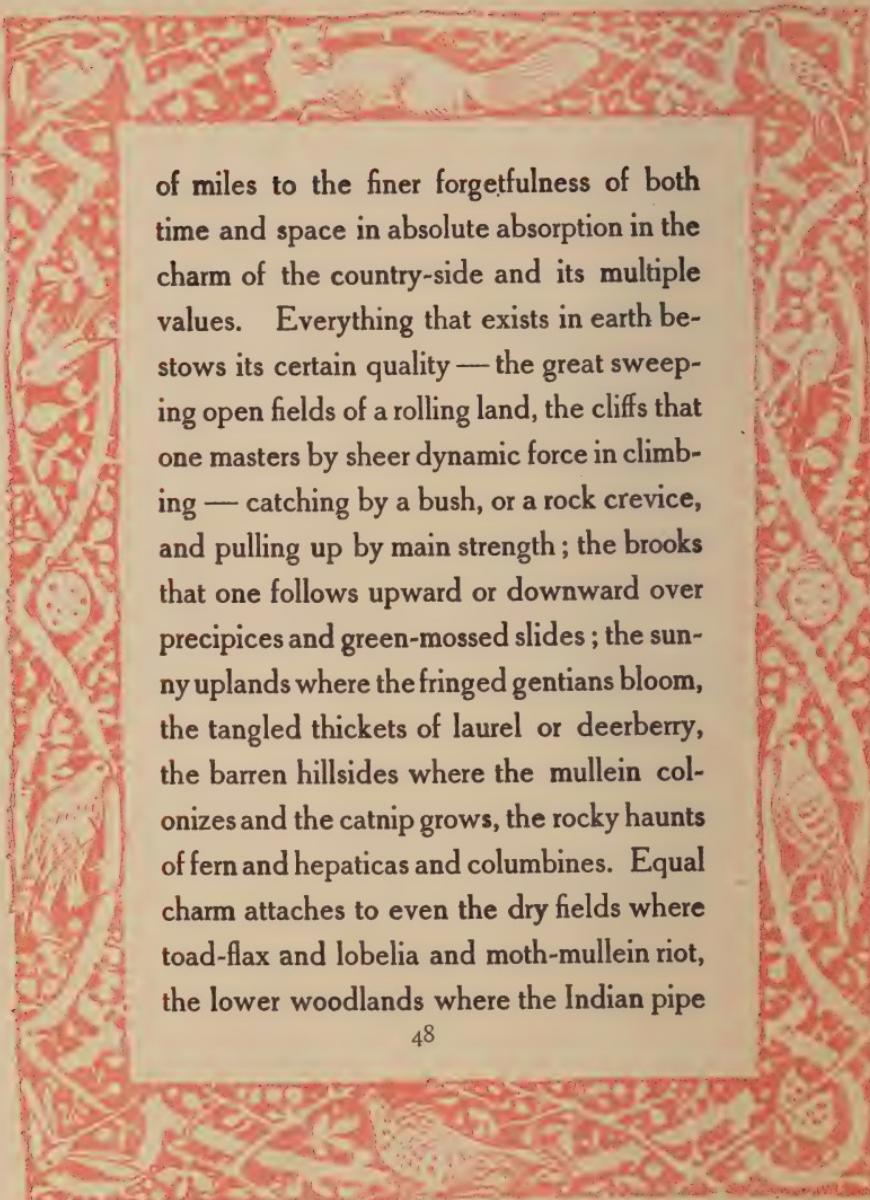
And how many men do have treadmills of their own, and tramp daily the same old road, the slats perpetually receding from their feet, and they laboring to keep in the same place !

Walking is good in itself ; but free walking. If you travel four times "round the block," or take a "constitutional" of a mile and back every morning before breakfast, or an hour or two after dinner to settle your account with the burden of food — that also has its value. It is not so rich a pleasure as that of the free foot over hill and dale, but it may be conceded to be better than no walking. There are those who pride themselves on pedometer records, and it may not be denied that to register 15 or 20 miles on one of these neat little clocks one carries in his trousers' pocket affords a certain satisfac-



tion. Much muscular development, much brisk nerve stimulus, is acquired; one breathes easier, sees clearer, feels freer, for a good strong pedestrian venture of miles on miles, and he gets on the way the delights of Nature to a large extent. Yes, walking is highly good in itself when taken with all the contributive influences of the universe, for they feed the keener faculties of the mind, and add so to the blessing of the physical vigor.

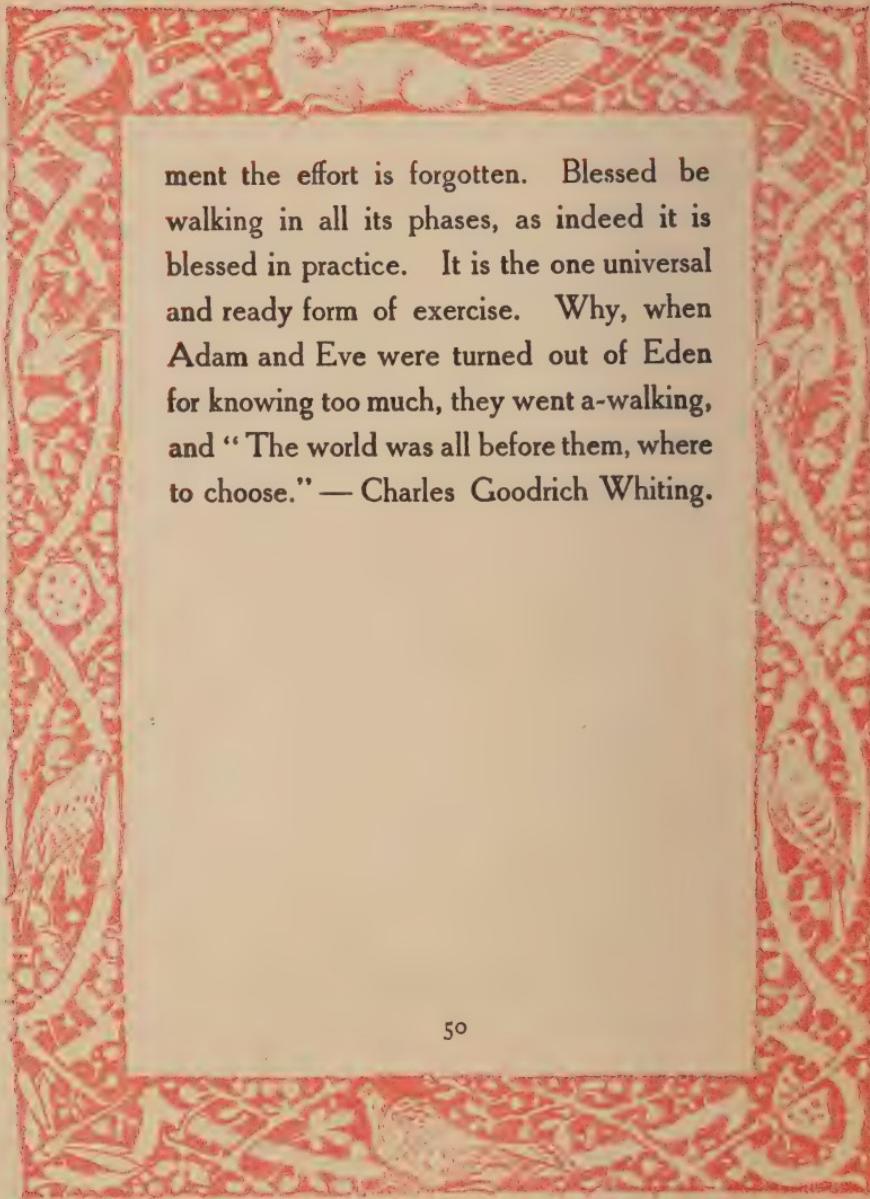
Yet none of these methods of peregrination completely touches and fulfils the best virtues of going afoot. To get the greatest values from walking one needs to lose the sense of walking altogether, and this cannot be well done unless one puts behind him the desire to cover space and delete time, and surrenders his muscular pride and his record



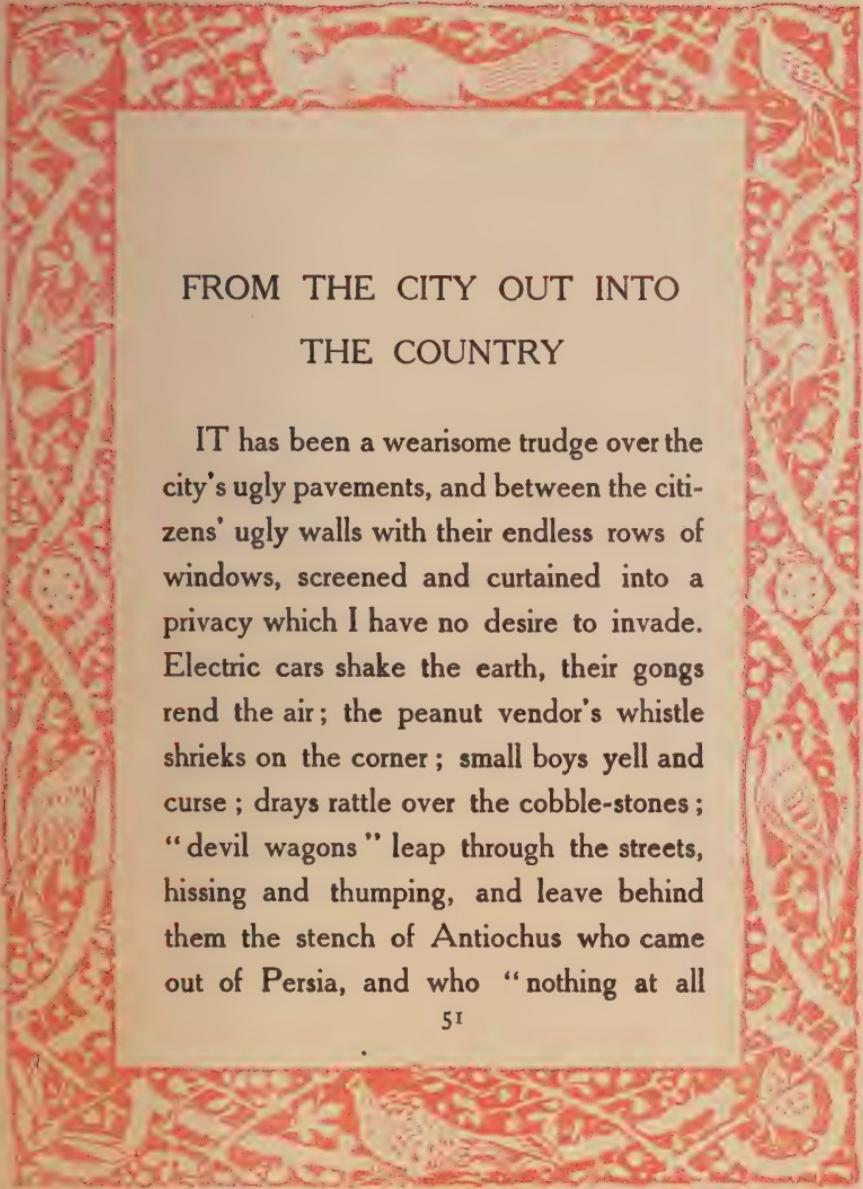
of miles to the finer forgetfulness of both time and space in absolute absorption in the charm of the country-side and its multiple values. Everything that exists in earth bestows its certain quality — the great sweeping open fields of a rolling land, the cliffs that one masters by sheer dynamic force in climbing — catching by a bush, or a rock crevice, and pulling up by main strength ; the brooks that one follows upward or downward over precipices and green-mossed slides ; the sunny uplands where the fringed gentians bloom, the tangled thickets of laurel or deerberry, the barren hillsides where the mullein colonizes and the catnip grows, the rocky haunts of fern and hepaticas and columbines. Equal charm attaches to even the dry fields where toad-flax and lobelia and moth-mullein riot, the lower woodlands where the Indian pipe

and the coral root and the beech-drops and scores of funguses are found ; the swamps wherein the starry sphagnum glows ruddy and bronze, and out of it the pitcher plant sends up its splendid flower and the wild swamp rose and the andromeda and cassandra bloom, and the poison sumach now gloriously glows in red and orange, with its panicles of white berries drooping beneath. All these, and so many other things, make walking so easy that who thinks of it as walking ?

Yet it is in this way that the mere physical exercise, good as it is, is made an ideal means of lifting the whole nature of us out of the ruts of business and the clamor of politics, and into a sense of the divine unity, as of a possession which we may have for the asking and the effort, and in whose achieve-

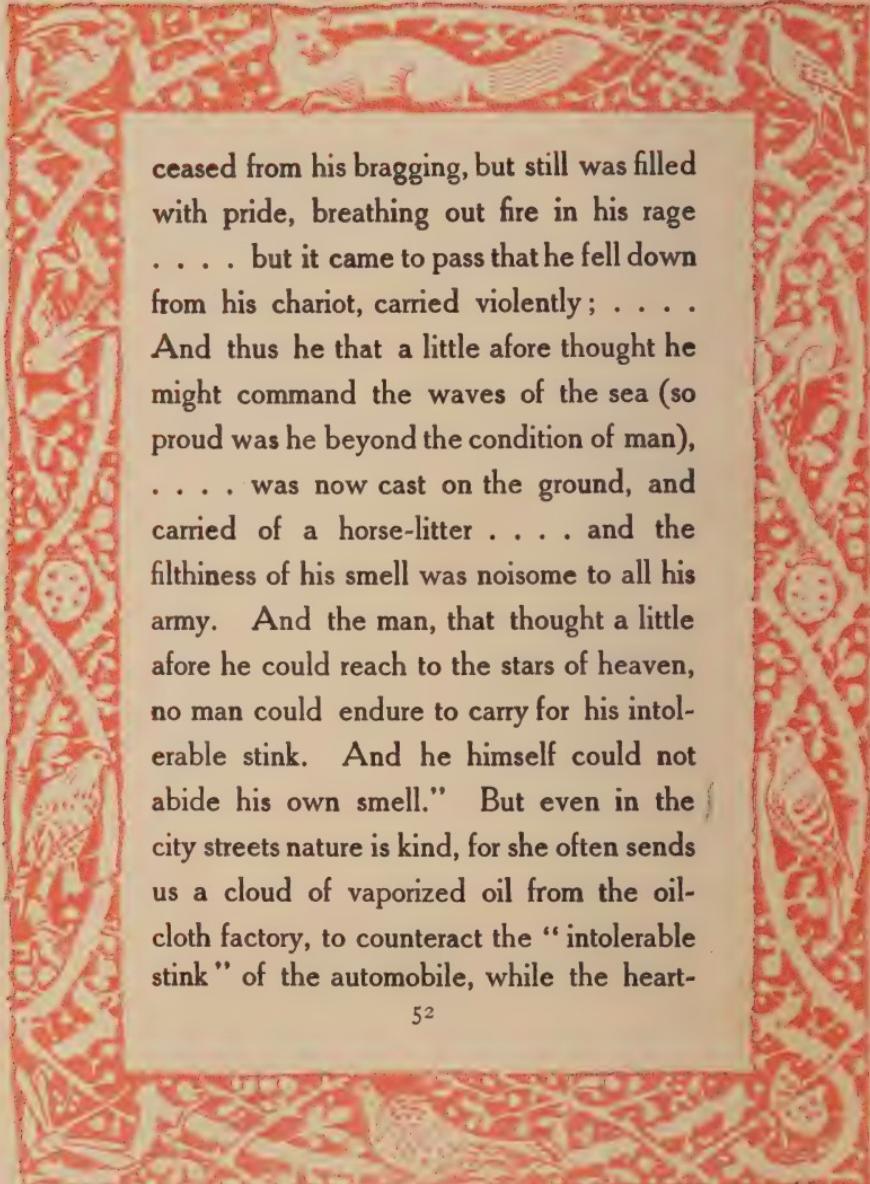


ment the effort is forgotten. Blessed be walking in all its phases, as indeed it is blessed in practice. It is the one universal and ready form of exercise. Why, when Adam and Eve were turned out of Eden for knowing too much, they went a-walking, and "The world was all before them, where to choose." — Charles Goodrich Whiting.



FROM THE CITY OUT INTO THE COUNTRY

IT has been a wearisome trudge over the city's ugly pavements, and between the citizens' ugly walls with their endless rows of windows, screened and curtained into a privacy which I have no desire to invade. Electric cars shake the earth, their gongs rend the air; the peanut vendor's whistle shrieks on the corner; small boys yell and curse; drays rattle over the cobble-stones; "devil wagons" leap through the streets, hissing and thumping, and leave behind them the stench of Antiochus who came out of Persia, and who "nothing at all

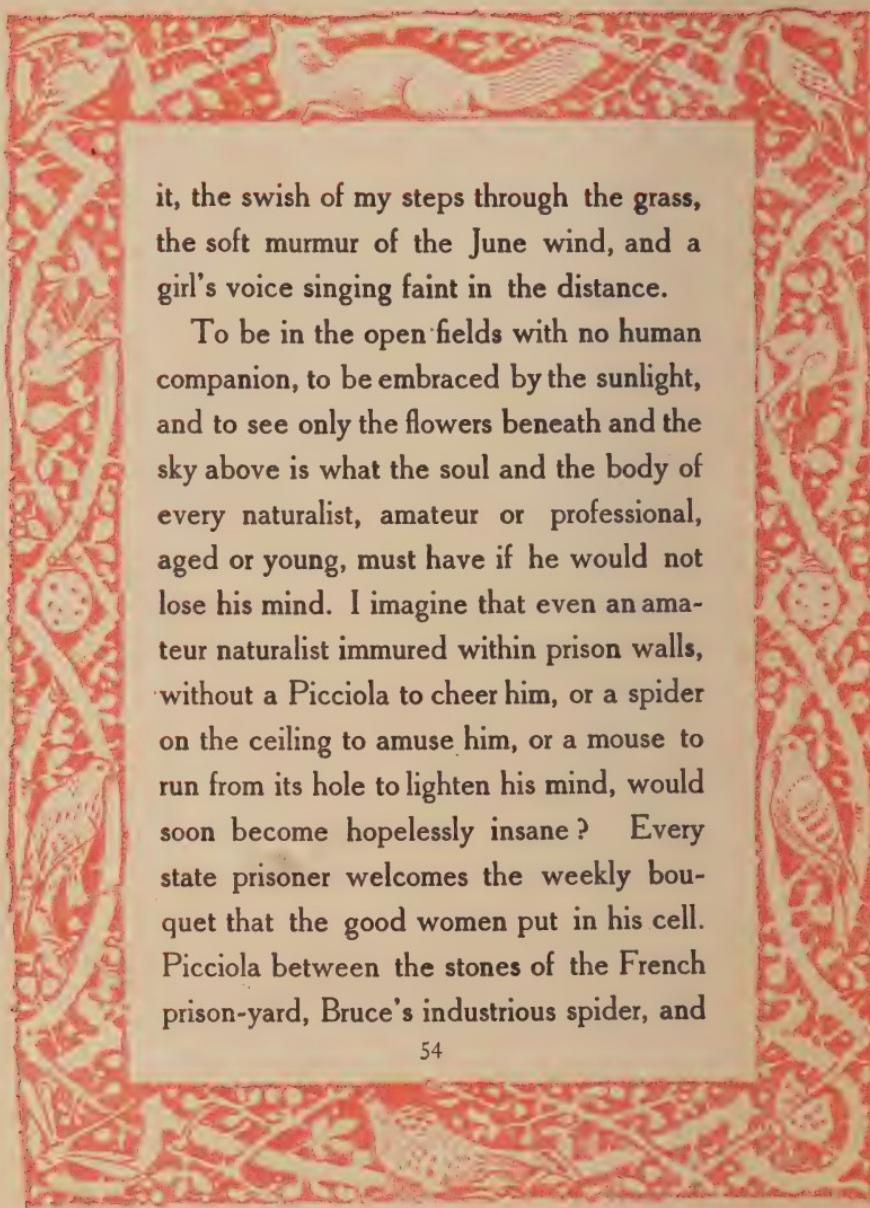


ceased from his bragging, but still was filled with pride, breathing out fire in his rage but it came to pass that he fell down from his chariot, carried violently; And thus he that a little afore thought he might command the waves of the sea (so proud was he beyond the condition of man), was now cast on the ground, and carried of a horse-litter and the filthiness of his smell was noisome to all his army. And the man, that thought a little afore he could reach to the stars of heaven, no man could endure to carry for his intolerable stink. And he himself could not abide his own smell." But even in the city streets nature is kind, for she often sends us a cloud of vaporized oil from the oil-cloth factory, to counteract the "intolerable stink" of the automobile, while the heart-

sick walker sighs for that lodge in the vast wilderness.

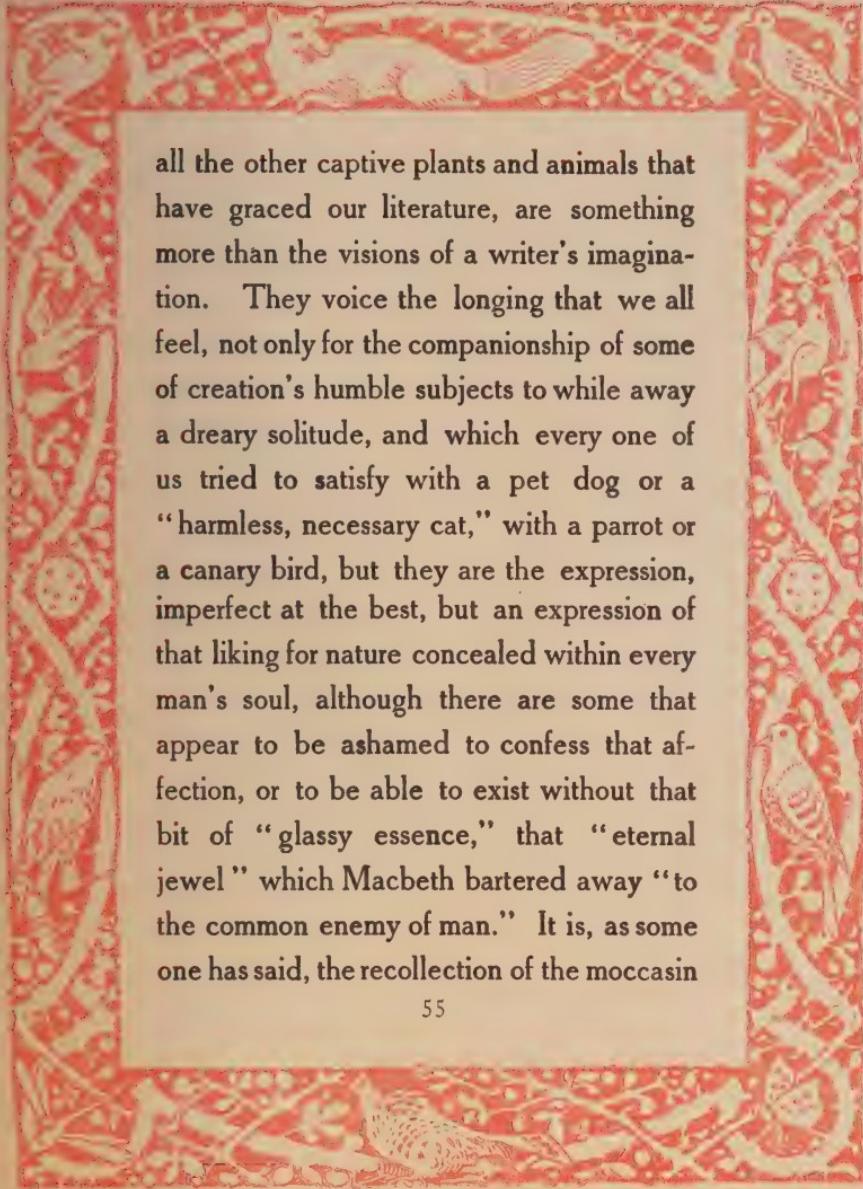
This place right here is where I fall on my knees to crawl under the fence among the blackberry vines and the poison ivy, and stop midway for a moment, with a prickle in my hand, to feel thankful that the wilderness is in sight, with nothing above but the dome of heaven; nothing around but the daisies and the bloom of the "blue-eyed grass;" nothing to assail me but the dainty incense of the wild roses, while all of us good friends, brothers out of the same soil, are alone. Alone? As I lift my face toward the sky, and my soul to the throne of God, the peace unspeakable fills my heart, and I am not alone.

How still it is. How delightfully still. Only the snap of the daisy's stem as I pluck

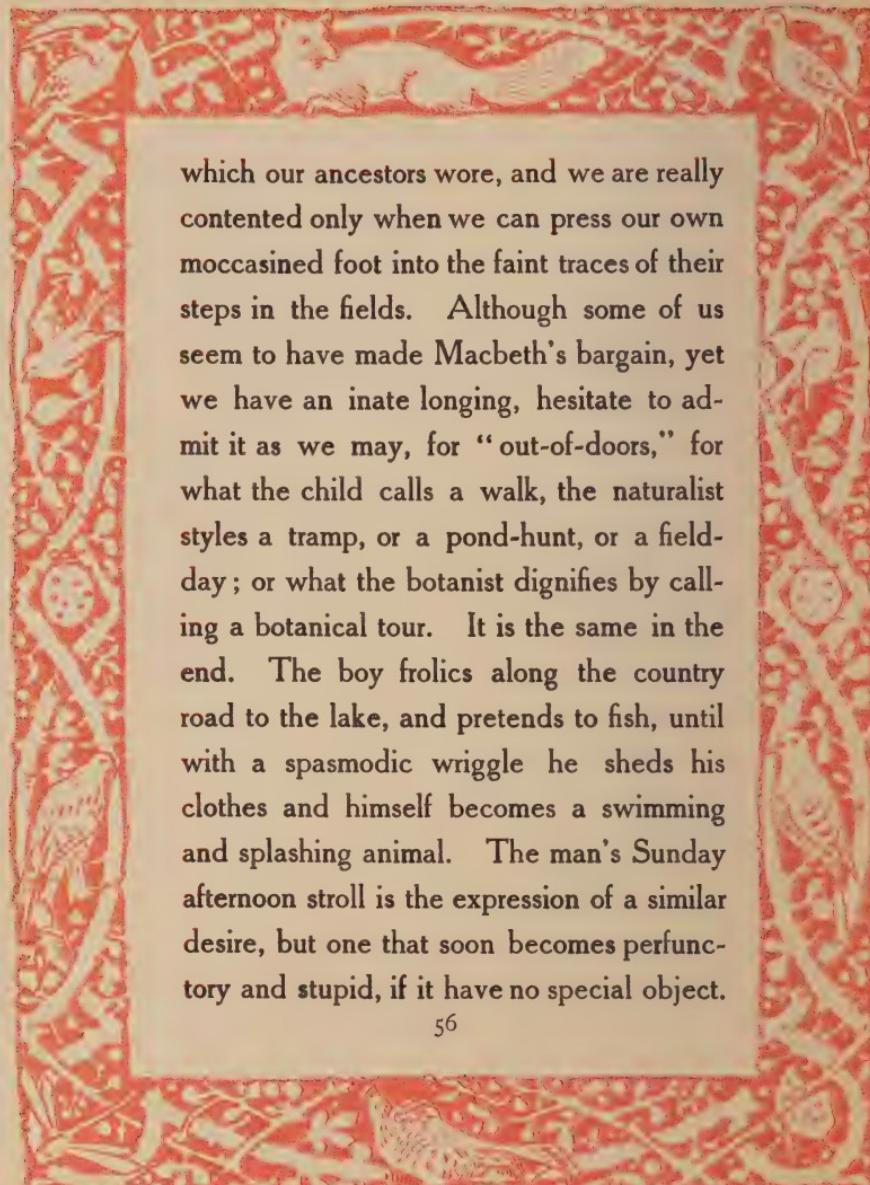


it, the swish of my steps through the grass,
the soft murmur of the June wind, and a
girl's voice singing faint in the distance.

To be in the open fields with no human companion, to be embraced by the sunlight, and to see only the flowers beneath and the sky above is what the soul and the body of every naturalist, amateur or professional, aged or young, must have if he would not lose his mind. I imagine that even an amateur naturalist immured within prison walls, without a Picciola to cheer him, or a spider on the ceiling to amuse him, or a mouse to run from its hole to lighten his mind, would soon become hopelessly insane? Every state prisoner welcomes the weekly bouquet that the good women put in his cell. Picciola between the stones of the French prison-yard, Bruce's industrious spider, and

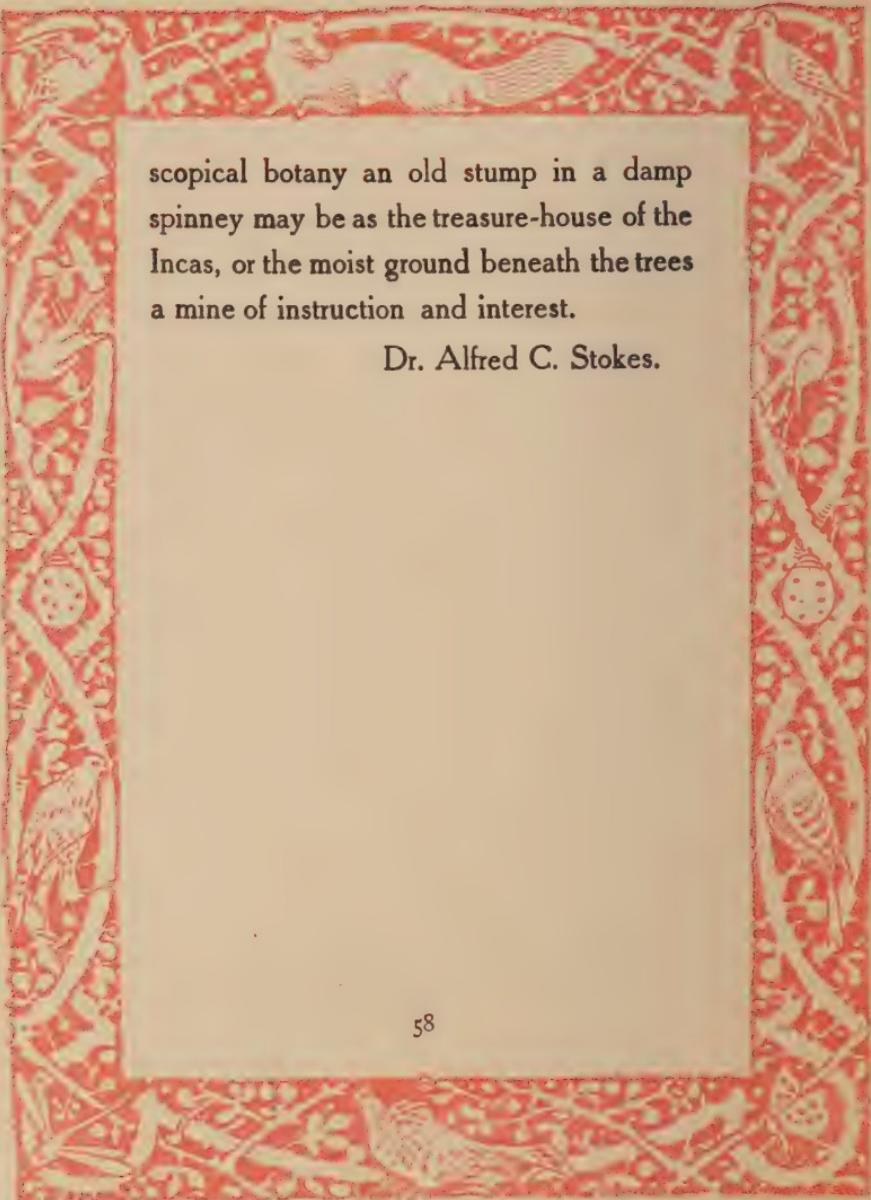


all the other captive plants and animals that have graced our literature, are something more than the visions of a writer's imagination. They voice the longing that we all feel, not only for the companionship of some of creation's humble subjects to while away a dreary solitude, and which every one of us tried to satisfy with a pet dog or a "harmless, necessary cat," with a parrot or a canary bird, but they are the expression, imperfect at the best, but an expression of that liking for nature concealed within every man's soul, although there are some that appear to be ashamed to confess that affection, or to be able to exist without that bit of "glassy essence," that "eternal jewel" which Macbeth bartered away "to the common enemy of man." It is, as some one has said, the recollection of the moccasin



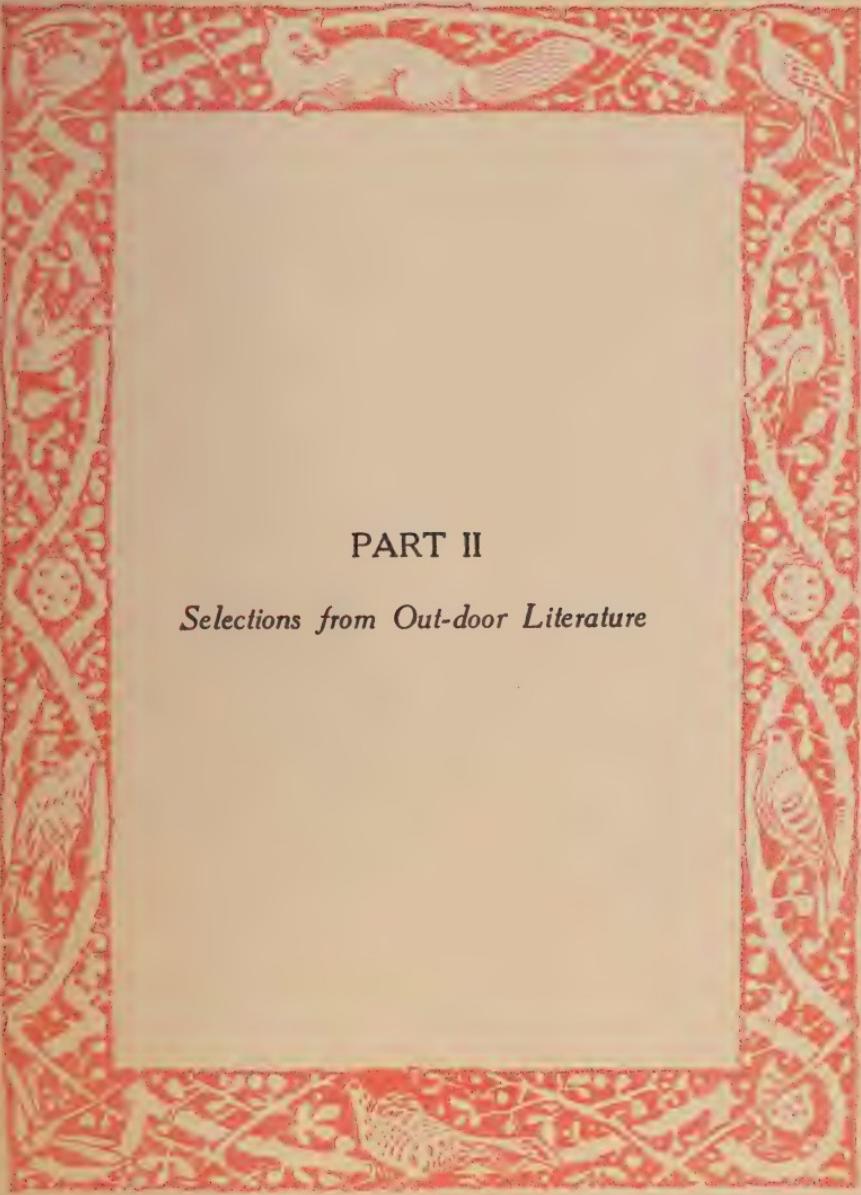
which our ancestors wore, and we are really contented only when we can press our own moccasined foot into the faint traces of their steps in the fields. Although some of us seem to have made Macbeth's bargain, yet we have an innate longing, hesitate to admit it as we may, for "out-of-doors," for what the child calls a walk, the naturalist styles a tramp, or a pond-hunt, or a field-day; or what the botanist dignifies by calling a botanical tour. It is the same in the end. The boy frolics along the country road to the lake, and pretends to fish, until with a spasmodic wriggle he sheds his clothes and himself becomes a swimming and splashing animal. The man's Sunday afternoon stroll is the expression of a similar desire, but one that soon becomes perfunctory and stupid, if it have no special object.

To roam the fields to pass the hours in gossip with an inane companion, speedily grows unprofitable and wearisome. To be spiritually inspiring or bodily restful and stimulating, the walk must have a purpose. The incidents that may occur are only the ornaments, embellishing the experience as prisms of dew illuminate the dusky hollows of the turf. The artist knows why he escapes from the town. The driver of the "devil-wagon" may have an object other than the making of a dust and a stench, and the exhibition of his own insolence; be charitable and hope so. The amateur naturalist is never at a loss for a reason. The botanist may wade knee-deep in a sea of floral wealth. He may reap a lichenous harvest from any old fence rail, and find rarities in the swamp, while to the student of micro-



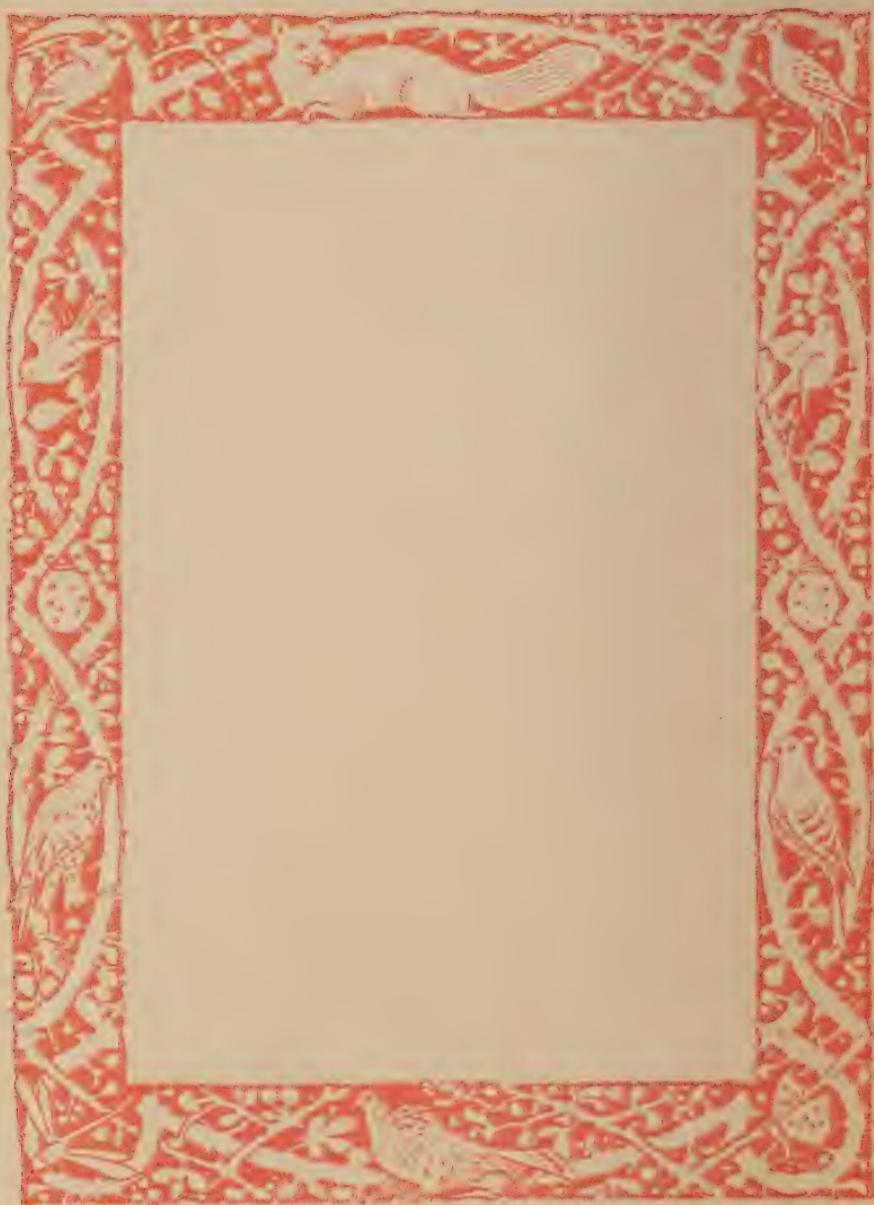
scopical botany an old stump in a damp spinney may be as the treasure-house of the Incas, or the moist ground beneath the trees a mine of instruction and interest.

Dr. Alfred C. Stokes.



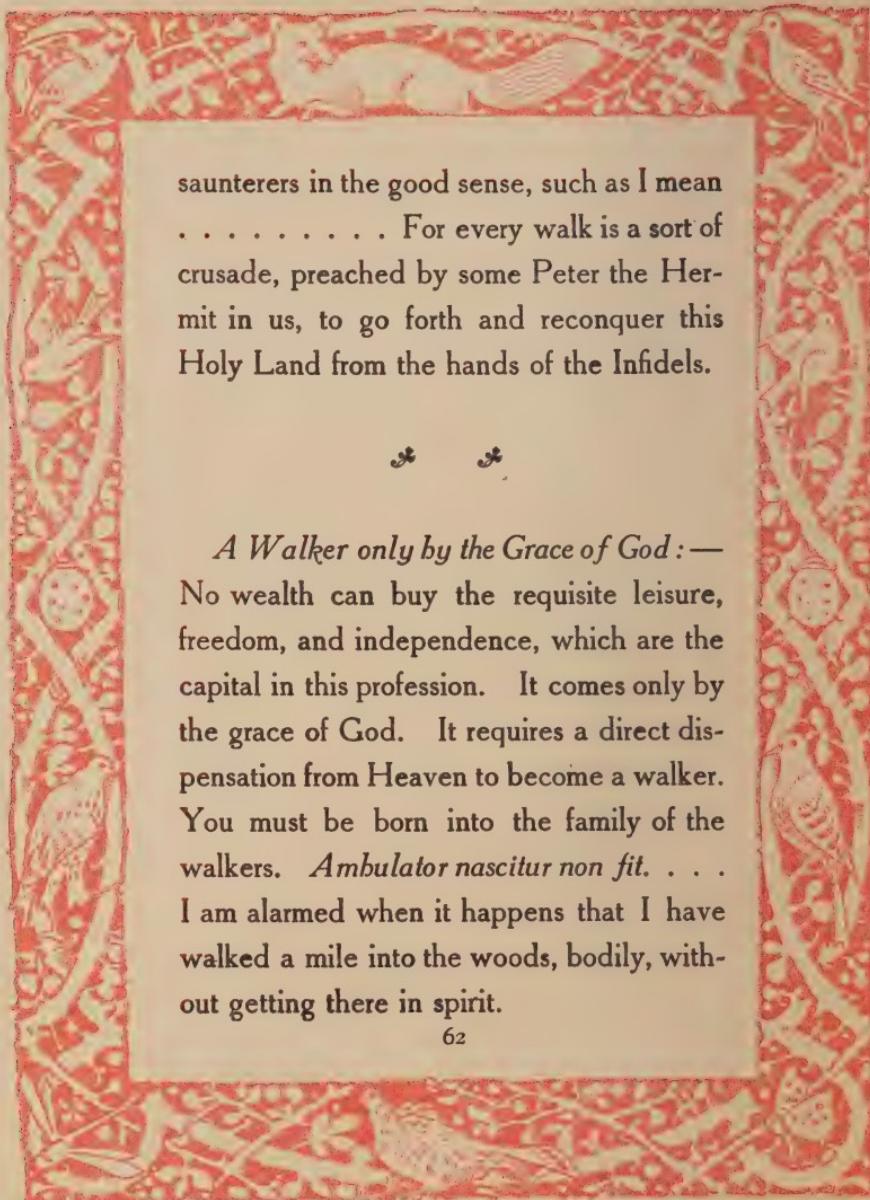
PART II

Selections from Out-door Literature

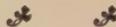


WALKING

Walkers as Crusaders :— I have met with but one or two persons in the course of my life who understand the art of walking, that is, of taking walks—who had a genius, so to speak, for *sauntering*: which word is beautifully derived “from idle people who roved about the country in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretence of going *a la Sainte Terre*,” to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, “There goes a *Sainte-Terrer*,” a Saunterer—a Holy-Lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks as they pretend, are indeed mere idlers and vagabonds; but they who do go there are



saunterers in the good sense, such as I mean For every walk is a sort of crusade, preached by some Peter the Hermit in us, to go forth and reconquer this Holy Land from the hands of the Infidels.

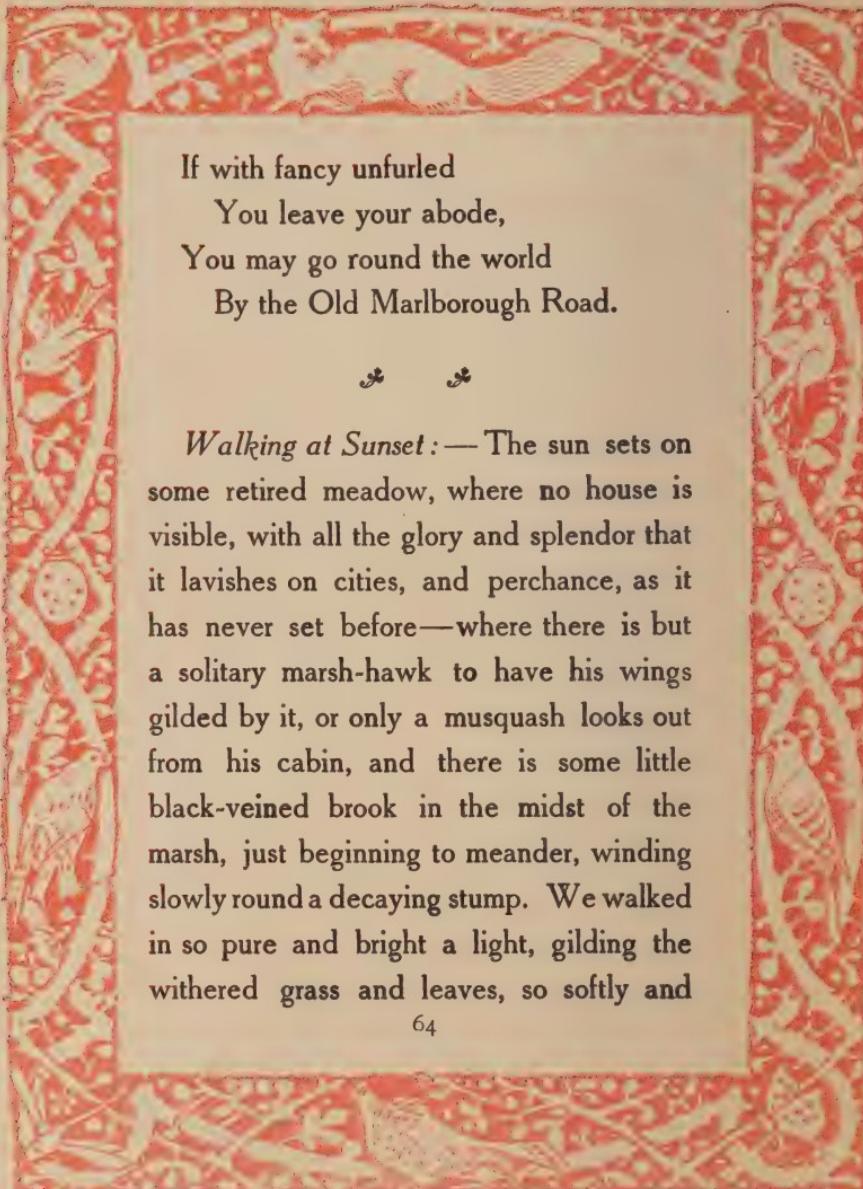


A Walker only by the Grace of God :—
No wealth can buy the requisite leisure, freedom, and independence, which are the capital in this profession. It comes only by the grace of God. It requires a direct dispensation from Heaven to become a walker. You must be born into the family of the walkers. *Ambulator nascitur non fit.* . . . I am alarmed when it happens that I have walked a mile into the woods, bodily, without getting there in spirit.

The Old Marlborough Road

WHEN the spring stirs my blood
With the instinct to travel,
I can get enough gravel
On the old Marlborough Road.
 Nobody repairs it,
 For nobody wears it,
 It is a living way,
 As the Christians say.
Not many there be
 Who enter therein,
Only the guests of the
 Irishman Quin.
What is it, what is it,
 But a direction out there,
And the bare possibility
 Of going somewhere?

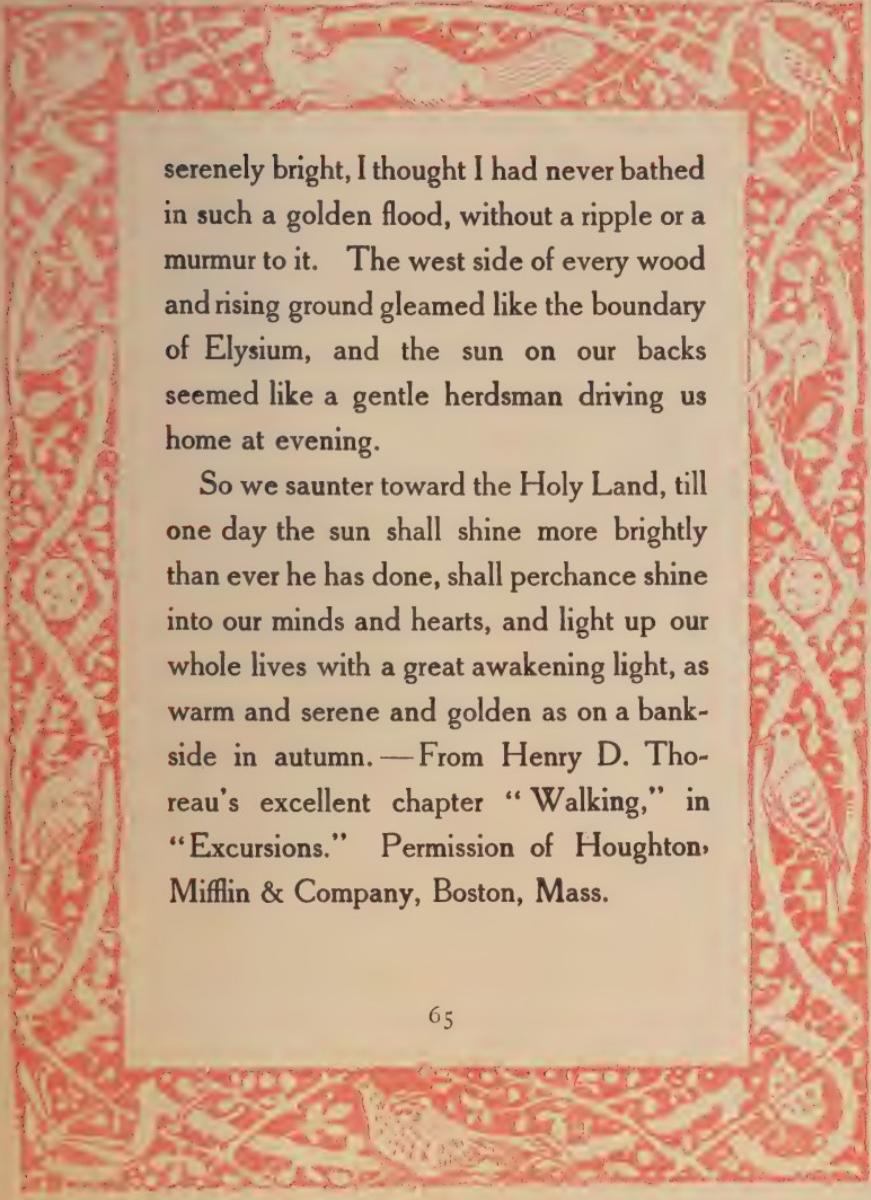
.



If with fancy unfurled
 You leave your abode,
You may go round the world
 By the Old Marlborough Road.



Walking at Sunset : — The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on cities, and perchance, as it has never set before—where there is but a solitary marsh-hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is some little black-veined brook in the midst of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and



serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur to it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs seemed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done, shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light, as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in autumn.—From Henry D. Thoreau's excellent chapter "Walking," in "Excursions." Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass.

GOOD FIELDS FOR A WALKER

THE fields a walker loves best to strike into are bare, extended, rolling, bordered by copses, with brooks and meadows in sight, sandy beneath the thin sod where now blackberries and pinks grow, erst rye or oats, perchance these and stony pastures where is no high grass, nor grain, nor cultivated ground, nor houses near.— Thoreau in “Summer.”



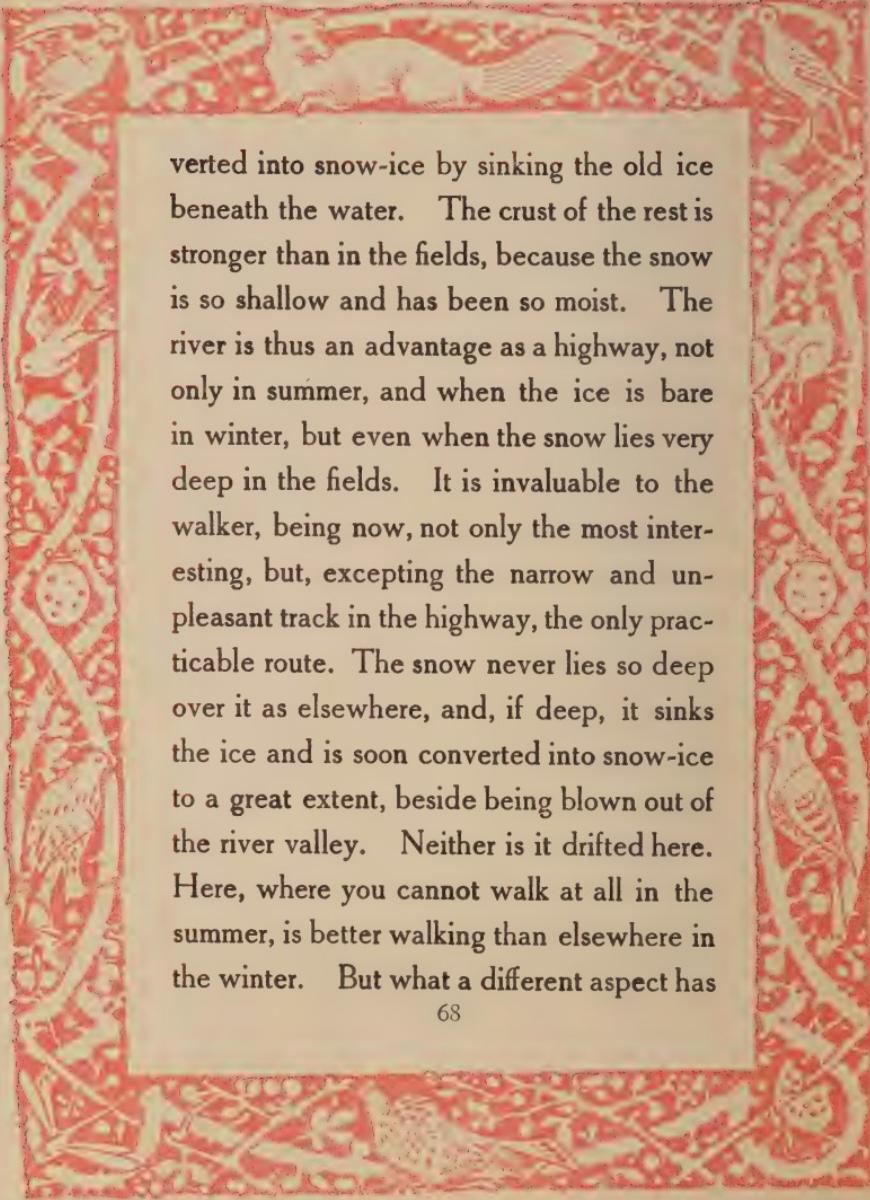
WALKING ON THE RIVER ICE

I DO not know of any more exhilarating walking than up or down a broad field of

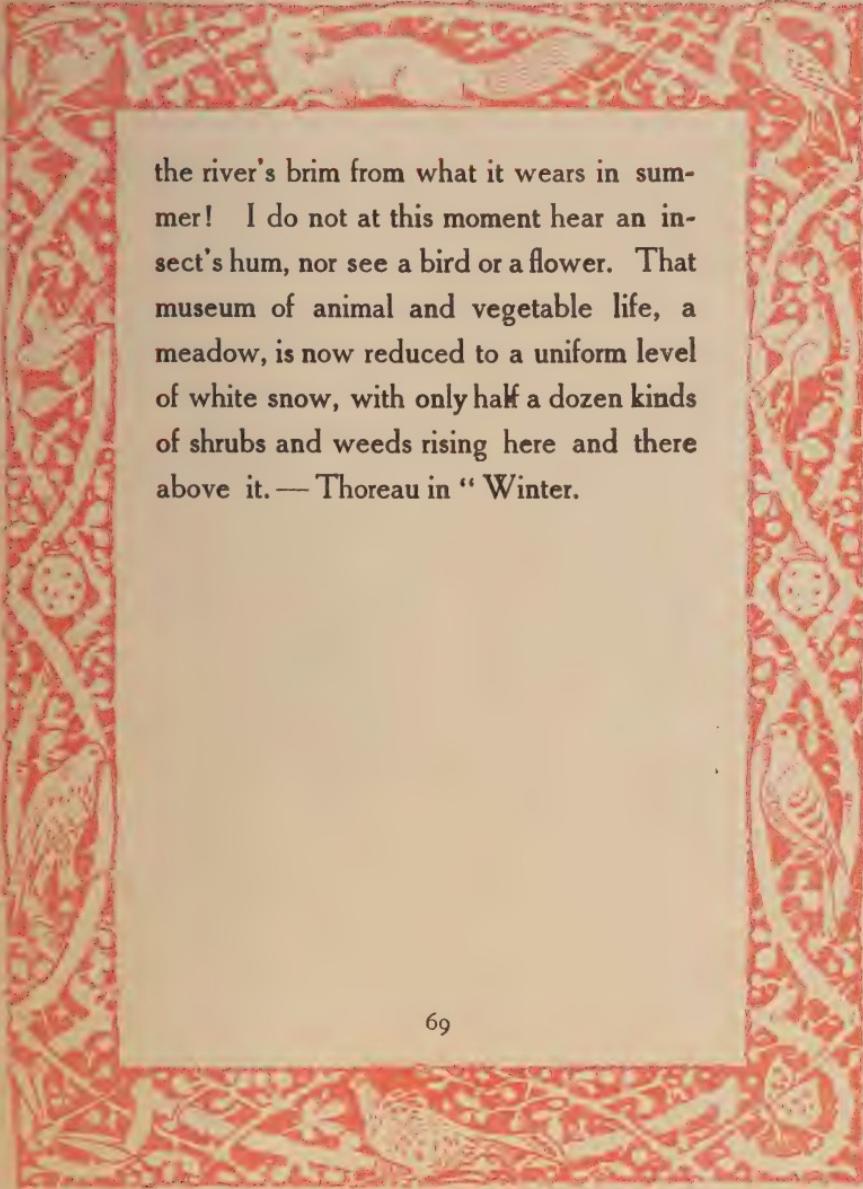
smooth ice like this in a cold, glittering, winter day, when your rubbers give you a firm hold on the ice.

WINTER comes to make walking possible where there was no walking in summer. Not till winter can we take possession of the whole of our territory. I have three great highways raying out from one centre which is near my door. I may walk down the main river, or up either of its two branches. Could any avenues be contrived more convenient? With the river I am not compelled to walk in the tracks of horses.

IT is now good walking on the river, for though there has been no thaw since the snow came, a great part of it has been con-



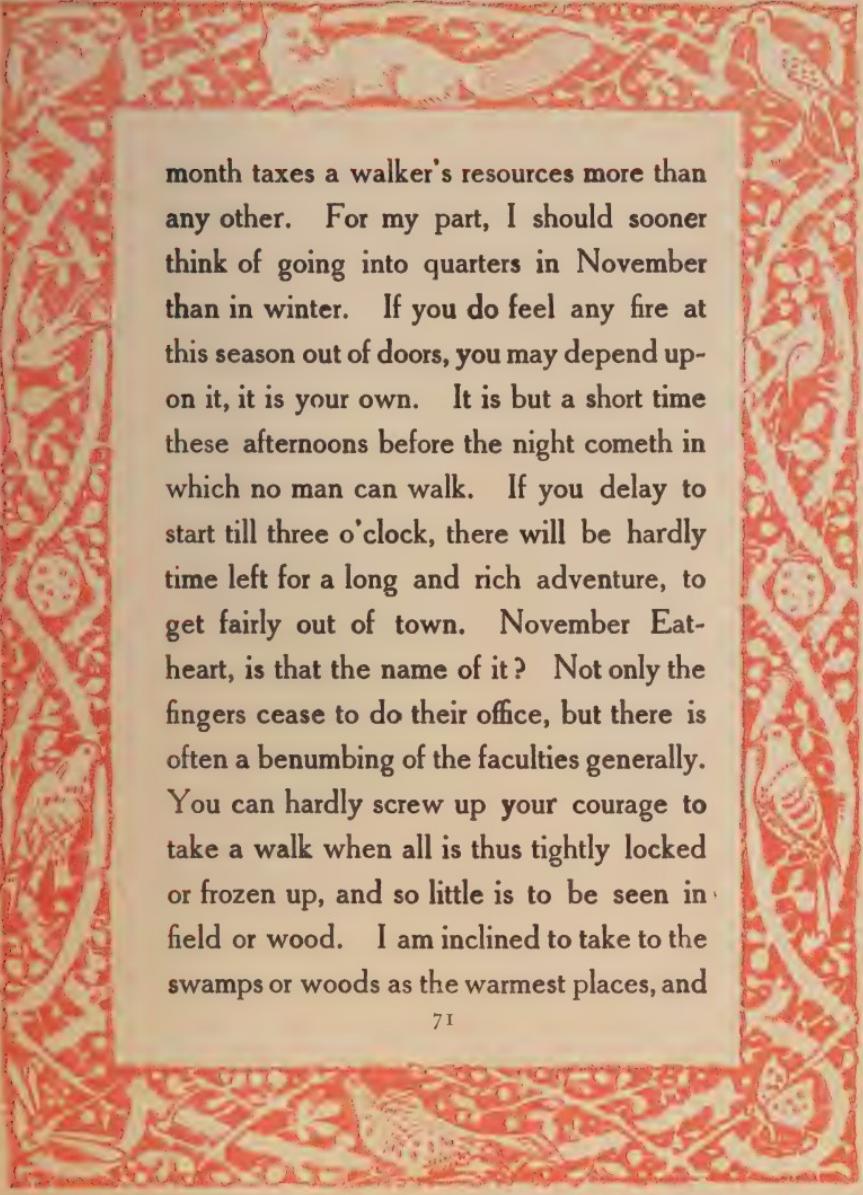
verted into snow-ice by sinking the old ice beneath the water. The crust of the rest is stronger than in the fields, because the snow is so shallow and has been so moist. The river is thus an advantage as a highway, not only in summer, and when the ice is bare in winter, but even when the snow lies very deep in the fields. It is invaluable to the walker, being now, not only the most interesting, but, excepting the narrow and unpleasant track in the highway, the only practicable route. The snow never lies so deep over it as elsewhere, and, if deep, it sinks the ice and is soon converted into snow-ice to a great extent, beside being blown out of the river valley. Neither is it drifted here. Here, where you cannot walk at all in the summer, is better walking than elsewhere in the winter. But what a different aspect has



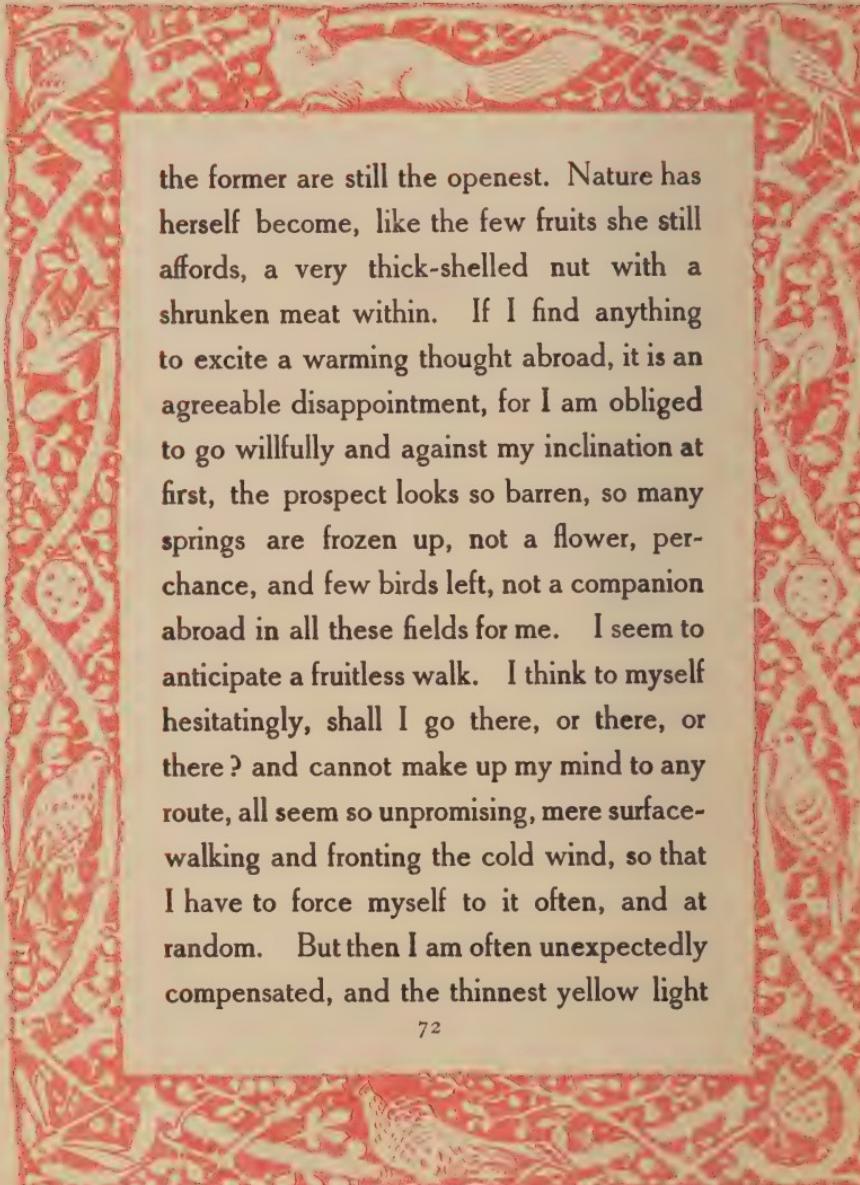
the river's brim from what it wears in summer! I do not at this moment hear an insect's hum, nor see a bird or a flower. That museum of animal and vegetable life, a meadow, is now reduced to a uniform level of white snow, with only half a dozen kinds of shrubs and weeds rising here and there above it. — Thoreau in "Winter.

“NOVEMBER TAXES A WALKER'S RESOURCES MORE THAN ANY OTHER MONTH”

THIS is November of the hardest kind, bare frozen ground covered with pale brown or straw-colored herbage, a strong, cold, cutting north wind which makes me seek to cover my ears, a perfectly clear and cloudless sky. The cattle in the fields have a cold, shrunken, shaggy look, their hair standing out every way, as if with electricity, like the cat's. Ditches and pools are fast skimming over, and a few slate-colored snowbirds with thick, shuffling twitter, and fine-chipping tree sparrows flit from bush to bush in the otherwise deserted pastures. This



month taxes a walker's resources more than any other. For my part, I should sooner think of going into quarters in November than in winter. If you do feel any fire at this season out of doors, you may depend upon it, it is your own. It is but a short time these afternoons before the night cometh in which no man can walk. If you delay to start till three o'clock, there will be hardly time left for a long and rich adventure, to get fairly out of town. November Eat-heart, is that the name of it? Not only the fingers cease to do their office, but there is often a benumbing of the faculties generally. You can hardly screw up your courage to take a walk when all is thus tightly locked or frozen up, and so little is to be seen in field or wood. I am inclined to take to the swamps or woods as the warmest places, and



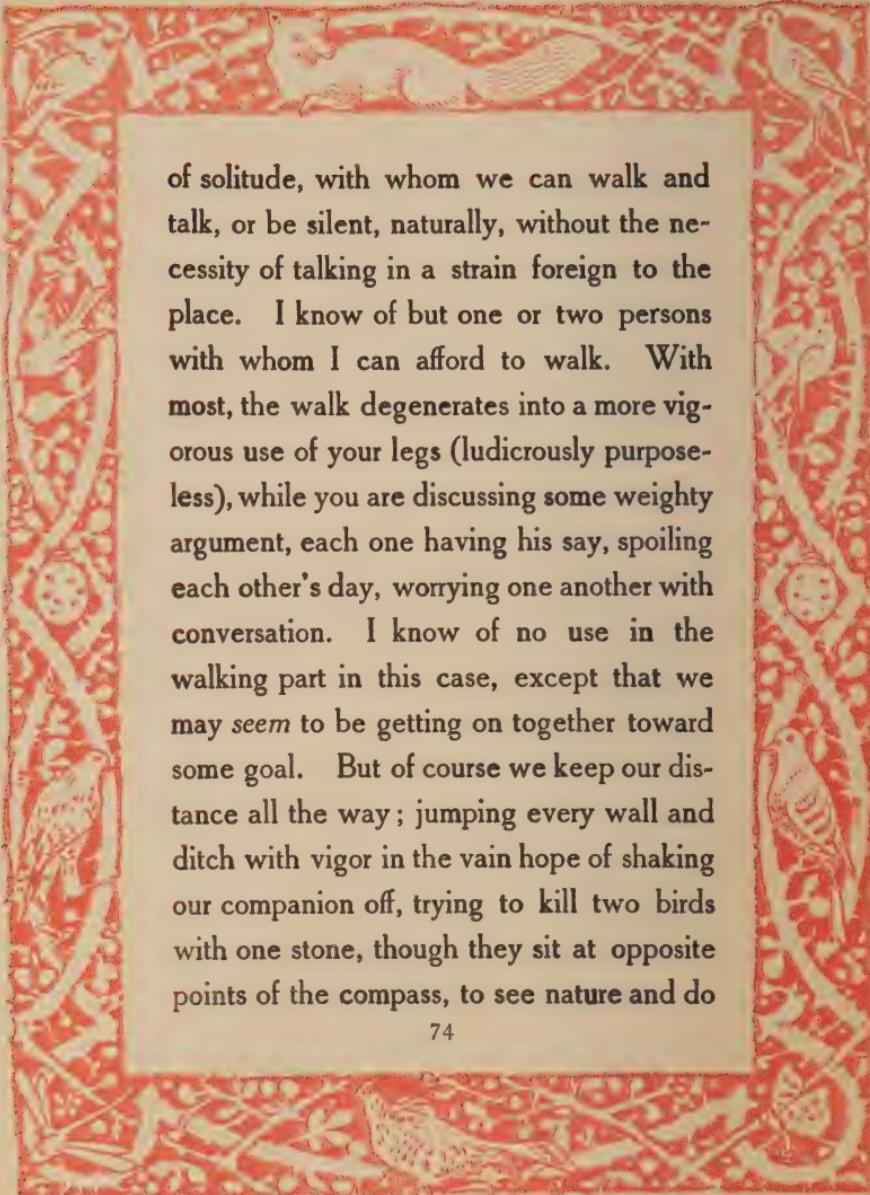
the former are still the openest. Nature has herself become, like the few fruits she still affords, a very thick-shelled nut with a shrunken meat within. If I find anything to excite a warming thought abroad, it is an agreeable disappointment, for I am obliged to go willfully and against my inclination at first, the prospect looks so barren, so many springs are frozen up, not a flower, perchance, and few birds left, not a companion abroad in all these fields for me. I seem to anticipate a fruitless walk. I think to myself hesitatingly, shall I go there, or there, or there? and cannot make up my mind to any route, all seem so unpromising, mere surface-walking and fronting the cold wind, so that I have to force myself to it often, and at random. But then I am often unexpectedly compensated, and the thinnest yellow light

of November is more warming and exhilarating than any wine they tell of. The mite which November contributes becomes equal in value to the bounty of July. I may meet with something that interests me, and immediately it is as warm as in July, as if it were the south instead of the northwest wind that blew.—Thoreau in "Autumn."



SUITABLE AND UNSUITABLE COMPANIONS

EACH phase of nature, while not invisible, is yet not too distinct and obtrusive. It is there, to be found when we look for it, but not demanding our attention. It is like a silent but sympathizing companion, in whose company we retain most of the advantages



of solitude, with whom we can walk and talk, or be silent, naturally, without the necessity of talking in a strain foreign to the place. I know of but one or two persons with whom I can afford to walk. With most, the walk degenerates into a more vigorous use of your legs (ludicrously purposeless), while you are discussing some weighty argument, each one having his say, spoiling each other's day, worrying one another with conversation. I know of no use in the walking part in this case, except that we may seem to be getting on together toward some goal. But of course we keep our distance all the way; jumping every wall and ditch with vigor in the vain hope of shaking our companion off, trying to kill two birds with one stone, though they sit at opposite points of the compass, to see nature and do

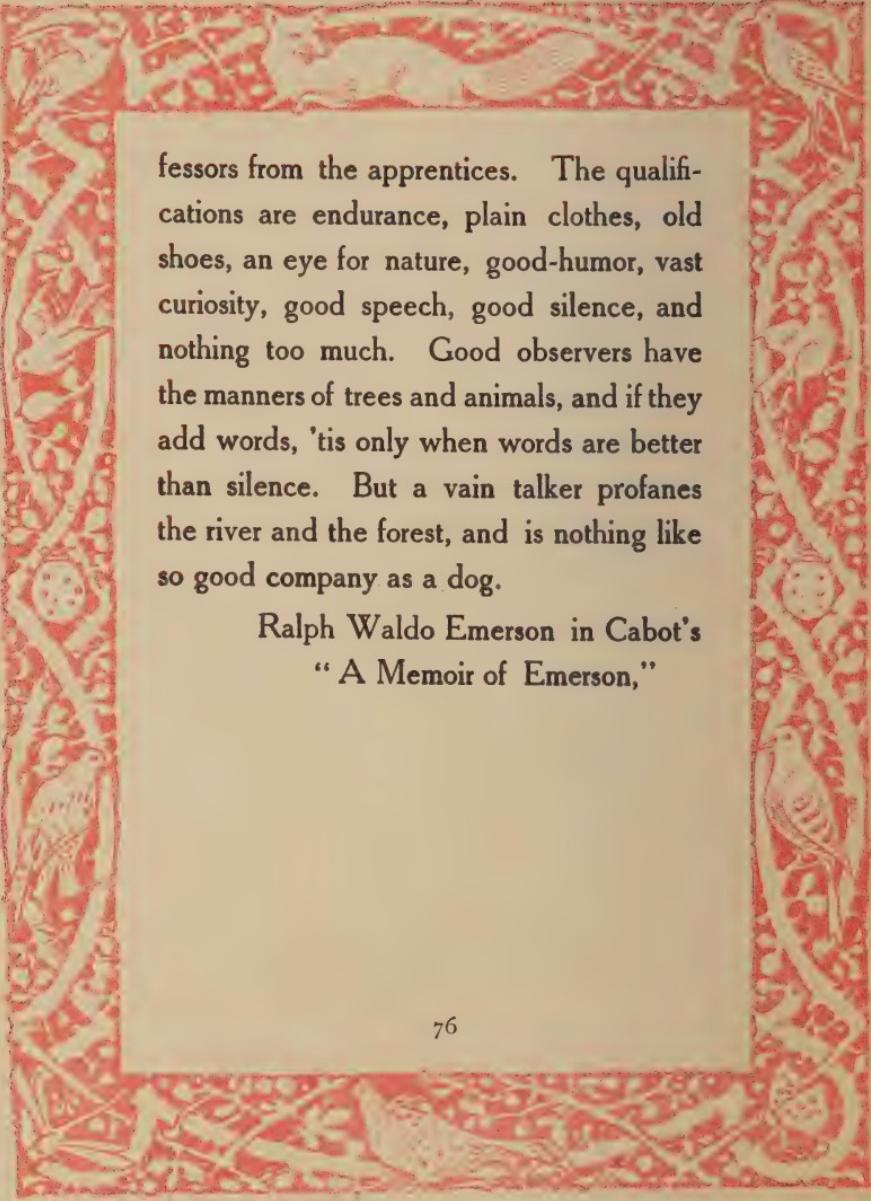
the honors to one who does not.— Thoreau
in “Autumn.”



WALKING: A LUXURY AND FINE ART

WHEN Nero advertised for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. It is the consolation of mortal men. I think no pursuit has more breath of immortality in it. It is one of the secrets for dodging old age; for Nature makes a like impression on age as on youth. It is the best of humanity, I think, that goes out to walk. In happy hours all affairs may be wisely postponed for this.

Walking is a fine art; there are degrees of proficiency, and we distinguish the pro-



fessors from the apprentices. The qualifications are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good-humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence, and nothing too much. Good observers have the manners of trees and animals, and if they add words, 'tis only when words are better than silence. But a vain talker profanes the river and the forest, and is nothing like so good company as a dog.

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Cabot's
“A Memoir of Emerson,”

JOHN BURROUGHS AND EDWARD F. BIGELOW AS NATURALIST GUIDES WITH
PARTY OF WALKERS ON THE PEAK OF THE MOUNTAIN.

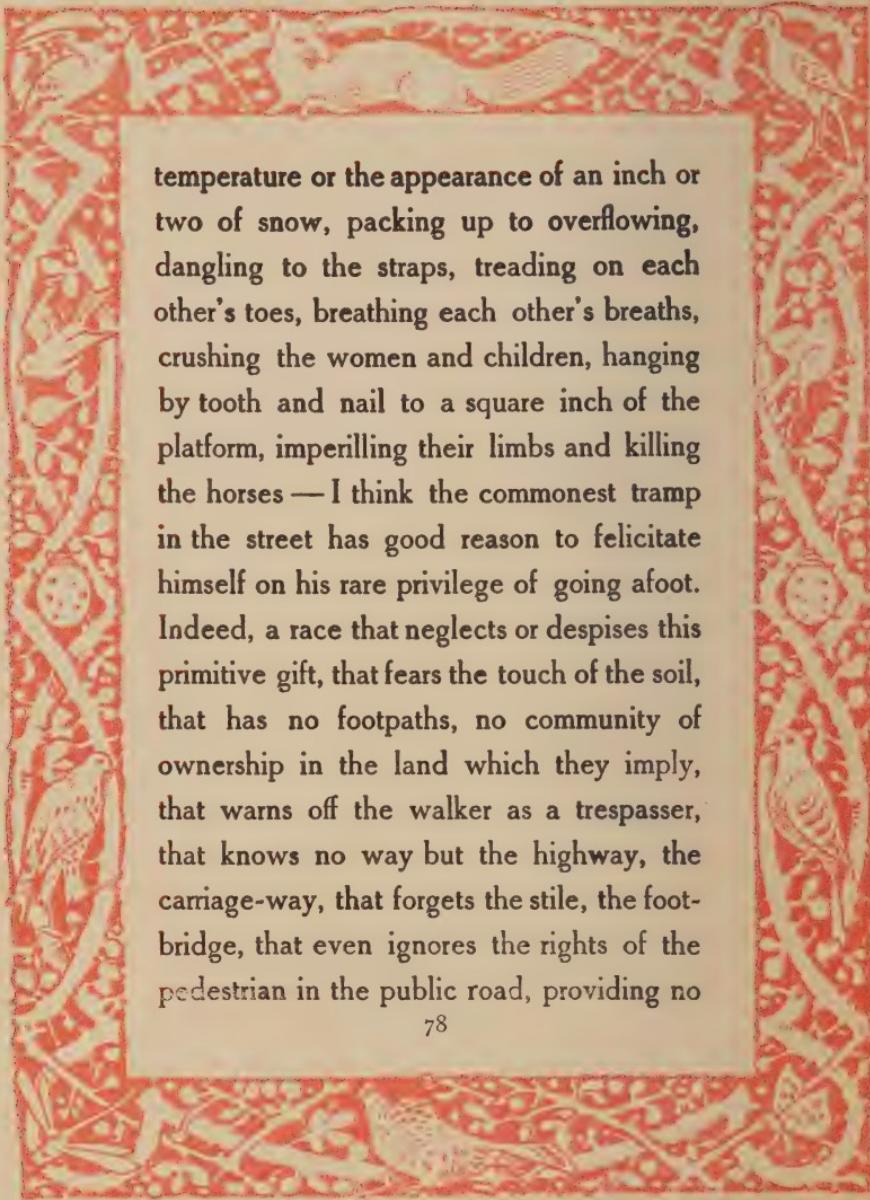
"I am going to brag as lustily as I can on behalf of the pedestrian, and show how all the shining angels second and accompany the man who goes afoot."—Burroughs.



THE EXHILARATIONS OF THE ROAD

The Privilege of Going Afoot:—I am not going to advocate the disuse of boots and shoes, or the abandoning of the improved modes of travel; but I am going to brag as lustily as I can on behalf of the pedestrian, and show how all the shining angels second and accompany the man who goes afoot, while all the dark spirits are ever looking out for a chance to ride.

When I see the discomforts that able-bodied American men will put up with rather than go a mile or half a mile on foot, the abuses they will tolerate and encourage, crowding the street car on a little fall in the



temperature or the appearance of an inch or two of snow, packing up to overflowing, dangling to the straps, treading on each other's toes, breathing each other's breaths, crushing the women and children, hanging by tooth and nail to a square inch of the platform, imperilling their limbs and killing the horses — I think the commonest tramp in the street has good reason to felicitate himself on his rare privilege of going afoot. Indeed, a race that neglects or despises this primitive gift, that fears the touch of the soil, that has no footpaths, no community of ownership in the land which they imply, that warns off the walker as a trespasser, that knows no way but the highway, the carriage-way, that forgets the stile, the foot-bridge, that even ignores the rights of the pedestrian in the public road, providing no

escape for him but in the ditch or up the bank, is in a fair way to far more serious degeneracy.



Few Really Good Walkers:— Of these gleesome saunters over the hills in spring, or those sallies of the body in winter, those excursions into space when the foot strikes fire at every step, when the air tastes like a new and finer mixture, when we accumulate force and gladness as we go along, when the sight of objects by the roadside and of the fields and woods pleases more than pictures or than all the art in the world — those ten or twelve-mile dashes that are but the wit and effluence of the corporeal powers — of such diversion and open road entertainment, I say, most of us know very little.

Walking to Church : — When you see an English country church withdrawn, secluded, out of the reach of wheels, standing amid grassy graves and surrounded by noble trees, approached by paths and shaded lanes, you appreciate more than ever this beautiful habit of the people. Only a race that knows how to use its feet, and holds footpaths sacred, could put such a charm of privacy and humility into such a structure. I think I should be tempted to go to church myself if I saw all my neighbors starting off across the fields or along paths that led to such charmed spots, and was sure I would not be jostled or run over by the rival chariots of the worshippers at the temple doors. I think this is what ails our religion; humility and devoutness of heart leave one when he lays by his walk-



RESTING BY THE ROADSIDE.

"What is more delightful than a summer afternoon's ramble after objects one loves? We are not tired of them but with them." — Taylor.



ing shoes and walking clothes, and sets out for church drawn by something. Indeed, I think it would be tantamount to an astonishing revival of religion if the people would all walk to church on Sunday and walk home again. Think how the stones would preach to them by the wayside ; how their benumbed minds would warm up beneath the friction of the gravel ; how their vain and foolish thoughts, their desponding thoughts, their besetting demons of one kind and another, would drop behind them, unable to keep up or to endure the fresh air ! They would walk away from their *ennui*, their worldly cares, their uncharitableness, their pride of dress ; for these devils always want to ride, while the simple virtues are never so happy as when on foot. Let us walk by all means ; but if we will ride, get an ass.

Characteristics of the Pedestrian:—

Your pedestrian is always cheerful, alert, refreshed, with his heart in his hand and his hand free to all. He looks down upon nobody; he is on the common level. His pores are all open, his circulation is active, his digestion good. His heart is not cold nor his faculties asleep. He is the only real traveler; he alone tastes the “gay, fresh sentiment of the road.” He is not isolated, but one with things, with the farms and industries on either hand. The vital, universal currents play through him. He knows the ground is alive; he feels the pulses of the wind, and reads the mute language of things. His sympathies are all aroused; his senses are continually reporting messages to his mind. Wind, frost, rain, heat, cold, are something to him. He is not merely

a spectator of the panorama of nature, but a participator in it. He experiences the country he passes through — tastes it, feels it, absorbs it; the traveler in his fine carriage sees it merely.



Walking Shows True Character :—
It is another proof of how walking brings out the true character of a man. The devil never yet asked his victims to take a walk with him. You will not be long in finding your companion out. All disguises will fall away from him. As his pores open his character is laid bare. His deepest and most private self will come to the top. It matters little with whom you ride, so he be not a pickpocket ; for both of you will, very likely, settle down closer and firmer in your

reserve, shaken down like a measure of corn by the jolting as the journey proceeds. But walking is a more vital co-partnership ; the relation is a closer and more sympathetic one, and you do not feel like walking ten paces with a stranger without speaking to him.

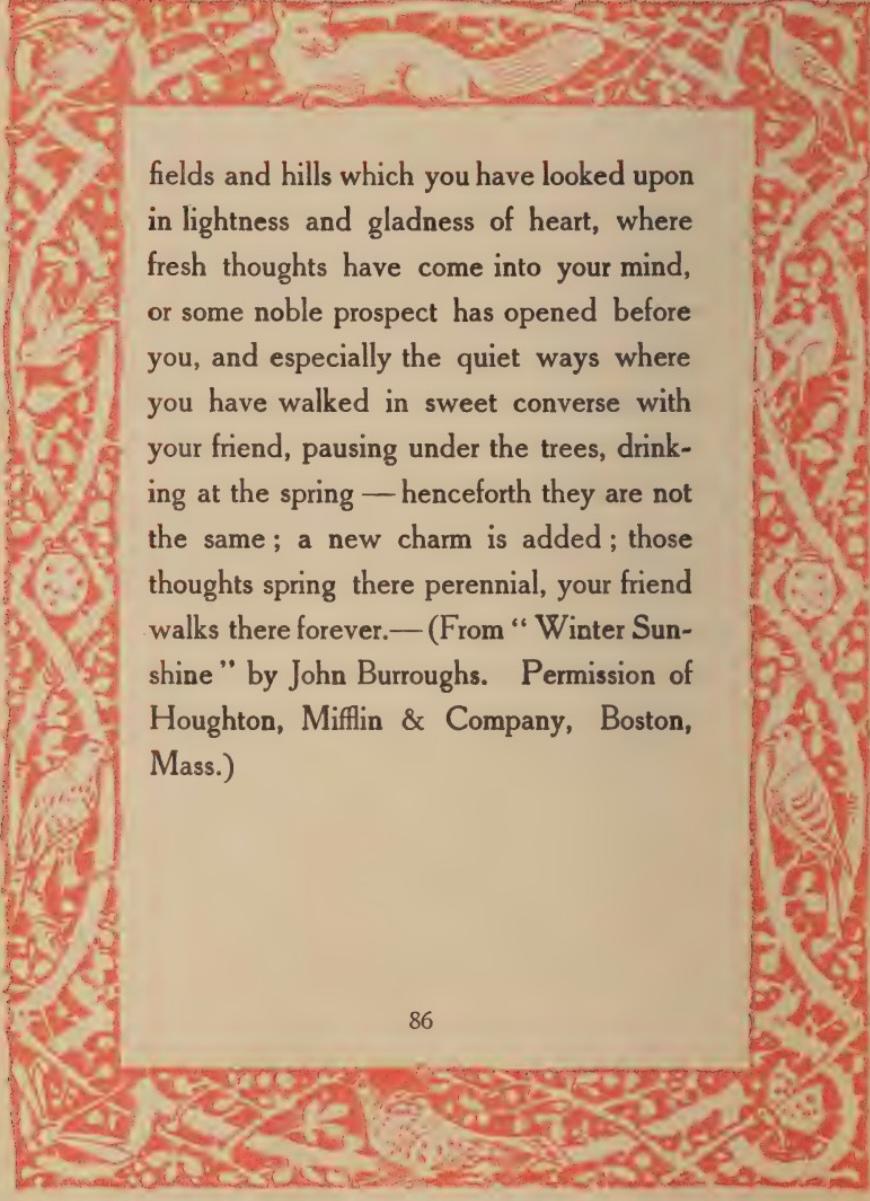


The Dog as a Companion : — Hence the fastidiousness of the professional walker in choosing or admitting a companion, and hence the truth of a remark of Emerson that you will generally fare better to take your dog than to invite your neighbor. Your cur-dog is a true pedestrian, and your neighbor is very likely a small politician. The dog enters thoroughly into the

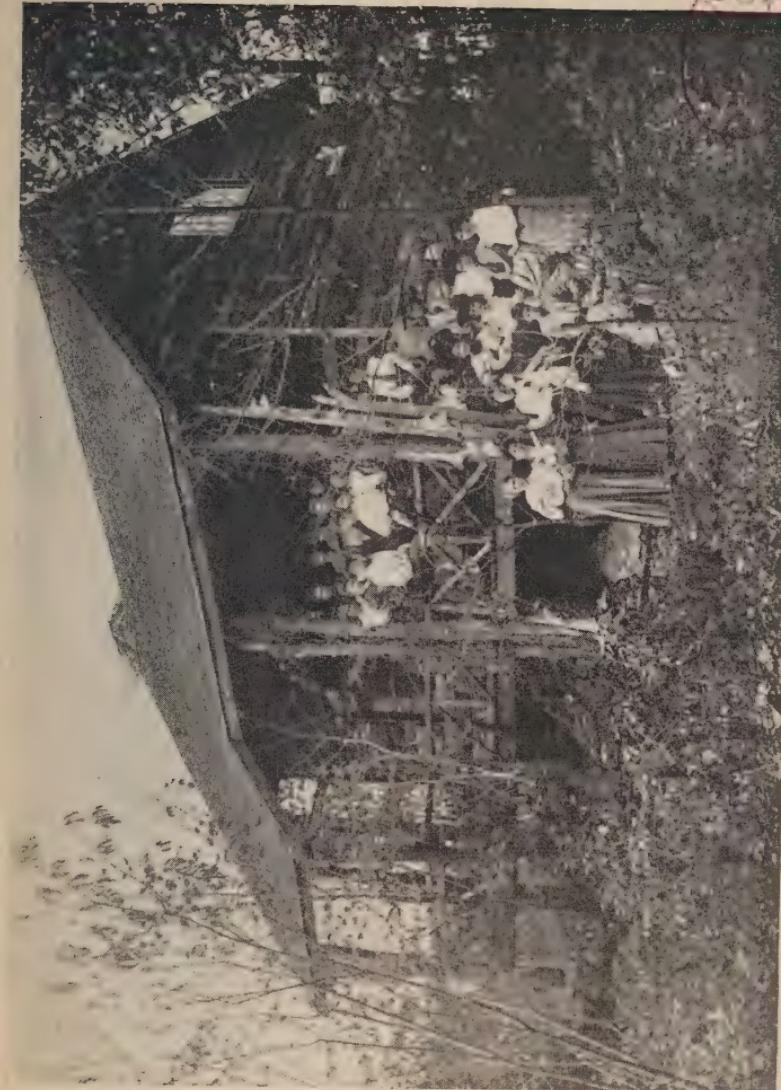
spirit of the enterprise ; he is not indifferent or preoccupied ; he is constantly sniffing adventure, laps at every spring, looks upon every field and wood as a new world to be explored, is ever on some fresh trail, knows something important will happen a little farther on, gazes with the true wonder-seeing eyes, whatever the spot or whatever the road finds it good to be there — in short, is just that happy, delicious, excursive vagabond that touches one at so many points, and whose human prototype in a companion robs miles and leagues of half their power to fatigue.



A New Charm to the Roads and Paths :
— The roads and paths you have walked along in summer and winter weather, the

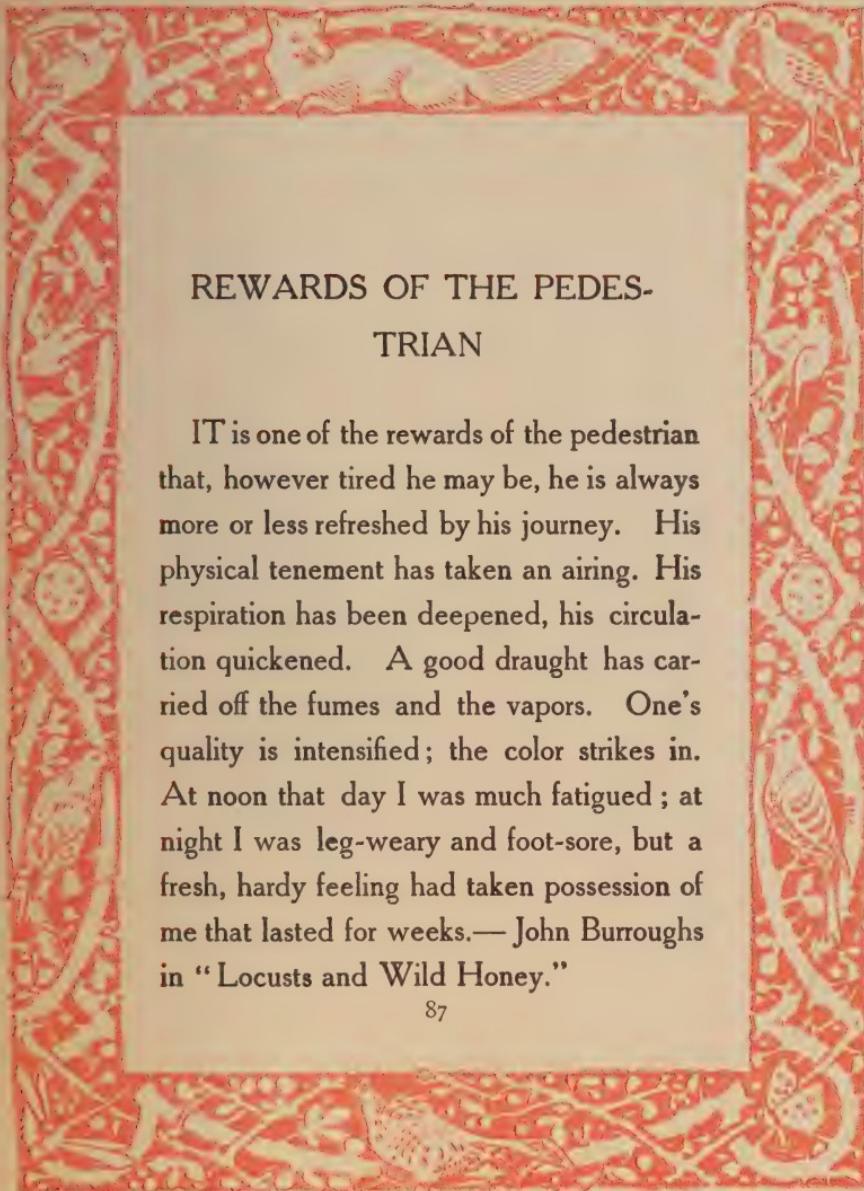


fields and hills which you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, where fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend, pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring — henceforth they are not the same ; a new charm is added ; those thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks there forever.—(From "Winter Sunshine" by John Burroughs. Permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass.)



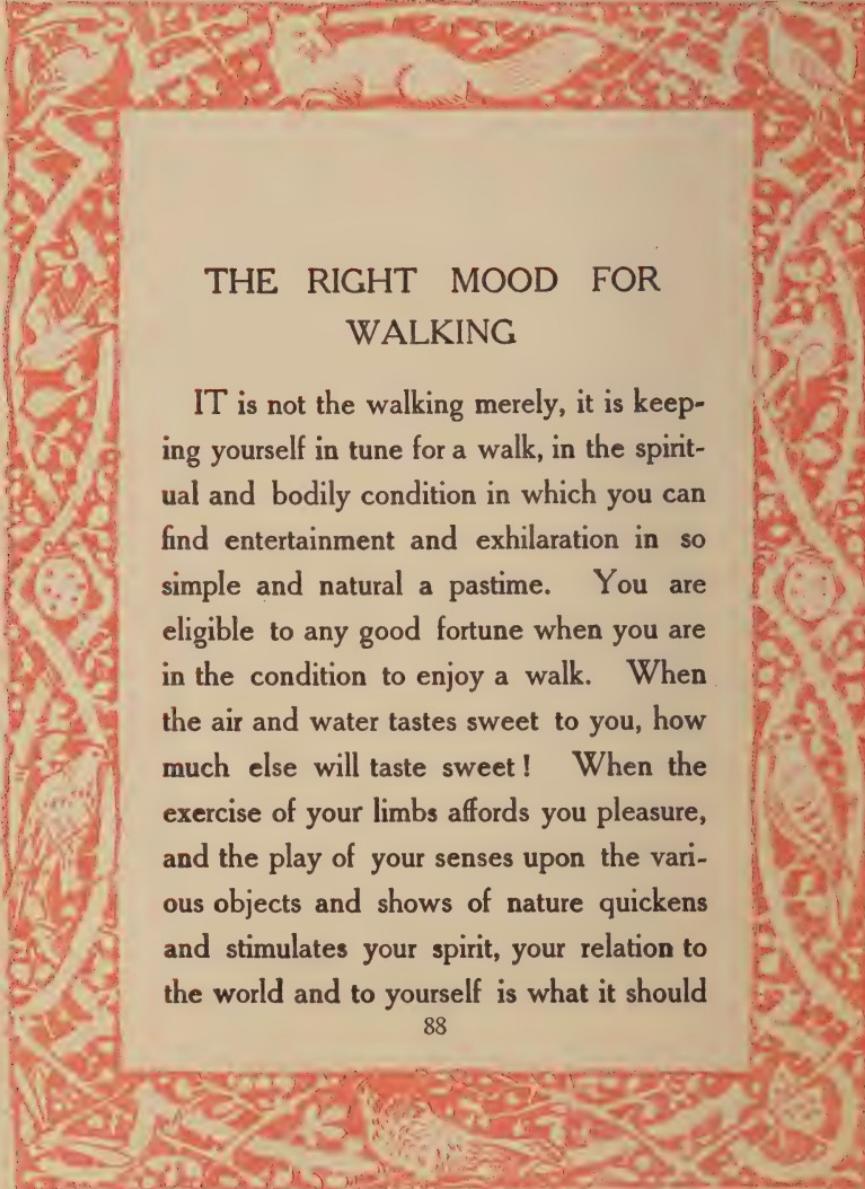
WITH JOHN BURROUGHS AT "SLABSIDES," (WEST PARK, N.Y.)

Just starting out for a long walk up the mountain.



REWARDS OF THE PEDES- TRIAN

IT is one of the rewards of the pedestrian that, however tired he may be, he is always more or less refreshed by his journey. His physical tenement has taken an airing. His respiration has been deepened, his circulation quickened. A good draught has carried off the fumes and the vapors. One's quality is intensified; the color strikes in. At noon that day I was much fatigued ; at night I was leg-weary and foot-sore, but a fresh, hardy feeling had taken possession of me that lasted for weeks.— John Burroughs in “Locusts and Wild Honey.”



THE RIGHT MOOD FOR WALKING

IT is not the walking merely, it is keeping yourself in tune for a walk, in the spiritual and bodily condition in which you can find entertainment and exhilaration in so simple and natural a pastime. You are eligible to any good fortune when you are in the condition to enjoy a walk. When the air and water tastes sweet to you, how much else will taste sweet! When the exercise of your limbs affords you pleasure, and the play of your senses upon the various objects and shows of nature quickens and stimulates your spirit, your relation to the world and to yourself is what it should

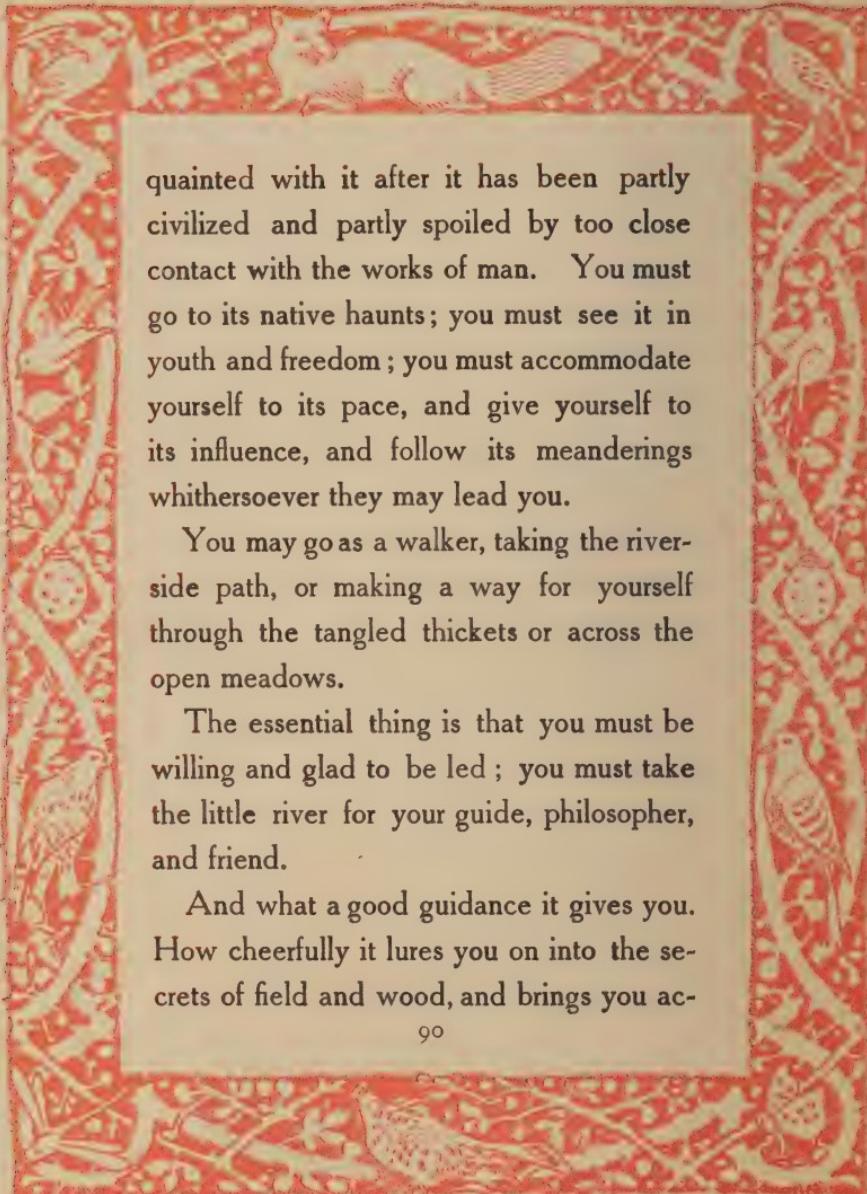
be — simple and direct and wholesome. The mood in which you set out on a spring or autumn ramble or a sturdy winter walk, and your greedy feet have to be restrained from devouring the distances too fast, is the best mood in which your best thoughts and impulses come to you, or in which you might embark upon any noble and heroic enterprise. Life is sweet in such moods, the universe is complete, and there is no failure or imperfection anywhere.

John Burroughs in "Pepacton."



WALKING BY A LITTLE RIVER

BUT the real way to know a little river is not to glance at it here or there in the course of a hasty journey, nor to become ac-



quainted with it after it has been partly civilized and partly spoiled by too close contact with the works of man. You must go to its native haunts; you must see it in youth and freedom; you must accommodate yourself to its pace, and give yourself to its influence, and follow its meanderings whithersoever they may lead you.

You may go as a walker, taking the riverside path, or making a way for yourself through the tangled thickets or across the open meadows.

The essential thing is that you must be willing and glad to be led; you must take the little river for your guide, philosopher, and friend.

And what a good guidance it gives you. How cheerfully it lures you on into the secrets of field and wood, and brings you ac-



AN IDEAL PATH BY A LITTLE RIVER.

"You must accommodate yourself to its pace, and give yourself to its influence, and follow its meanderings whithersoever they may lead you."



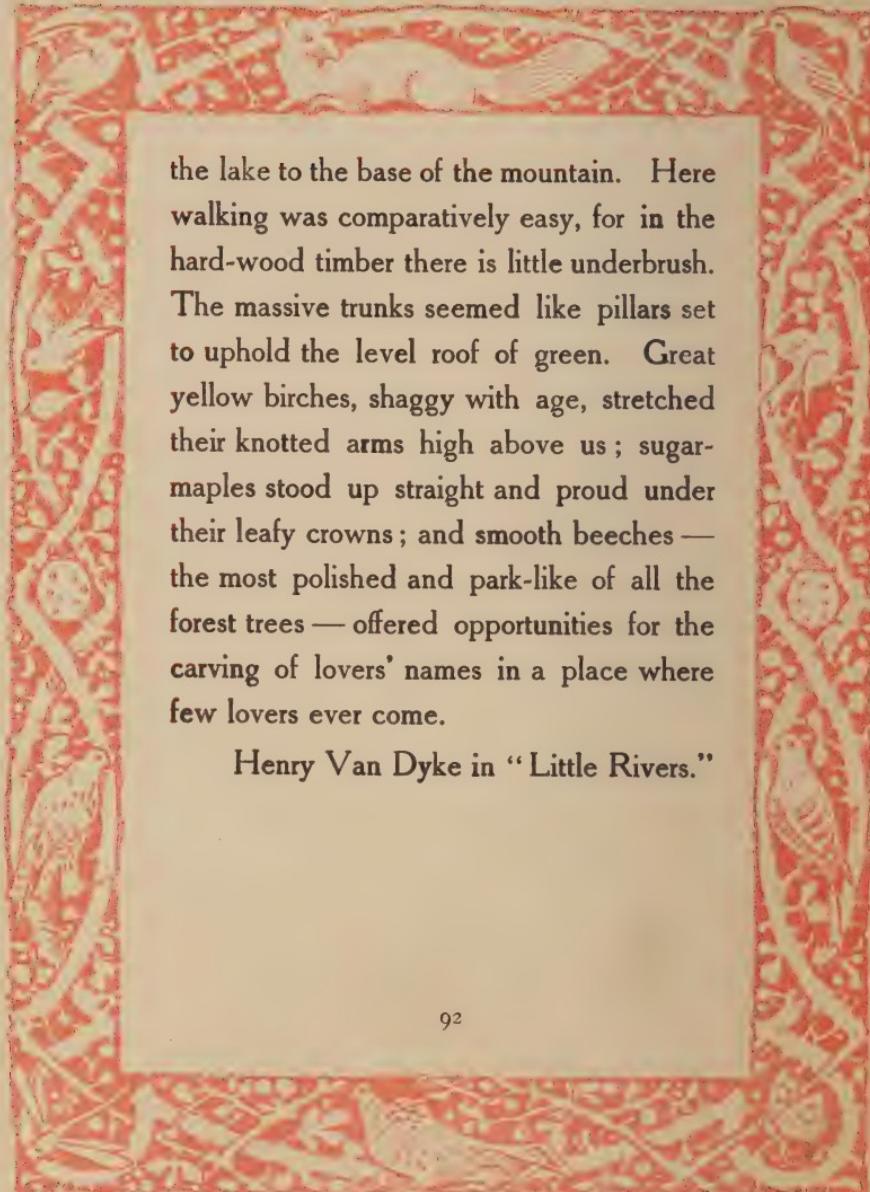
quainted with the birds and the flowers. The stream can show you, better than any other teacher, how nature works her enchantments with colour and music.



IN MEADOW AND FOREST

OUR trail led us at first through a natural meadow, overgrown with waist-high grass, and very spongy to the tread. Hornet-haunted also was this meadow, and therefore no place for idle dalliance or unwary digression, for the sting of the hornet is one of the saddest and most humiliating surprises of this mortal life.

Then through a tangle of old-wood roads my guide led me safely, and we struck up on the long ridges which slope gently from

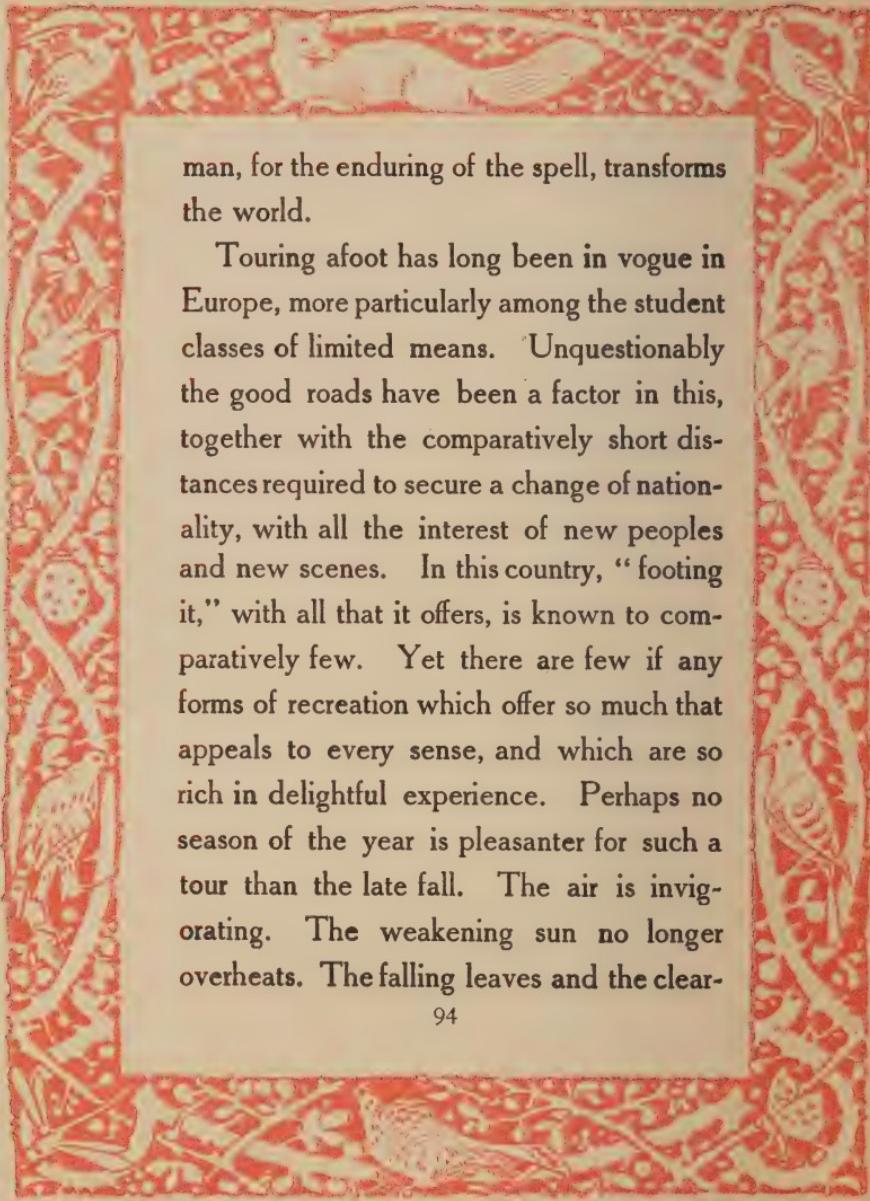


the lake to the base of the mountain. Here walking was comparatively easy, for in the hard-wood timber there is little underbrush. The massive trunks seemed like pillars set to uphold the level roof of green. Great yellow birches, shaggy with age, stretched their knotted arms high above us; sugar-maples stood up straight and proud under their leafy crowns; and smooth beeches — the most polished and park-like of all the forest trees — offered opportunities for the carving of lovers' names in a place where few lovers ever come.

Henry Van Dyke in "Little Rivers."

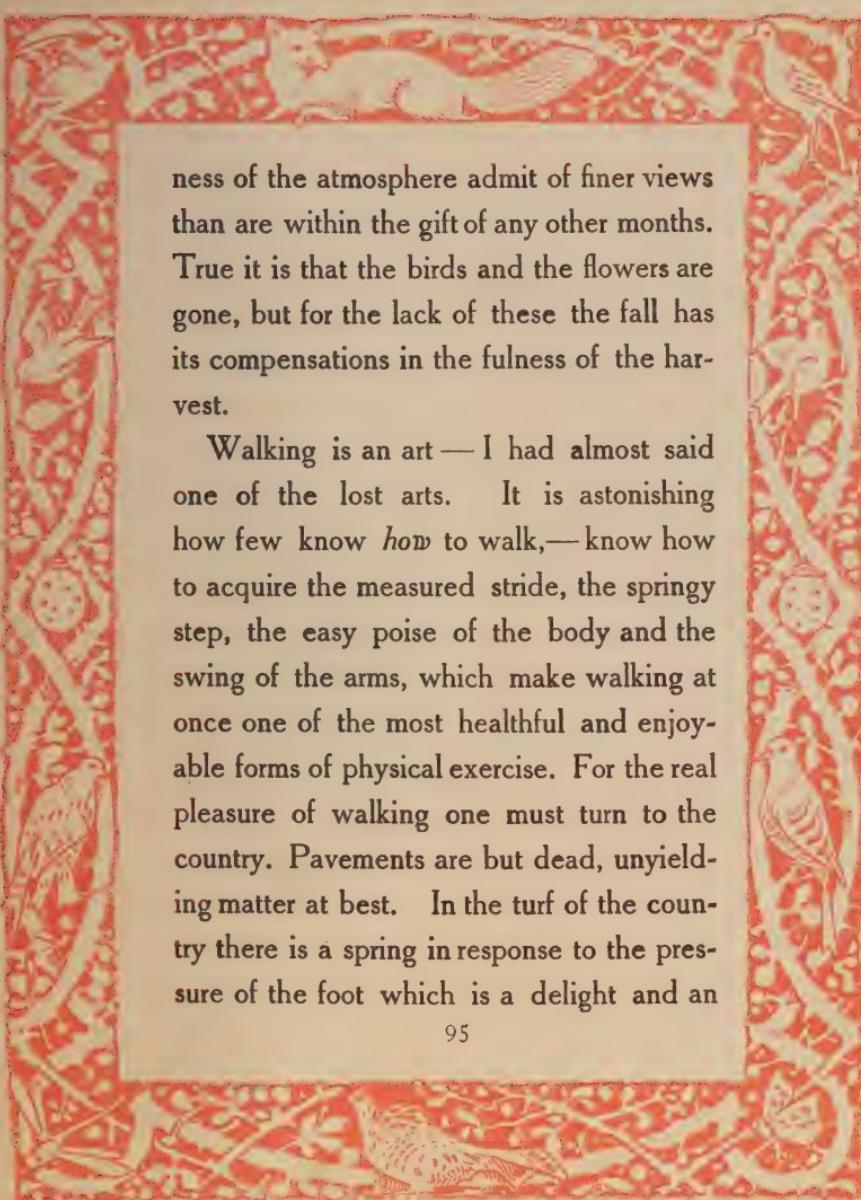
THE FUN OF WALKING

Walking in the Country — The very sound of the words sends a thrill of almost irresistible desire through one who knows the fullness of their import. Was ever a simple, homely phrase of four words so fraught with delightful meaning, so rich with golden memories, so suggestive of possibilities of the things that make life worth living ? There is in them the splendid vigor of the mountain air, the restful charm of evening shadows stealing over peaceful valleys, the spirit of adventure, the sound of many running waters, the whispering of trees, the songs of feathered choristers, and the peace absolute which, entering the soul of



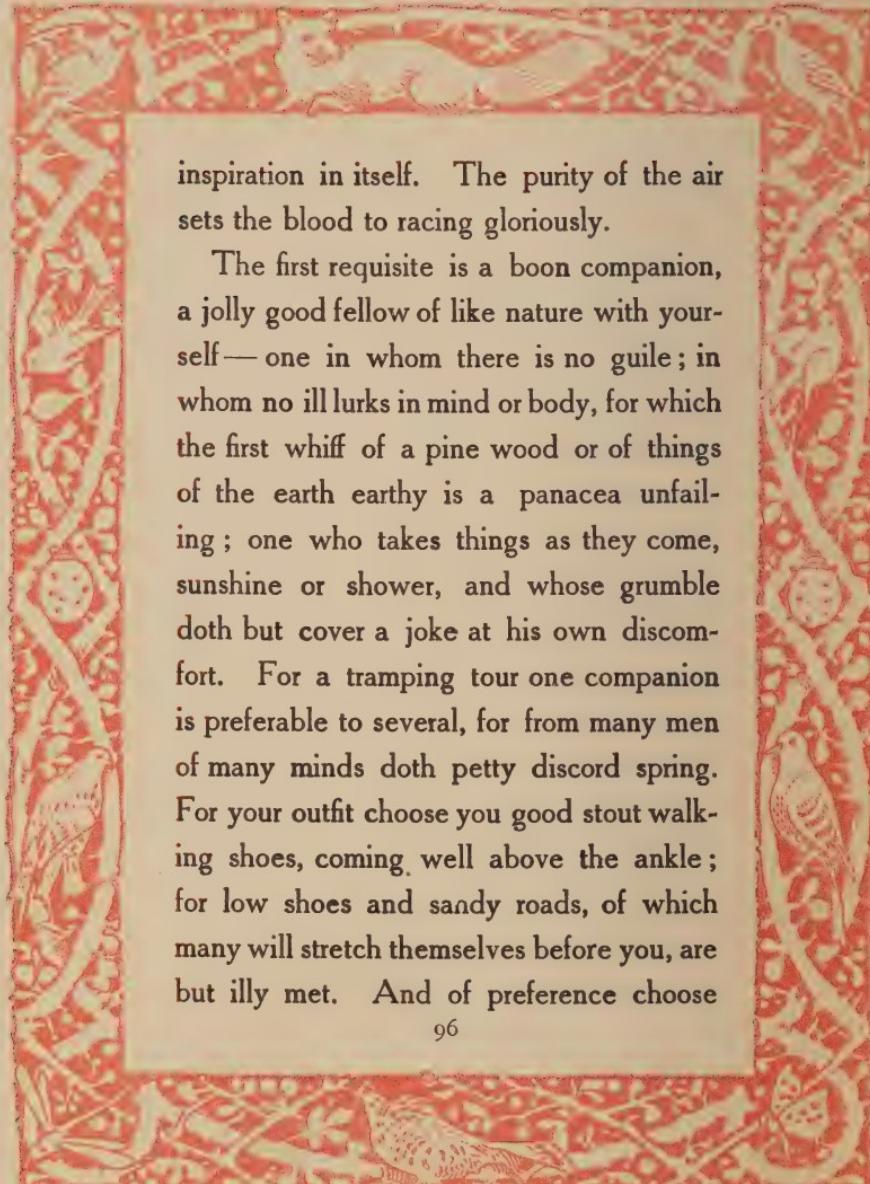
man, for the enduring of the spell, transforms
the world.

Touring afoot has long been in vogue in Europe, more particularly among the student classes of limited means. Unquestionably the good roads have been a factor in this, together with the comparatively short distances required to secure a change of nationality, with all the interest of new peoples and new scenes. In this country, "footing it," with all that it offers, is known to comparatively few. Yet there are few if any forms of recreation which offer so much that appeals to every sense, and which are so rich in delightful experience. Perhaps no season of the year is pleasanter for such a tour than the late fall. The air is invigorating. The weakening sun no longer overheats. The falling leaves and the clear-



ness of the atmosphere admit of finer views than are within the gift of any other months. True it is that the birds and the flowers are gone, but for the lack of these the fall has its compensations in the fulness of the harvest.

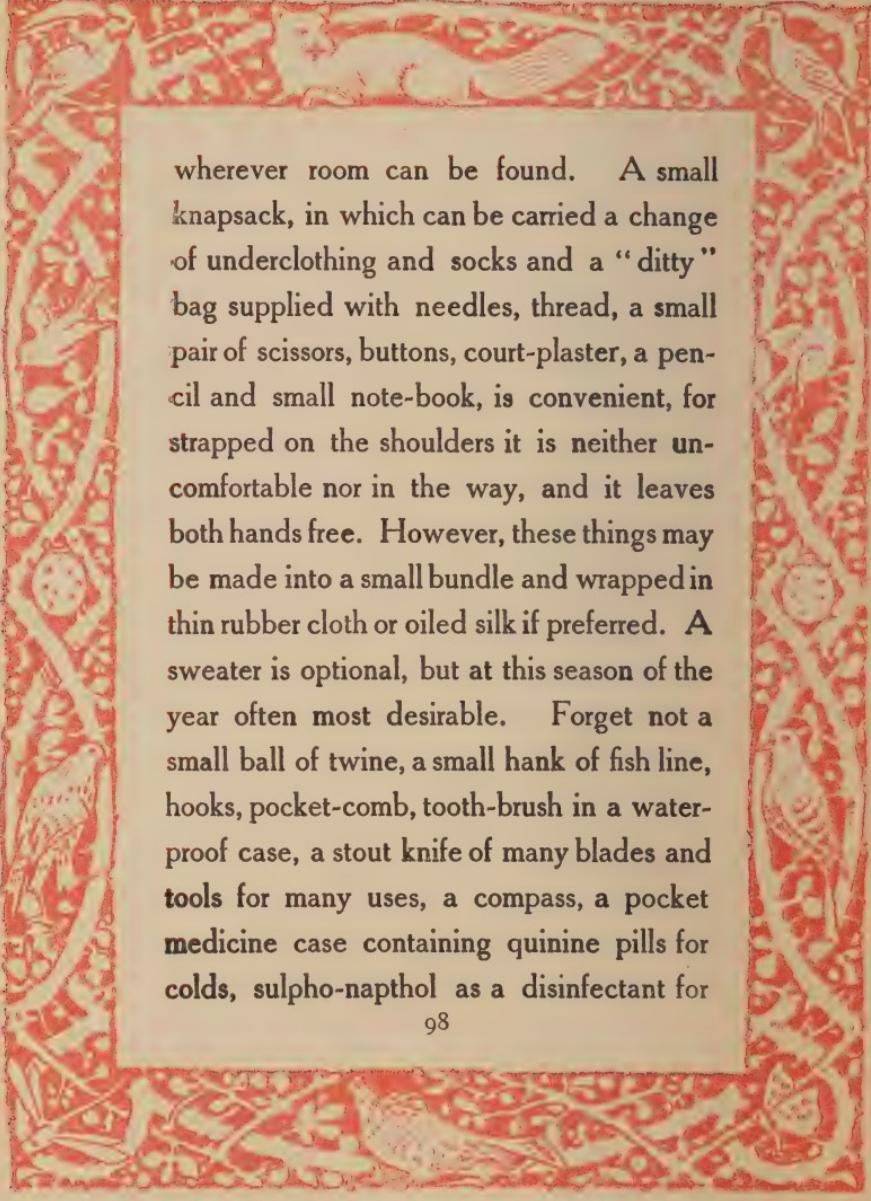
Walking is an art — I had almost said one of the lost arts. It is astonishing how few know *how* to walk,—know how to acquire the measured stride, the springy step, the easy poise of the body and the swing of the arms, which make walking at once one of the most healthful and enjoyable forms of physical exercise. For the real pleasure of walking one must turn to the country. Pavements are but dead, unyielding matter at best. In the turf of the country there is a spring in response to the pressure of the foot which is a delight and an



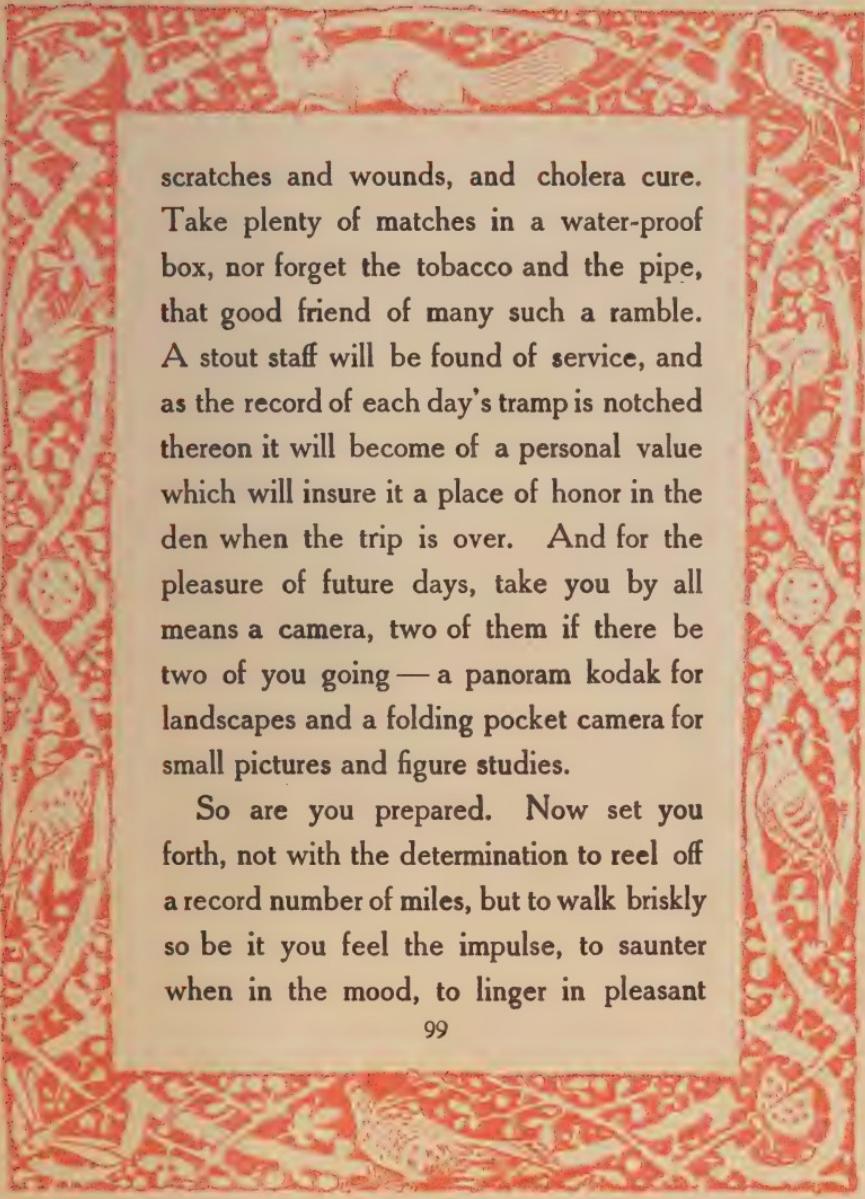
inspiration in itself. The purity of the air sets the blood to racing gloriously.

The first requisite is a boon companion, a jolly good fellow of like nature with yourself — one in whom there is no guile; in whom no ill lurks in mind or body, for which the first whiff of a pine wood or of things of the earth earthy is a panacea unfailing; one who takes things as they come, sunshine or shower, and whose grumble doth but cover a joke at his own discomfort. For a tramping tour one companion is preferable to several, for from many men of many minds doth petty discord spring. For your outfit choose you good stout walking shoes, coming well above the ankle; for low shoes and sandy roads, of which many will stretch themselves before you, are but illy met. And of preference choose

your old shoes, easy and comfortable to the feet, hob-nailed of heels and as nearly water-proof as may be. Nor forget that corns, bunions and their like are of the evil one and not to be countenanced in preparations for a tramp. Knee trousers of corduroy, which for stoutness in the malicious clutch of brambles or barbed wire, and for appearance of respectability, has no equal ; coat of the same ; loose shirt of outing flannel, preferable to cotton in that it absorbs perspiration, thereby lessening the chances of a cold ; golf stockings of the footless style which will admit of a change of socks, and a soft hat which will allow of rolling up to thrust in the pocket and which refuses to become the plaything of every sportive wind, practically complete the costume. The coat should be well pocketed. Have pockets put in



wherever room can be found. A small knapsack, in which can be carried a change of underclothing and socks and a "ditty" bag supplied with needles, thread, a small pair of scissors, buttons, court-plaster, a pencil and small note-book, is convenient, for strapped on the shoulders it is neither uncomfortable nor in the way, and it leaves both hands free. However, these things may be made into a small bundle and wrapped in thin rubber cloth or oiled silk if preferred. A sweater is optional, but at this season of the year often most desirable. Forget not a small ball of twine, a small hank of fish line, hooks, pocket-comb, tooth-brush in a waterproof case, a stout knife of many blades and tools for many uses, a compass, a pocket medicine case containing quinine pills for colds, sulpho-naphthol as a disinfectant for



scratches and wounds, and cholera cure. Take plenty of matches in a water-proof box, nor forget the tobacco and the pipe, that good friend of many such a ramble. A stout staff will be found of service, and as the record of each day's tramp is notched thereon it will become of a personal value which will insure it a place of honor in the den when the trip is over. And for the pleasure of future days, take you by all means a camera, two of them if there be two of you going — a panoram kodak for landscapes and a folding pocket camera for small pictures and figure studies.

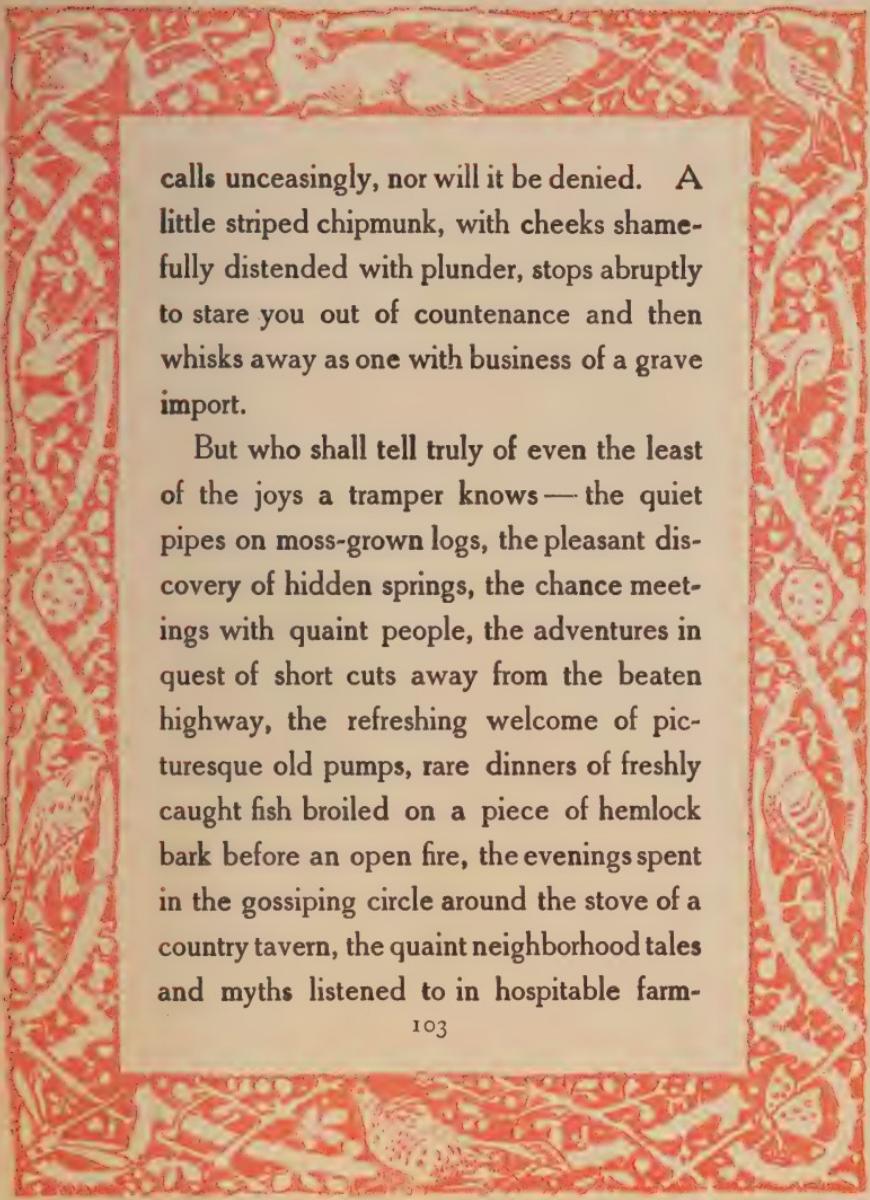
So are you prepared. Now set you forth, not with the determination to reel off a record number of miles, but to walk briskly so be it you feel the impulse, to saunter when in the mood, to linger in pleasant

places when weary, and always to drink in all of the wondrous beauty of your surroundings. It is one of the pleasures of such a trip that you are careless of where the evening shadows shall find you, so be it that a farm-house is not far distant. There is rarely difficulty in securing a supper, a night's lodging and a breakfast at some snug farm, when the day's tramp does not bring you to a wayside inn. A few inquiries in the afternoon will usually guide you aright. For the noon lunch something must be carried, unless you will take the chance of securing dinner at a farm or reaching a village grocery. I have found it best to eat lightly at noon, often depending entirely upon milk. This has proved an excellent food for tramping. Raisins contain much nutriment, and I find them very satisfactory to

fill in long gaps between meals. I often carry a package of seeded raisins. Sweet chocolate is also an excellent thing to have with you.

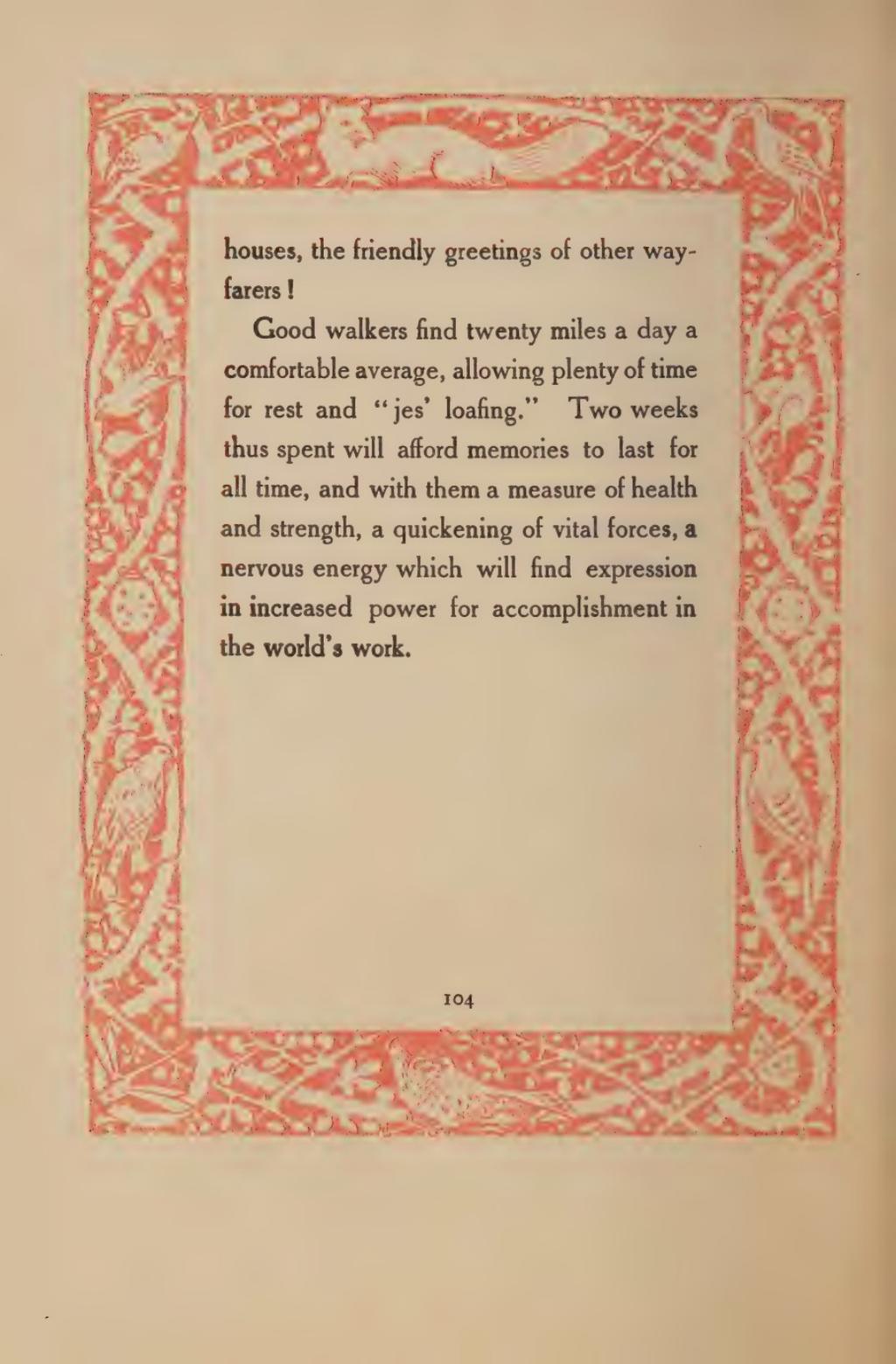
An early morning start is always best. There is a freshness in the beginning of the day, lacking when the sun has higher crept. How sharply are the distant hills etched against the opalescent sky! Threads of pale blue smoke rise straight above the chimneys of the houses in the valley below. The slanting rays of the sun are caught full upon and flashed back by a row of milk-cans on the drying rack. Sound travels a wonderful distance in the early morning, and the crowing of a rooster or the barking of a dog comes up to you clearly from across the valley. A rabbit scurries out of the road before you, and tempts you to brief pursuit

for the mere pleasure of the chase. A ruffled grouse rises to a near-by pine, and allows your inspection with seeming knowledge of your inability or desire to do him harm. Farther on, where the road dips into a hollow, you catch the strong scent of a fox and find his autograph, written in the dust but a few minutes since. Out from the woods the road winds through brushy pastures. From a fence-rail bob-white whistles greeting. The erst-while homes of happy little bird-folk, now that they are deserted, thrust themselves upon your notice. Old fence-corners are richly cloaked in the deep crimson of the frost-touched sumac. A little faint, uncertain path holds out the promise of a short-cut and, luring all too willing feet, forsakes them in the tangle of an old woodlot. The voice of falling water



calls unceasingly, nor will it be denied. A little striped chipmunk, with cheeks shamefully distended with plunder, stops abruptly to stare you out of countenance and then whisks away as one with business of a grave import.

But who shall tell truly of even the least of the joys a tramp knows — the quiet pipes on moss-grown logs, the pleasant discovery of hidden springs, the chance meetings with quaint people, the adventures in quest of short cuts away from the beaten highway, the refreshing welcome of picturesque old pumps, rare dinners of freshly caught fish broiled on a piece of hemlock bark before an open fire, the evenings spent in the gossiping circle around the stove of a country tavern, the quaint neighborhood tales and myths listened to in hospitable farm-

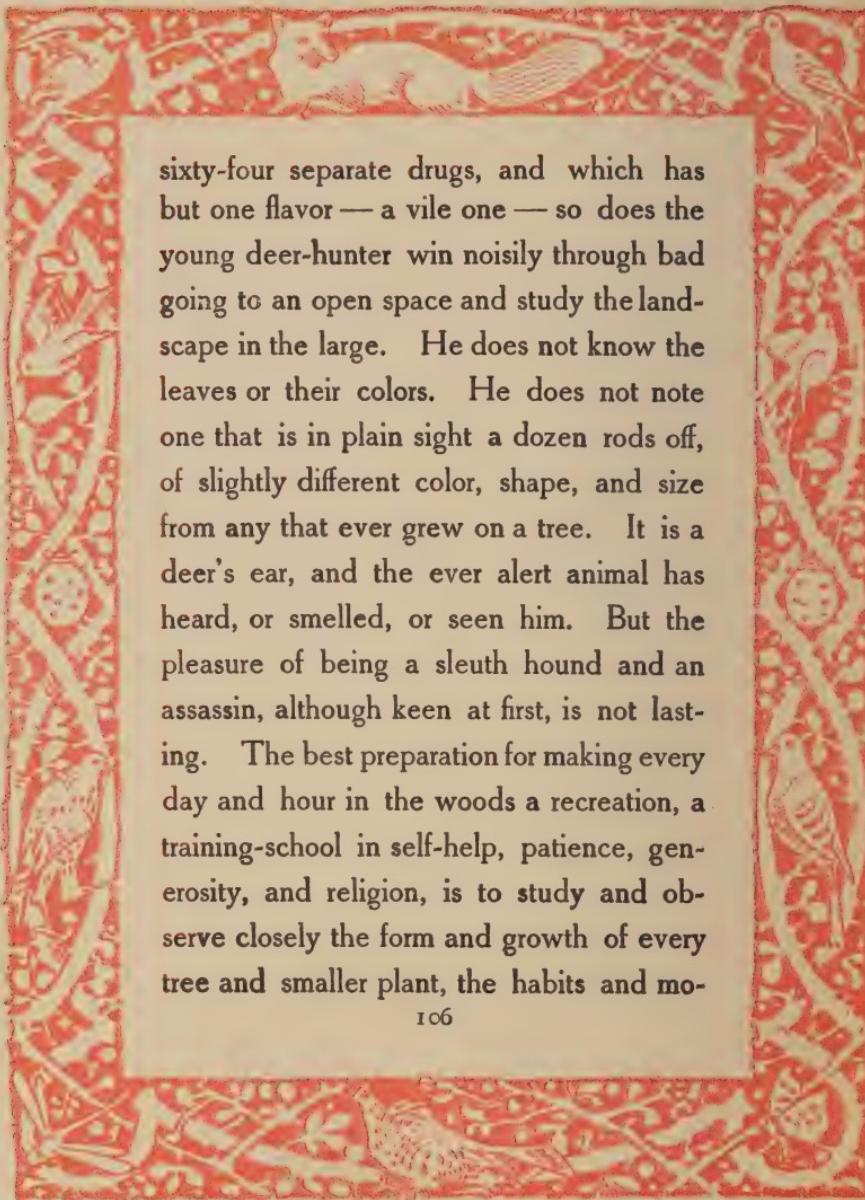


houses, the friendly greetings of other way-farers !

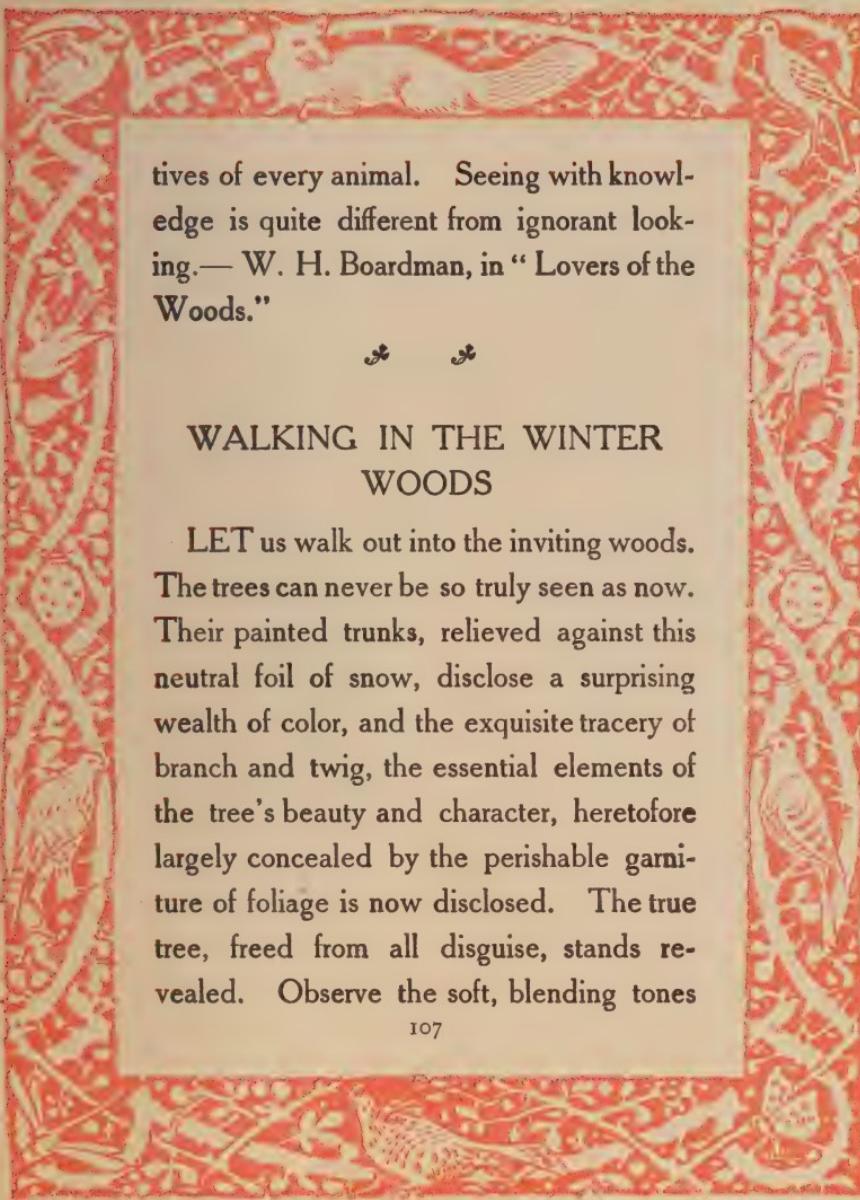
Good walkers find twenty miles a day a comfortable average, allowing plenty of time for rest and "jes' loafing." Two weeks thus spent will afford memories to last for all time, and with them a measure of health and strength, a quickening of vital forces, a nervous energy which will find expression in increased power for accomplishment in the world's work.

CAREFUL SEEING NEEDED TO
MAKE A WALK MOST
ADVANTAGEOUS

ONE person's eyesight is better than another's, but the difference has only a slight effect in the power of observation. The all-important quality is the habit of noting what is in sight, but to the untrained woodsman there is so much in sight, and so little is known of the leaves and trunks of the timber trees, of the logs, rocks, and under-growth. He gazes broadly and his eyes drink in the whole landscape, getting only a slight taste of any of its constituents. As the patient takes a dose of "Warbourg's Tincture," which is said to be a blend of



sixty-four separate drugs, and which has but one flavor — a vile one — so does the young deer-hunter win noisily through bad going to an open space and study the landscape in the large. He does not know the leaves or their colors. He does not note one that is in plain sight a dozen rods off, of slightly different color, shape, and size from any that ever grew on a tree. It is a deer's ear, and the ever alert animal has heard, or smelled, or seen him. But the pleasure of being a sleuth hound and an assassin, although keen at first, is not lasting. The best preparation for making every day and hour in the woods a recreation, a training-school in self-help, patience, generosity, and religion, is to study and observe closely the form and growth of every tree and smaller plant, the habits and mo-

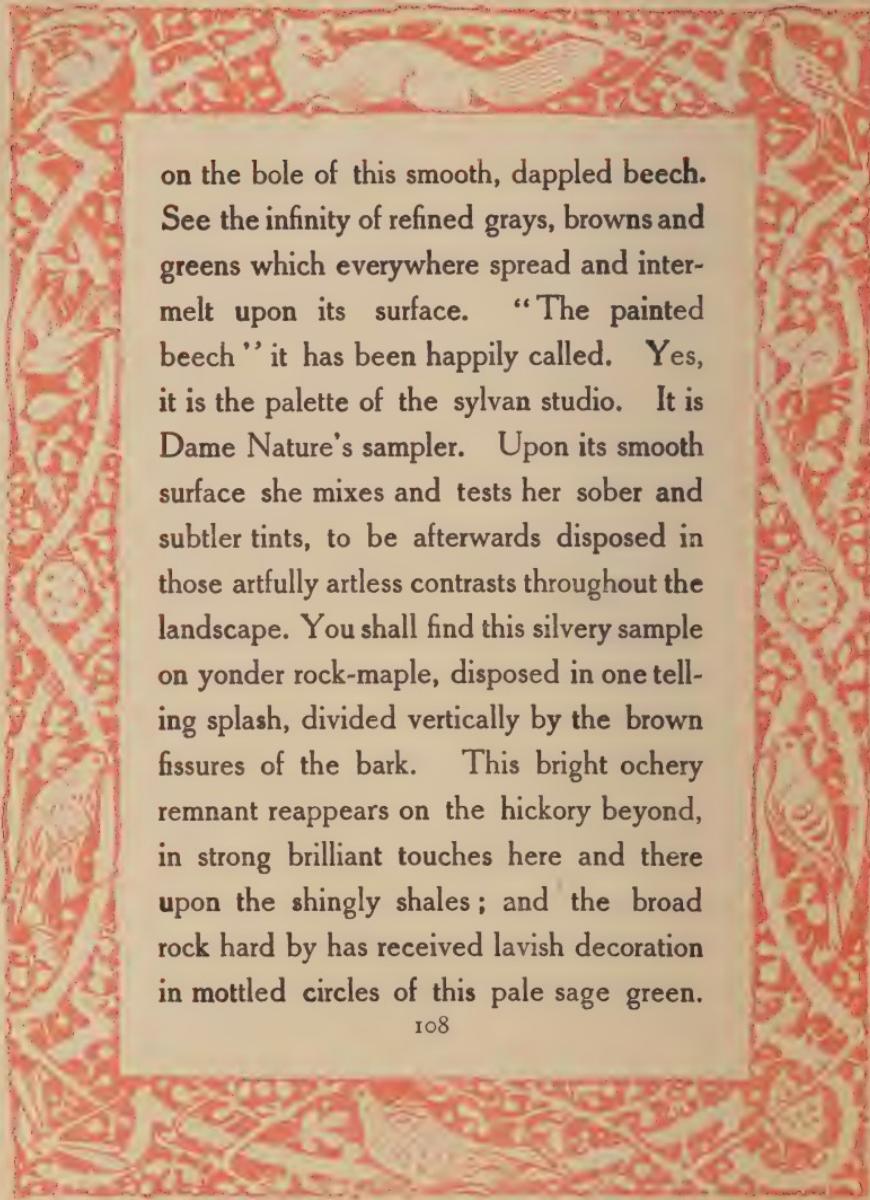


tives of every animal. Seeing with knowledge is quite different from ignorant looking.—W. H. Boardman, in “Lovers of the Woods.”



WALKING IN THE WINTER WOODS

LET us walk out into the inviting woods. The trees can never be so truly seen as now. Their painted trunks, relieved against this neutral foil of snow, disclose a surprising wealth of color, and the exquisite tracery of branch and twig, the essential elements of the tree's beauty and character, heretofore largely concealed by the perishable garniture of foliage is now disclosed. The true tree, freed from all disguise, stands revealed. Observe the soft, blending tones



on the bole of this smooth, dappled beech. See the infinity of refined grays, browns and greens which everywhere spread and intermelt upon its surface. "The painted beech" it has been happily called. Yes, it is the palette of the sylvan studio. It is Dame Nature's sampler. Upon its smooth surface she mixes and tests her sober and subtler tints, to be afterwards disposed in those artfully artless contrasts throughout the landscape. You shall find this silvery sample on yonder rock-maple, disposed in one telling splash, divided vertically by the brown fissures of the bark. This bright ochery remnant reappears on the hickory beyond, in strong brilliant touches here and there upon the shingly shales; and the broad rock hard by has received lavish decoration in mottled circles of this pale sage green.

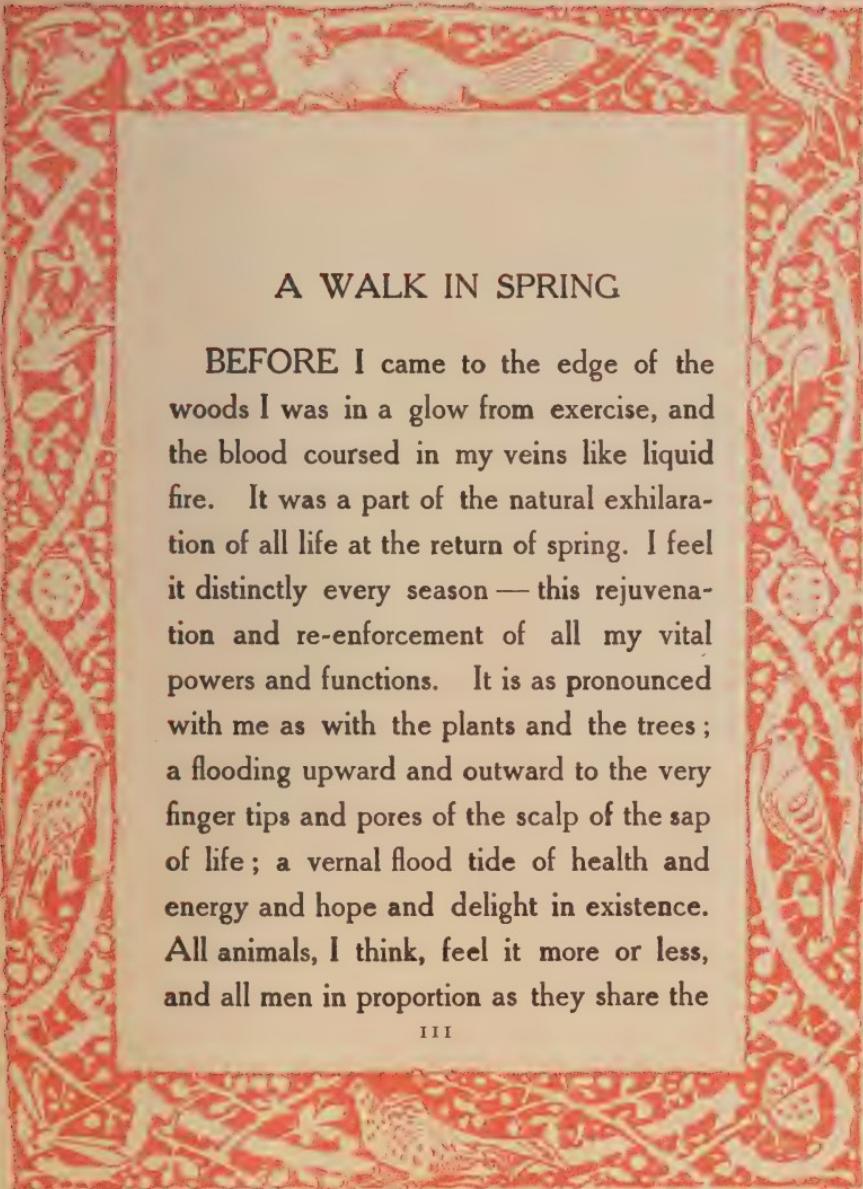
Here is the array of tints with which she paints the antiquated stone walls, and here the sheeney gray by which she has reclaimed the rambling miles of splintered rails. The virescent drab of poplar, the rosy ash of young maple, and the varied mosaic of the mossy boulder, all may here find their complement.

But enough of coons and foxes and rabbits and their wilding neighbors. For the present my winter walk must end ; and, after all, how little to the purpose have I conveyed in all this talk ! There is a plenteous eye-harvest in these winter fields, it is true ; but this is only the husk. Like the squirrel with his nut, I have let in a little light ; but like him, again, I have bestowed only the shell and kept the kernel.

What of the light heart and lighter spirit ?

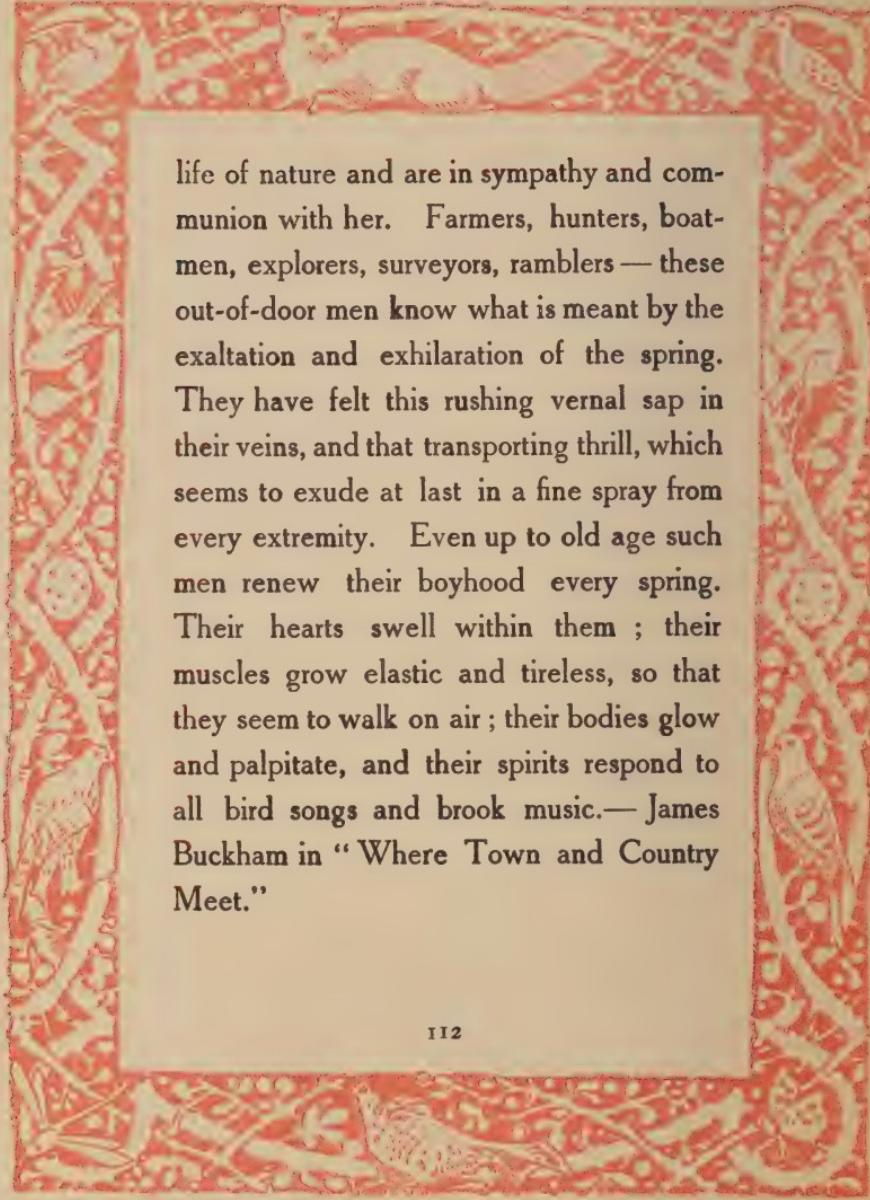
Who can give voice to these? They are not to be measured by the simple pageantry of the retina. It is not the fleet track of fox or hare that gives this impetus to our pace, and flings off this burden of care. There is a new heaven and a new earth in these glorious white days. One might almost seem translated, disembodied, were it not for the very physical delight of breathing. This celestial fleece seems to have insulated the material earth. Gravitation seems suspended. With a strange buoyant exaltation you seem to hover rather than walk. Your very shadow, as a tell-tale of materiality, now appears strange and unaccountable, and you look back with surprise at your own footprints in the snow.

William Hamilton Gibson — A Winter Walk — in "Happy Hunting Grounds."

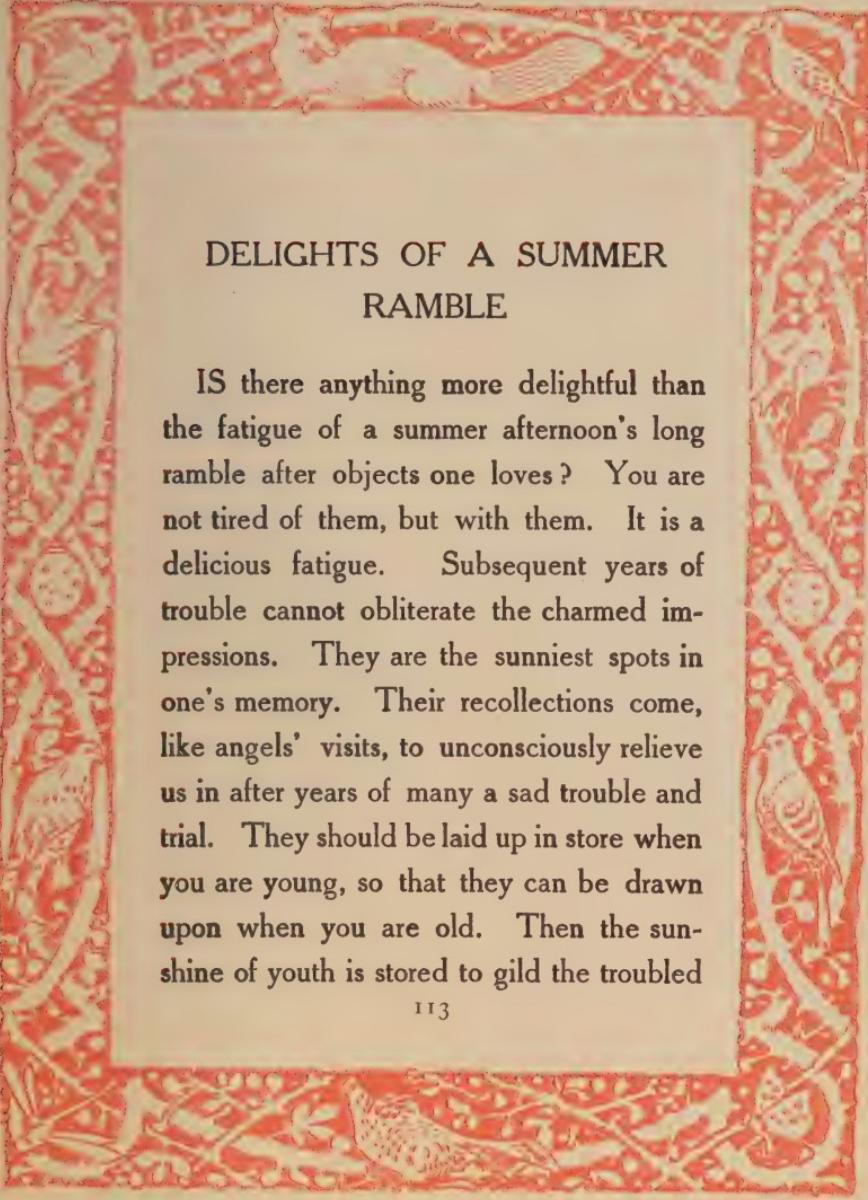


A WALK IN SPRING

BEFORE I came to the edge of the woods I was in a glow from exercise, and the blood coursed in my veins like liquid fire. It was a part of the natural exhilaration of all life at the return of spring. I feel it distinctly every season — this rejuvenation and re-enforcement of all my vital powers and functions. It is as pronounced with me as with the plants and the trees ; a flooding upward and outward to the very finger tips and pores of the scalp of the sap of life ; a vernal flood tide of health and energy and hope and delight in existence. All animals, I think, feel it more or less, and all men in proportion as they share the

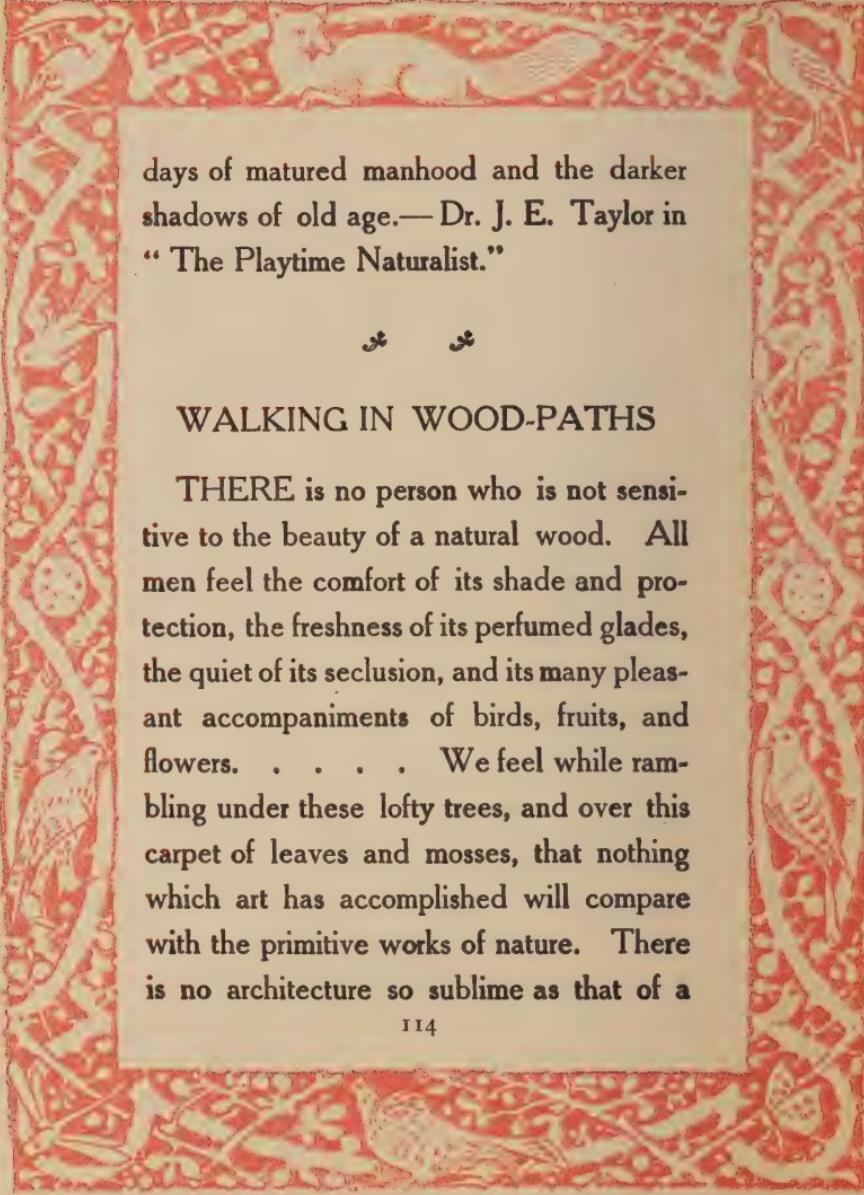


life of nature and are in sympathy and communion with her. Farmers, hunters, boatmen, explorers, surveyors, ramblers — these out-of-door men know what is meant by the exaltation and exhilaration of the spring. They have felt this rushing vernal sap in their veins, and that transporting thrill, which seems to exude at last in a fine spray from every extremity. Even up to old age such men renew their boyhood every spring. Their hearts swell within them ; their muscles grow elastic and tireless, so that they seem to walk on air ; their bodies glow and palpitate, and their spirits respond to all bird songs and brook music.— James Buckham in “Where Town and Country Meet.”



DELIGHTS OF A SUMMER RAMBLE

IS there anything more delightful than the fatigue of a summer afternoon's long ramble after objects one loves? You are not tired of them, but with them. It is a delicious fatigue. Subsequent years of trouble cannot obliterate the charmed impressions. They are the sunniest spots in one's memory. Their recollections come, like angels' visits, to unconsciously relieve us in after years of many a sad trouble and trial. They should be laid up in store when you are young, so that they can be drawn upon when you are old. Then the sunshine of youth is stored to gild the troubled

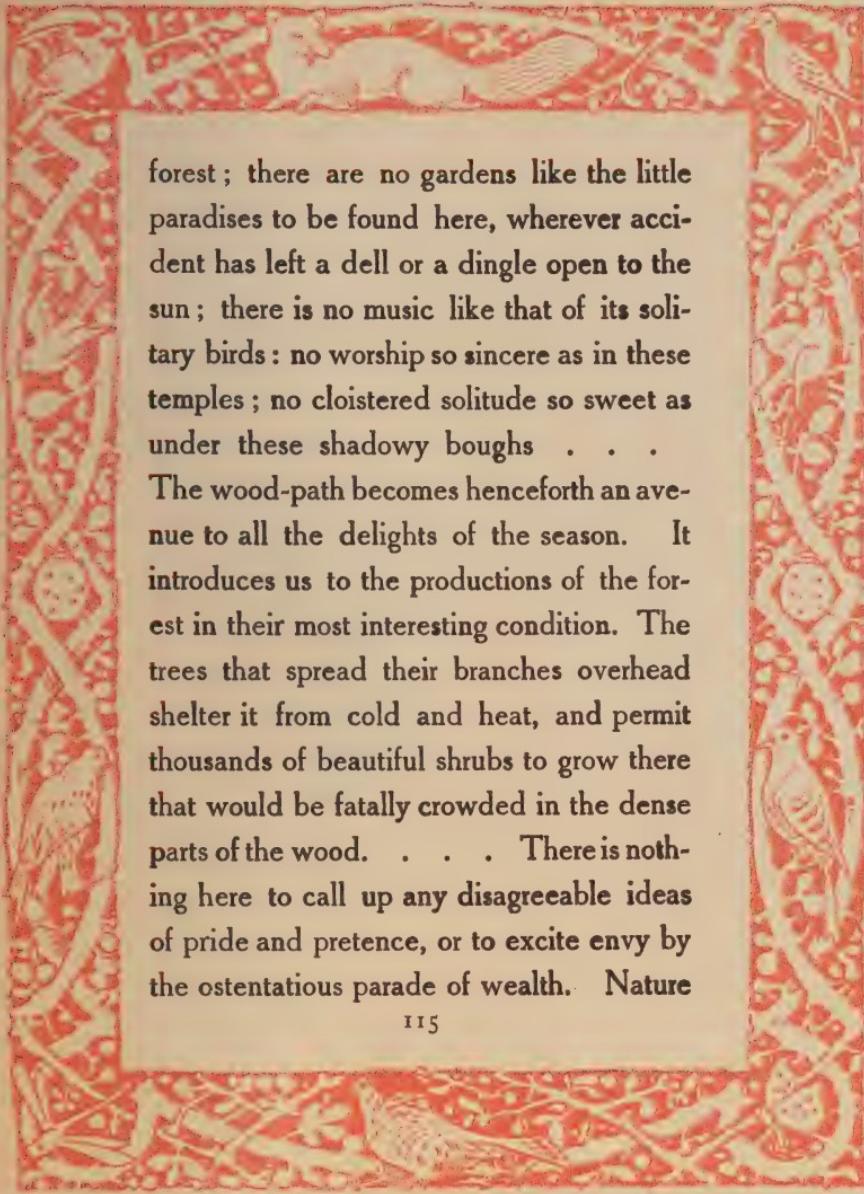


days of matured manhood and the darker shadows of old age.— Dr. J. E. Taylor in “The Playtime Naturalist.”



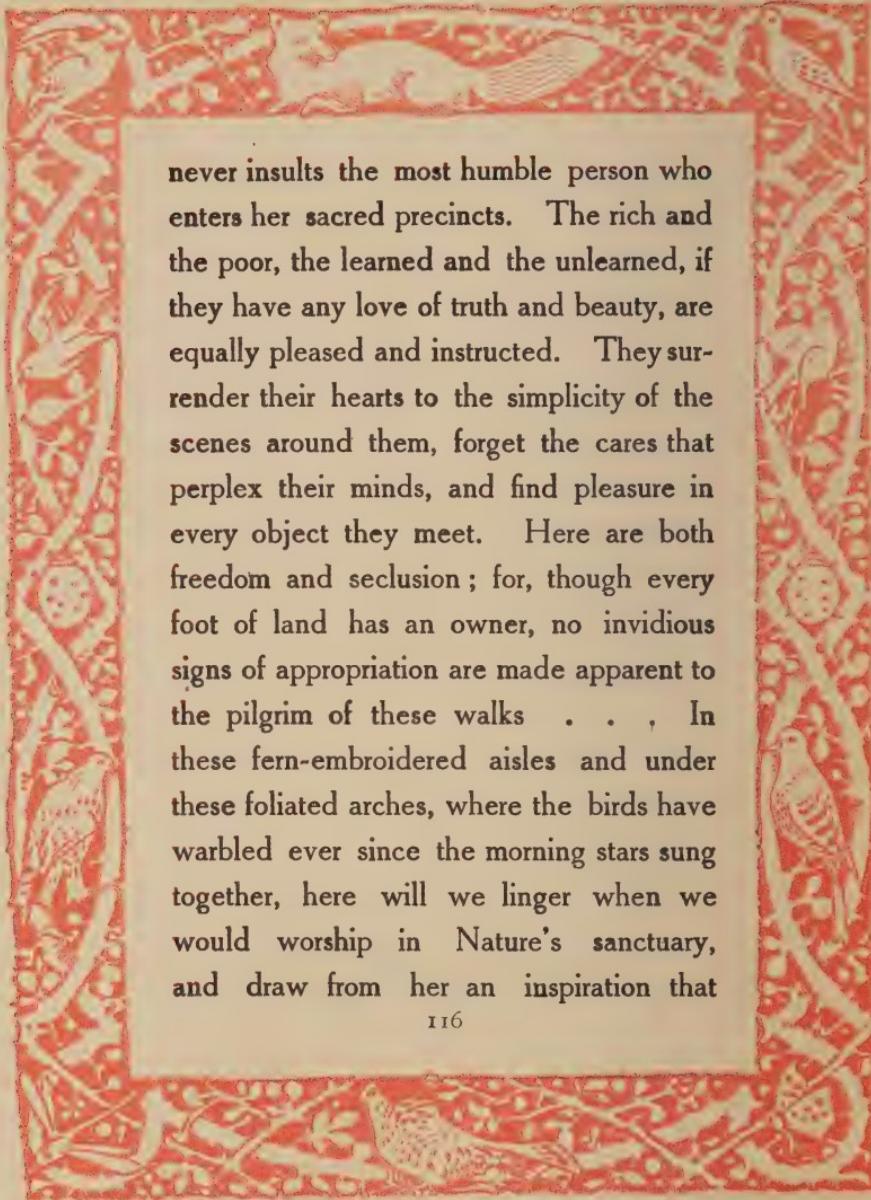
WALKING IN WOOD-PATHS

THERE is no person who is not sensitive to the beauty of a natural wood. All men feel the comfort of its shade and protection, the freshness of its perfumed glades, the quiet of its seclusion, and its many pleasant accompaniments of birds, fruits, and flowers. . . . We feel while rambling under these lofty trees, and over this carpet of leaves and mosses, that nothing which art has accomplished will compare with the primitive works of nature. There is no architecture so sublime as that of a

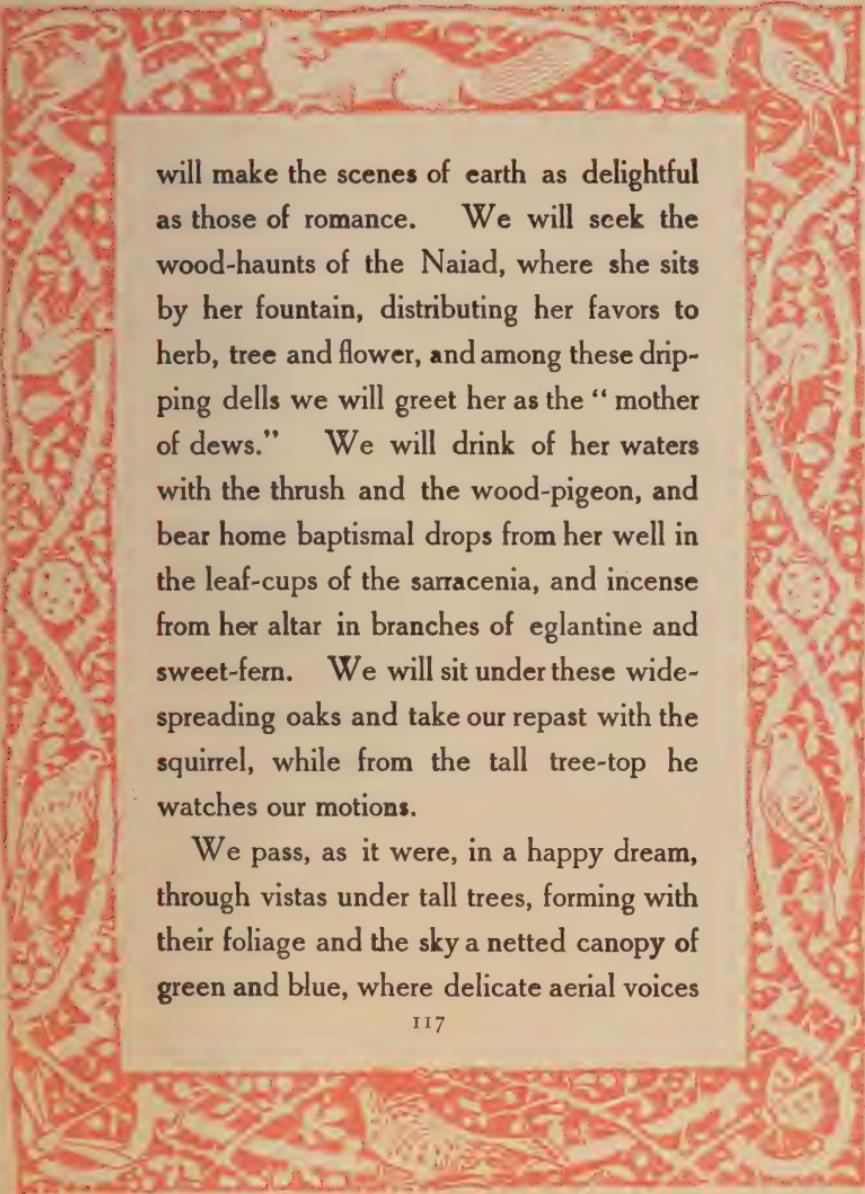


forest ; there are no gardens like the little parades to be found here, wherever accident has left a dell or a dingle open to the sun ; there is no music like that of its solitary birds : no worship so sincere as in these temples ; no cloistered solitude so sweet as under these shadowy boughs

The wood-path becomes henceforth an avenue to all the delights of the season. It introduces us to the productions of the forest in their most interesting condition. The trees that spread their branches overhead shelter it from cold and heat, and permit thousands of beautiful shrubs to grow there that would be fatally crowded in the dense parts of the wood. . . . There is nothing here to call up any disagreeable ideas of pride and pretence, or to excite envy by the ostentatious parade of wealth. Nature



never insults the most humble person who enters her sacred precincts. The rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, if they have any love of truth and beauty, are equally pleased and instructed. They surrender their hearts to the simplicity of the scenes around them, forget the cares that perplex their minds, and find pleasure in every object they meet. Here are both freedom and seclusion; for, though every foot of land has an owner, no invidious signs of appropriation are made apparent to the pilgrim of these walks . . . , In these fern-embroidered aisles and under these foliated arches, where the birds have warbled ever since the morning stars sung together, here will we linger when we would worship in Nature's sanctuary, and draw from her an inspiration that



will make the scenes of earth as delightful as those of romance. We will seek the wood-haunts of the Naiad, where she sits by her fountain, distributing her favors to herb, tree and flower, and among these dripping dells we will greet her as the "mother of dews." We will drink of her waters with the thrush and the wood-pigeon, and bear home baptismal drops from her well in the leaf-cups of the sarracenia, and incense from her altar in branches of eglantine and sweet-fern. We will sit under these wide-spreading oaks and take our repast with the squirrel, while from the tall tree-top he watches our motions.

We pass, as it were, in a happy dream, through vistas under tall trees, forming with their foliage and the sky a netted canopy of green and blue, where delicate aerial voices

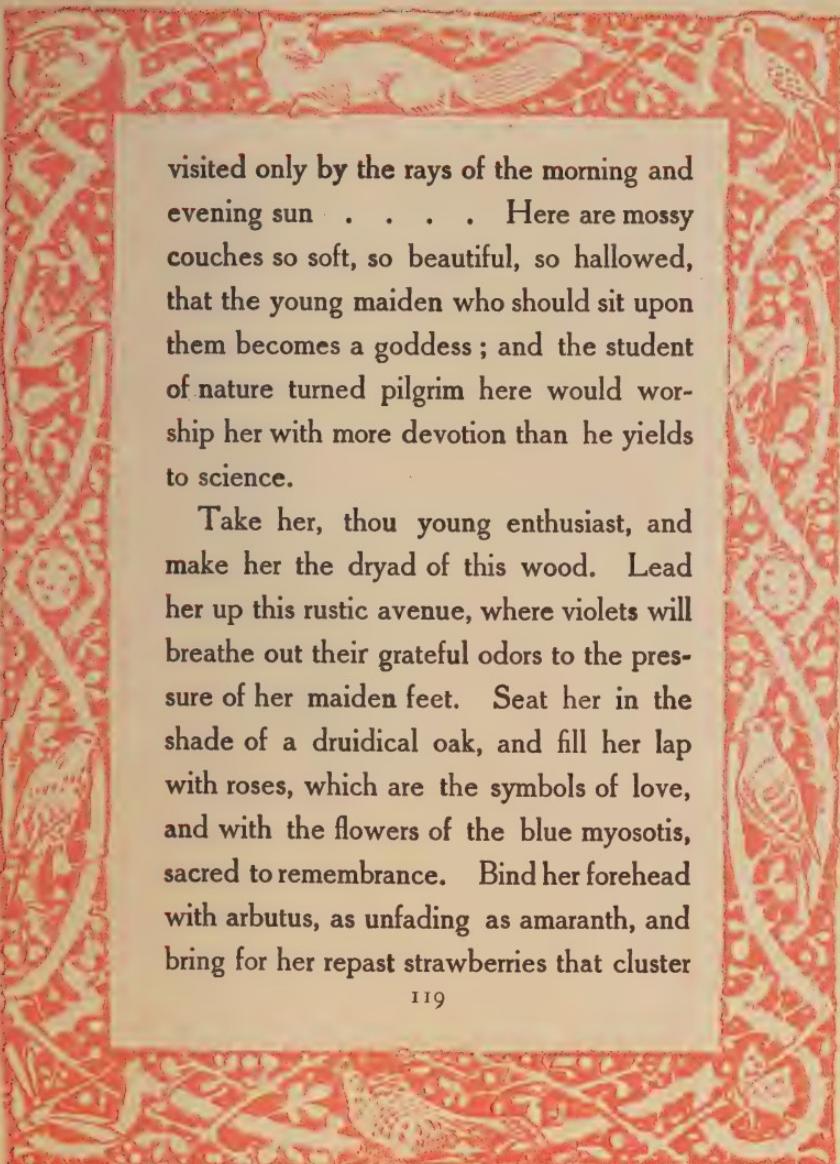
of mingled chirping and song inspire every wanderer with their own cheerfulness . . . Oh, happy path to blisses unknown in the outer world! Guide to joys that revellers cannot feel nor the ambitious know! Wherever there is gladness or beauty, or melody of birds and fountains, or little dells full of roses and honeysuckles, or dripping rocks green with velvet mosses and variegated lichens — to all this wood-path leads the way; now safe through copses of tangled green-brier and clematis; through borders of roses untrained by art and not planted by man; through beds of raspberries intermingled with ferns, and thickets of tremulous aspens interwoven with sunshine; then under solemn pines, opening into a grander solitude, where dwells perpetual twilight,— halls familiar with darkness at noonday and



THE ENJOYMENT OF THE WALK IS INCREASED BY GOOD COMPANY.

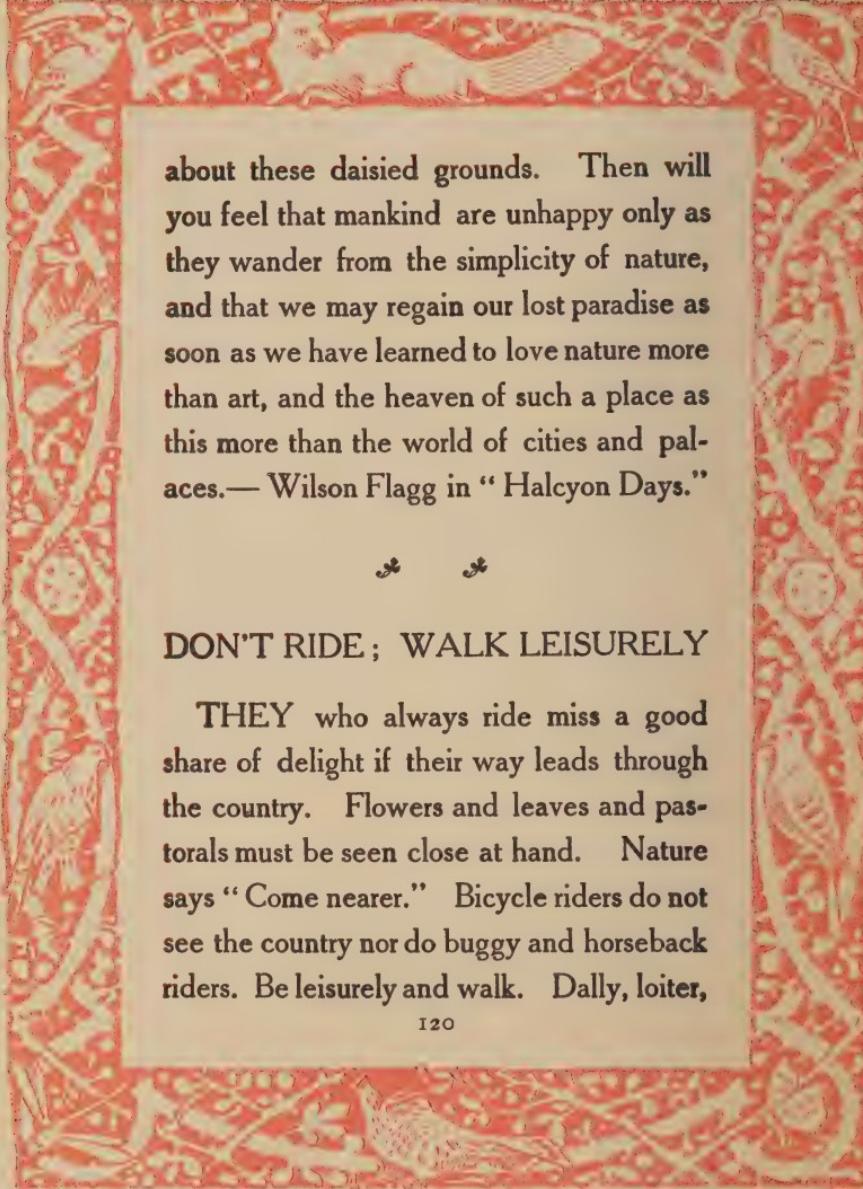
(Sometimes "two is a company.")

"Lead her up this rustic avenue, where violets will breathe out their grateful odors to the pressure of her maiden feet."



visited only by the rays of the morning and evening sun Here are mossy couches so soft, so beautiful, so hallowed, that the young maiden who should sit upon them becomes a goddess ; and the student of nature turned pilgrim here would worship her with more devotion than he yields to science.

Take her, thou young enthusiast, and make her the dryad of this wood. Lead her up this rustic avenue, where violets will breathe out their grateful odors to the pressure of her maiden feet. Seat her in the shade of a druidical oak, and fill her lap with roses, which are the symbols of love, and with the flowers of the blue myosotis, sacred to remembrance. Bind her forehead with arbutus, as unfading as amaranth, and bring for her repast strawberries that cluster

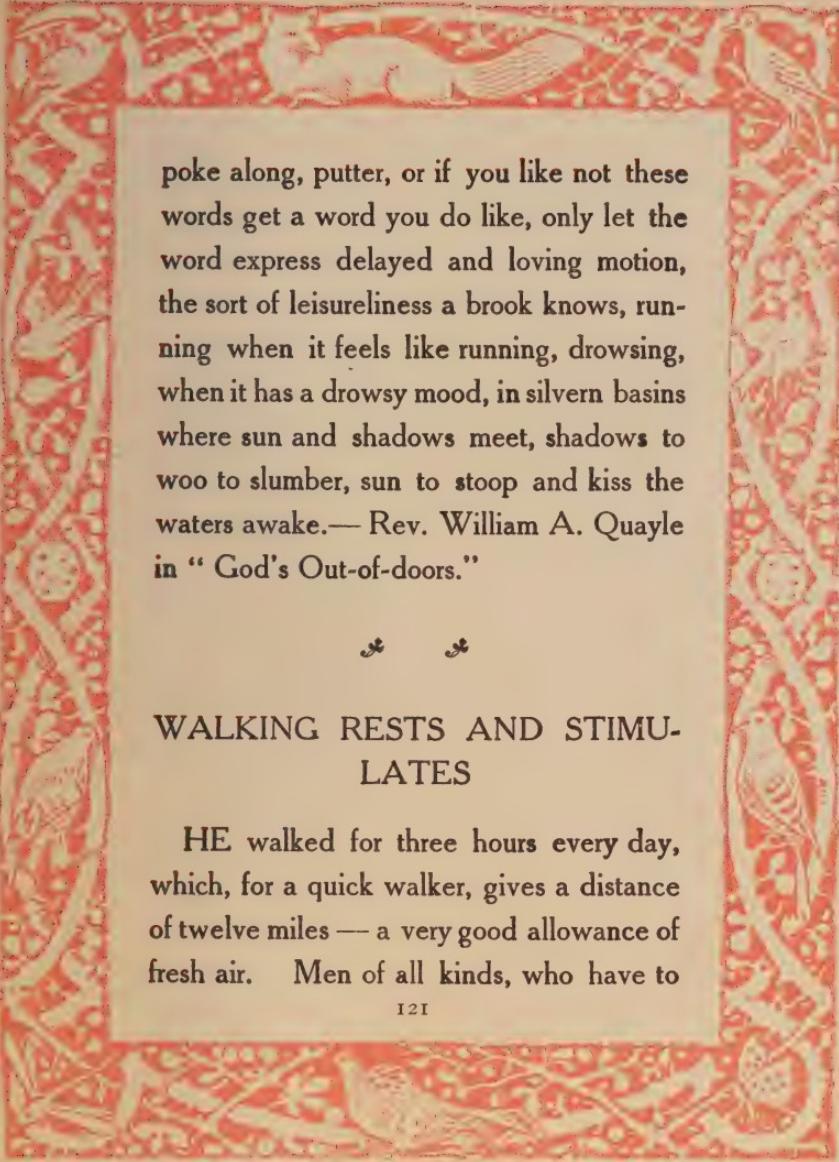


about these daisied grounds. Then will you feel that mankind are unhappy only as they wander from the simplicity of nature, and that we may regain our lost paradise as soon as we have learned to love nature more than art, and the heaven of such a place as this more than the world of cities and palaces.— Wilson Flagg in “Halcyon Days.”

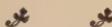


DON'T RIDE; WALK LEISURELY

THEY who always ride miss a good share of delight if their way leads through the country. Flowers and leaves and pastorals must be seen close at hand. Nature says “Come nearer.” Bicycle riders do not see the country nor do buggy and horseback riders. Be leisurely and walk. Dally, loiter,

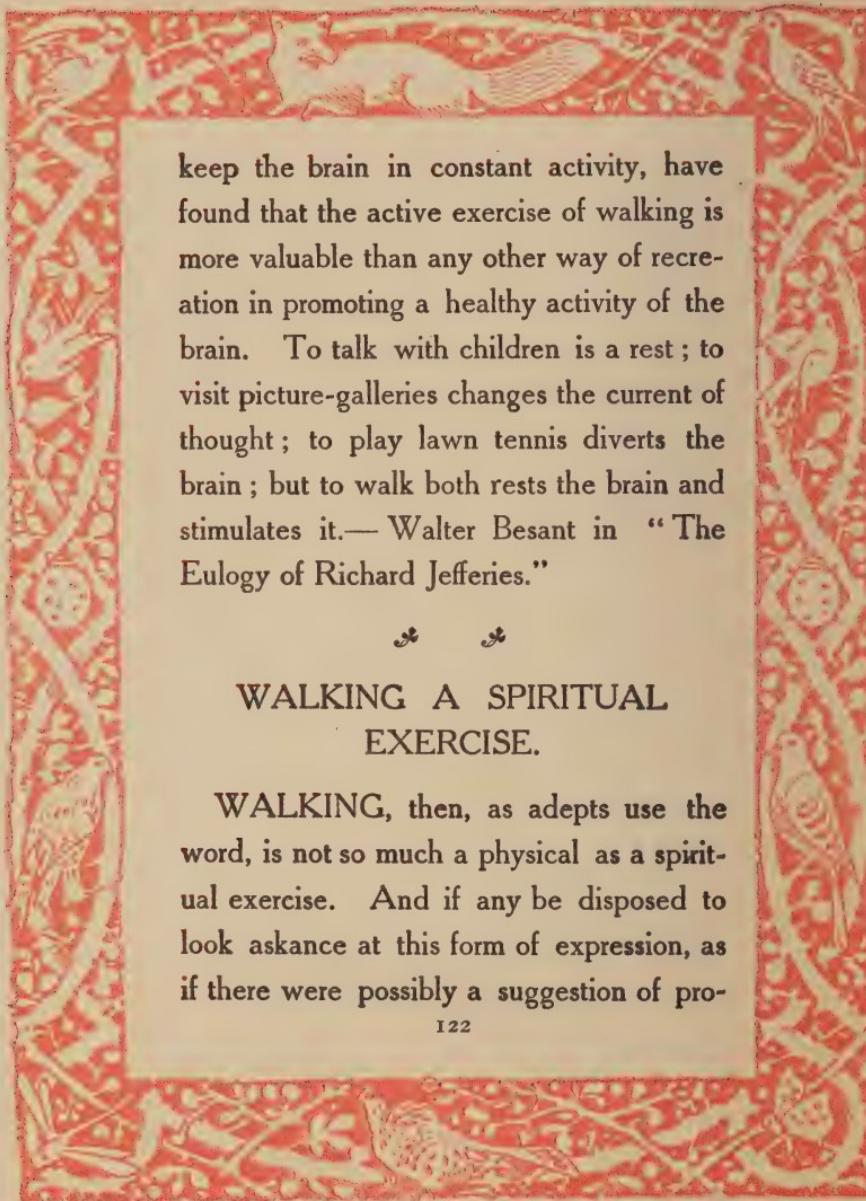


poke along, putter, or if you like not these words get a word you do like, only let the word express delayed and loving motion, the sort of leisureliness a brook knows, running when it feels like running, drowsing, when it has a drowsy mood, in silvern basins where sun and shadows meet, shadows to woo to slumber, sun to stoop and kiss the waters awake.— Rev. William A. Quayle in "God's Out-of-doors."



WALKING RESTS AND STIMULATES

HE walked for three hours every day, which, for a quick walker, gives a distance of twelve miles — a very good allowance of fresh air. Men of all kinds, who have to

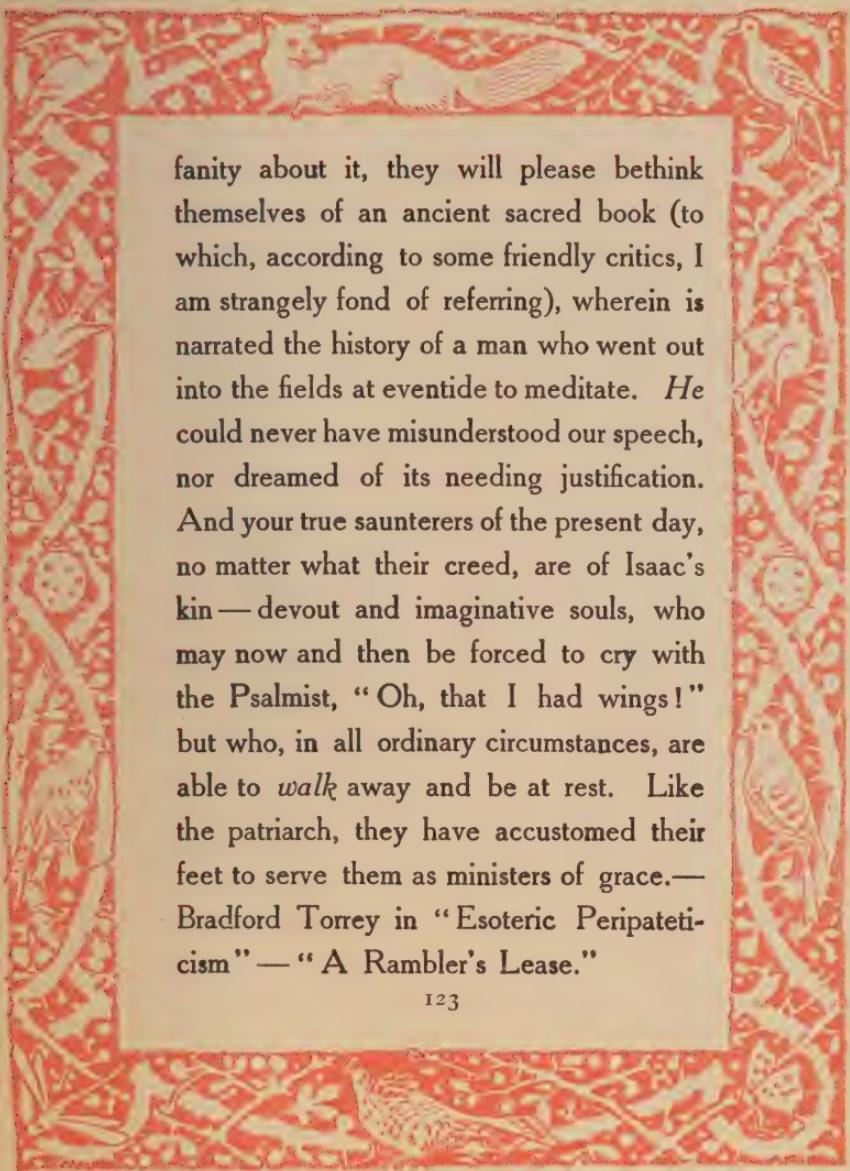


keep the brain in constant activity, have found that the active exercise of walking is more valuable than any other way of recreation in promoting a healthy activity of the brain. To talk with children is a rest ; to visit picture-galleries changes the current of thought ; to play lawn tennis diverts the brain ; but to walk both rests the brain and stimulates it.—Walter Besant in “The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies.”

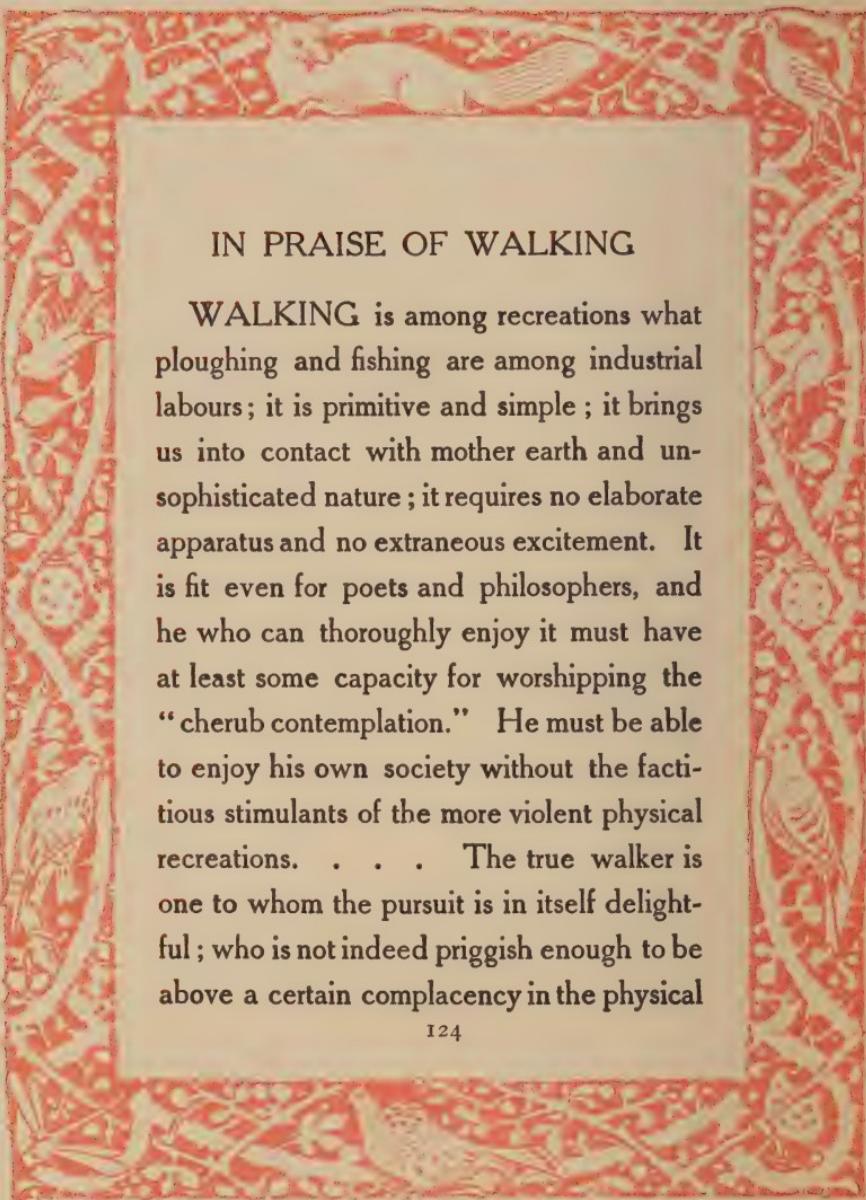


WALKING A SPIRITUAL EXERCISE.

WALKING, then, as adepts use the word, is not so much a physical as a spiritual exercise. And if any be disposed to look askance at this form of expression, as if there were possibly a suggestion of pro-

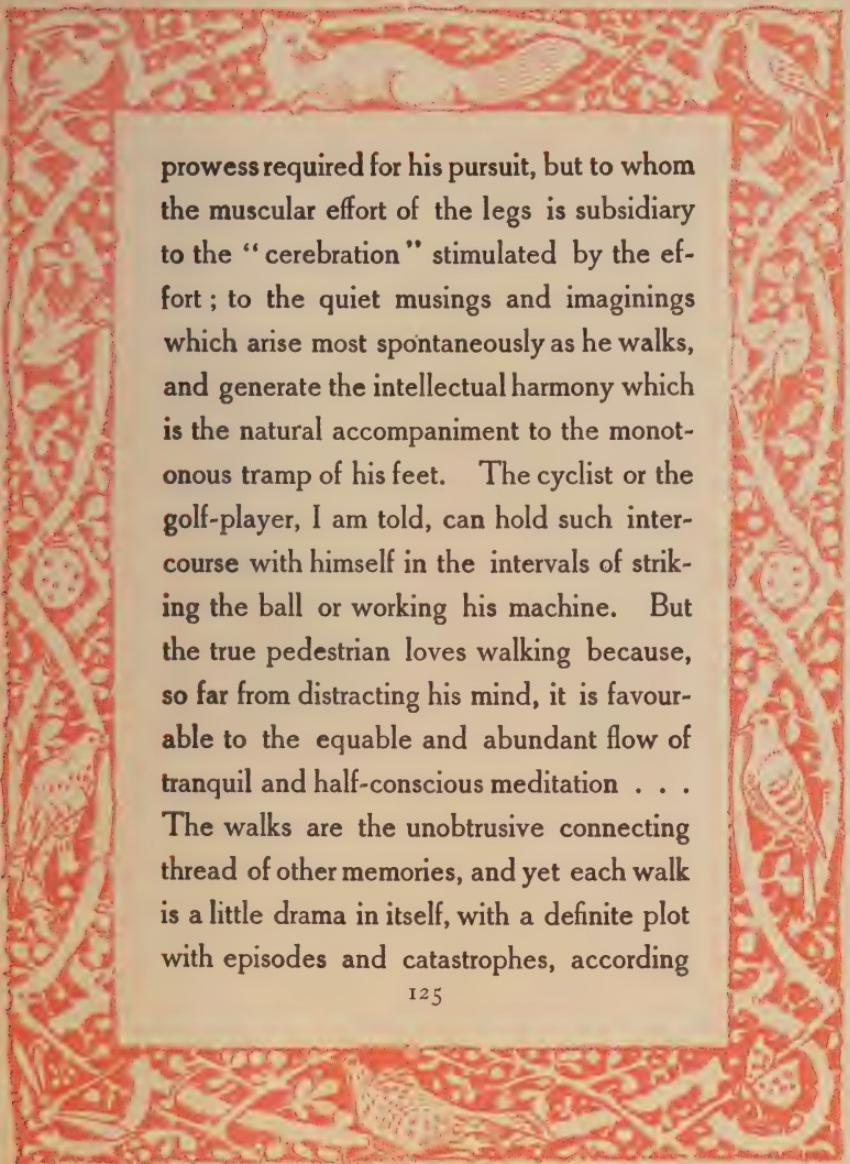


fanity about it, they will please bethink themselves of an ancient sacred book (to which, according to some friendly critics, I am strangely fond of referring), wherein is narrated the history of a man who went out into the fields at eventide to meditate. *He* could never have misunderstood our speech, nor dreamed of its needing justification. And your true saunterers of the present day, no matter what their creed, are of Isaac's kin—devout and imaginative souls, who may now and then be forced to cry with the Psalmist, "Oh, that I had wings!" but who, in all ordinary circumstances, are able to *walk* away and be at rest. Like the patriarch, they have accustomed their feet to serve them as ministers of grace.—Bradford Torrey in "Esoteric Peripateticism"—"A Rambler's Lease."

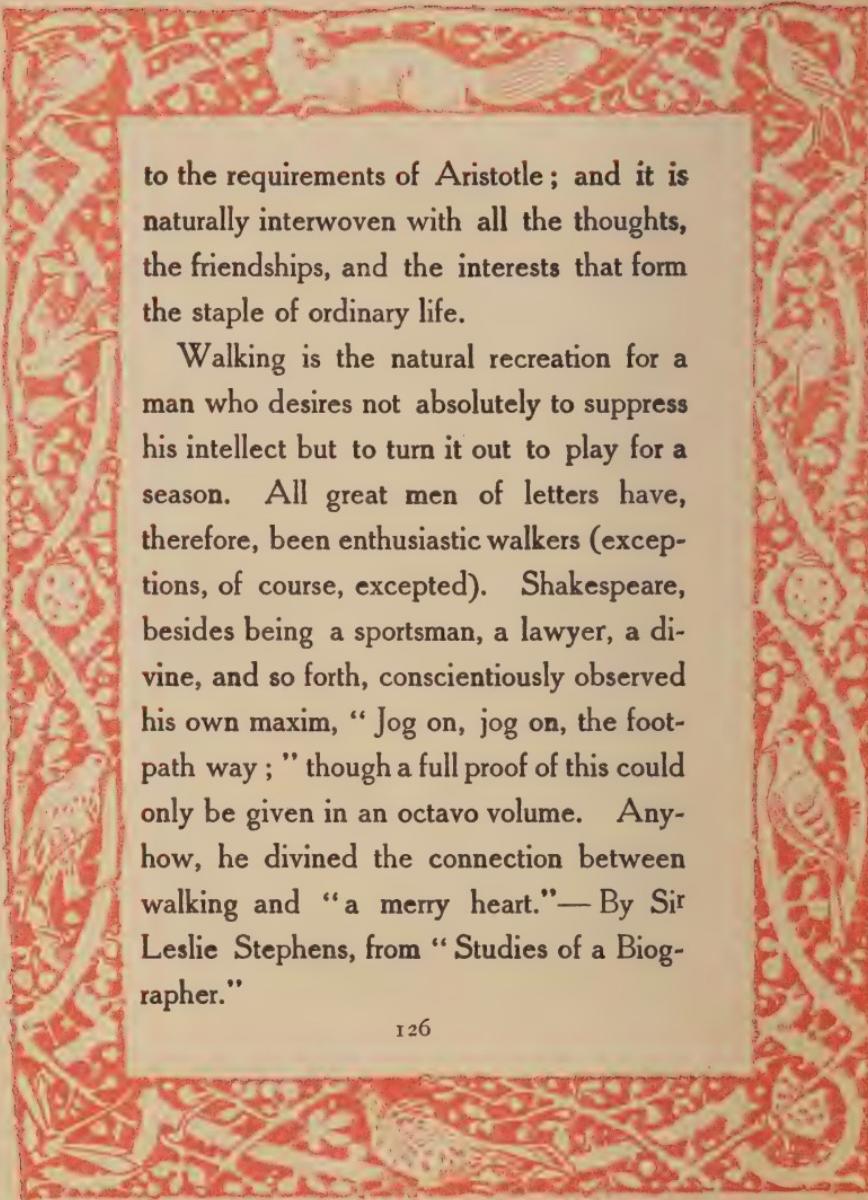


IN PRAISE OF WALKING

WALKING is among recreations what ploughing and fishing are among industrial labours ; it is primitive and simple ; it brings us into contact with mother earth and unsophisticated nature ; it requires no elaborate apparatus and no extraneous excitement. It is fit even for poets and philosophers, and he who can thoroughly enjoy it must have at least some capacity for worshipping the "cherub contemplation." He must be able to enjoy his own society without the factitious stimulants of the more violent physical recreations. . . . The true walker is one to whom the pursuit is in itself delightful ; who is not indeed priggish enough to be above a certain complacency in the physical

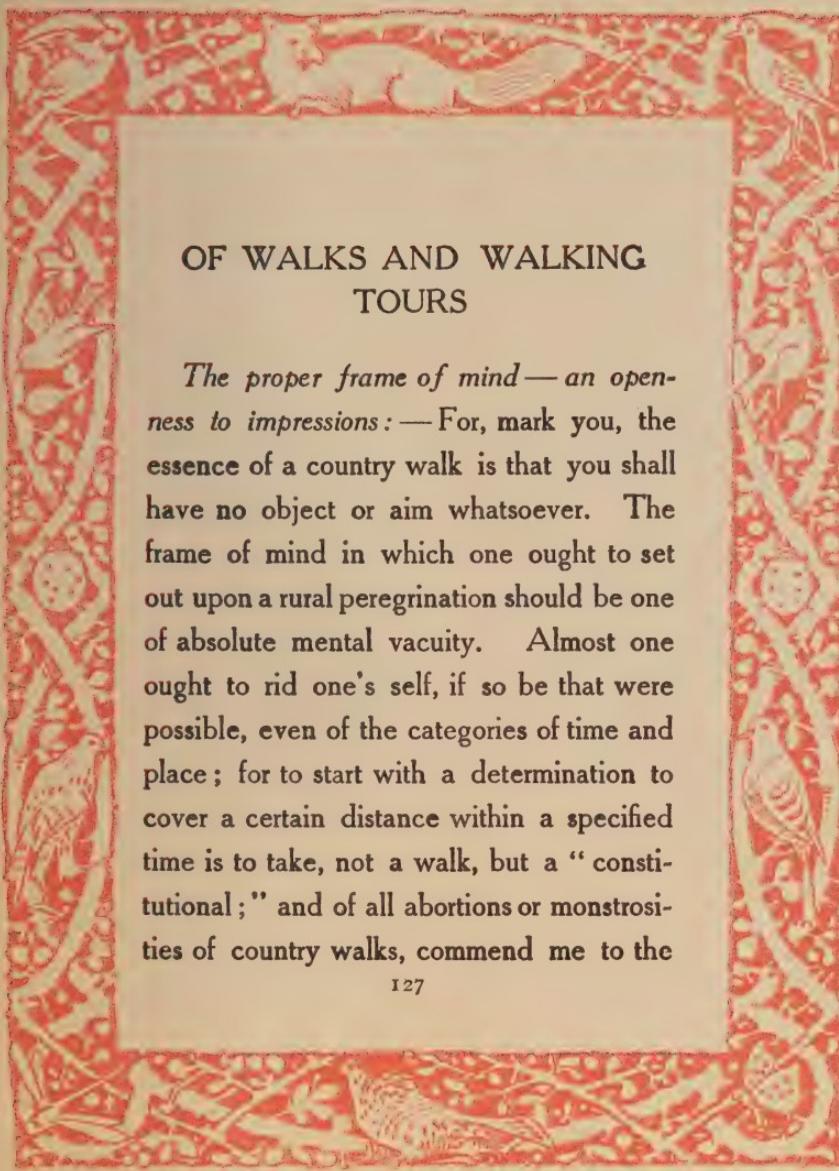


prowess required for his pursuit, but to whom the muscular effort of the legs is subsidiary to the "cerebration" stimulated by the effort; to the quiet musings and imaginings which arise most spontaneously as he walks, and generate the intellectual harmony which is the natural accompaniment to the monotonous tramp of his feet. The cyclist or the golf-player, I am told, can hold such intercourse with himself in the intervals of striking the ball or working his machine. But the true pedestrian loves walking because, so far from distracting his mind, it is favourable to the equable and abundant flow of tranquil and half-conscious meditation . . . The walks are the unobtrusive connecting thread of other memories, and yet each walk is a little drama in itself, with a definite plot with episodes and catastrophes, according



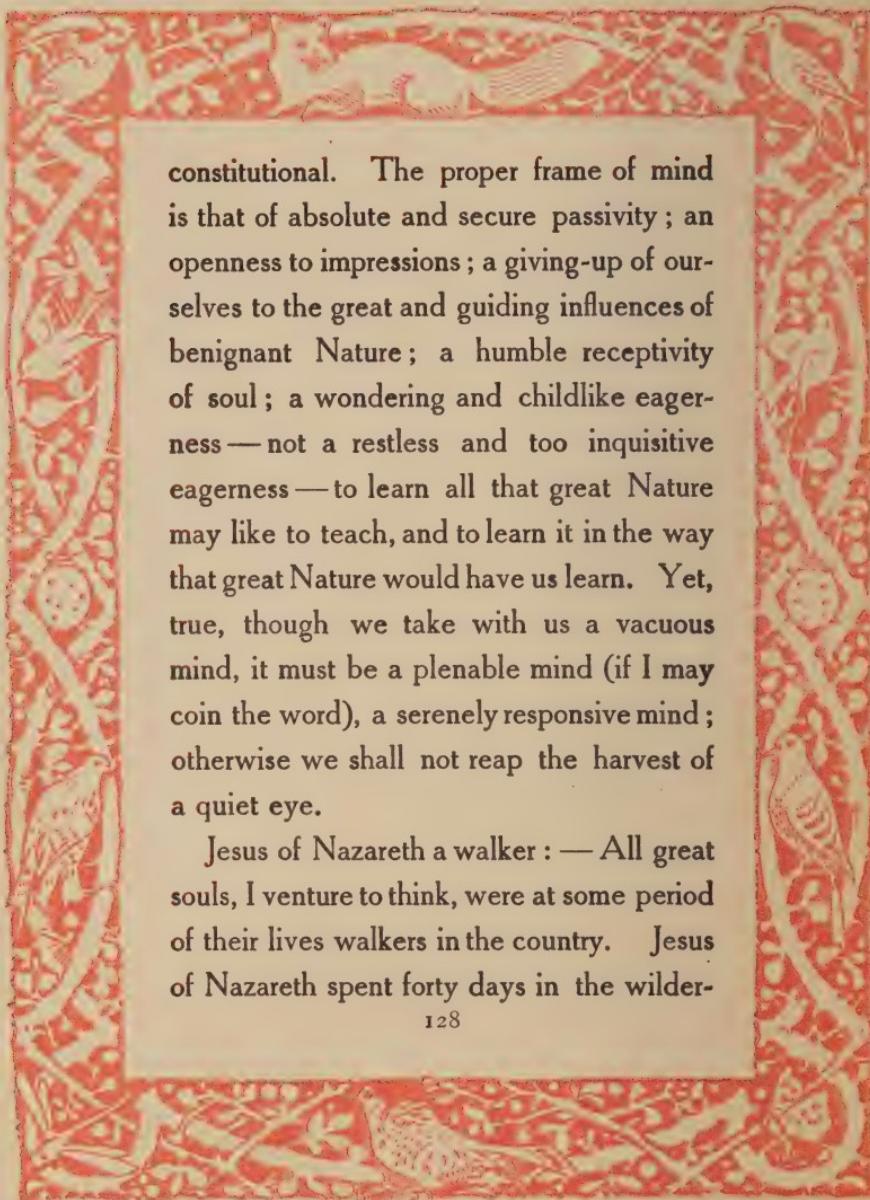
to the requirements of Aristotle ; and it is naturally interwoven with all the thoughts, the friendships, and the interests that form the staple of ordinary life.

Walking is the natural recreation for a man who desires not absolutely to suppress his intellect but to turn it out to play for a season. All great men of letters have, therefore, been enthusiastic walkers (exceptions, of course, excepted). Shakespeare, besides being a sportsman, a lawyer, a divine, and so forth, conscientiously observed his own maxim, "Jog on, jog on, the footpath way ;" though a full proof of this could only be given in an octavo volume. Anyhow, he divined the connection between walking and "a merry heart."—By Sir Leslie Stephens, from "Studies of a Biographer."



OF WALKS AND WALKING TOURS

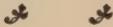
The proper frame of mind—an openness to impressions: — For, mark you, the essence of a country walk is that you shall have no object or aim whatsoever. The frame of mind in which one ought to set out upon a rural peregrination should be one of absolute mental vacuity. Almost one ought to rid one's self, if so be that were possible, even of the categories of time and place; for to start with a determination to cover a certain distance within a specified time is to take, not a walk, but a "constitutional;" and of all abortions or monstrosities of country walks, commend me to the



constitutional. The proper frame of mind is that of absolute and secure passivity ; an openness to impressions ; a giving-up of ourselves to the great and guiding influences of benignant Nature ; a humble receptivity of soul ; a wondering and childlike eagerness—not a restless and too inquisitive eagerness—to learn all that great Nature may like to teach, and to learn it in the way that great Nature would have us learn. Yet, true, though we take with us a vacuous mind, it must be a plenable mind (if I may coin the word), a serenely responsive mind ; otherwise we shall not reap the harvest of a quiet eye.

Jesus of Nazareth a walker : — All great souls, I venture to think, were at some period of their lives walkers in the country. Jesus of Nazareth spent forty days in the wilder-

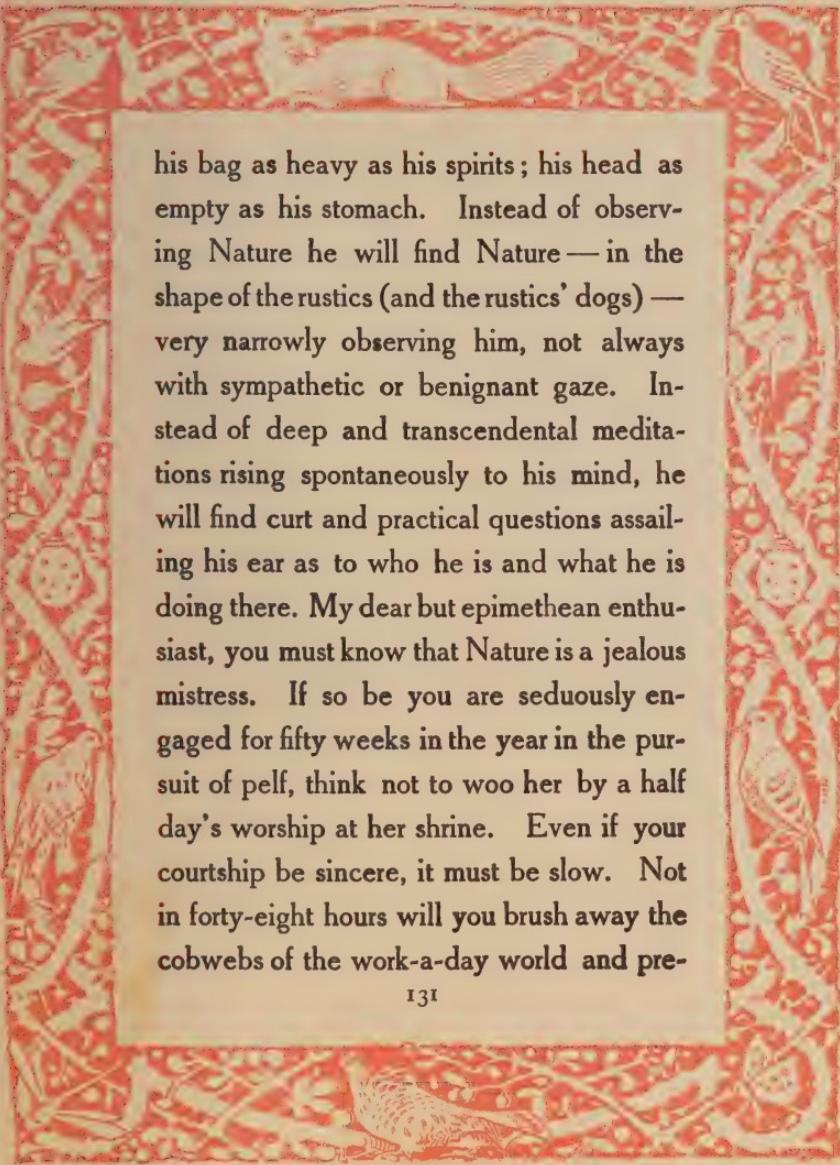
ness, and the three years of His mission were, we know, spent in unceasing wandering. And whose heart does not burn within him as he reads the moving narrative of that seven-mile country walk which He took with two of his disciples to the village called Emmaus.



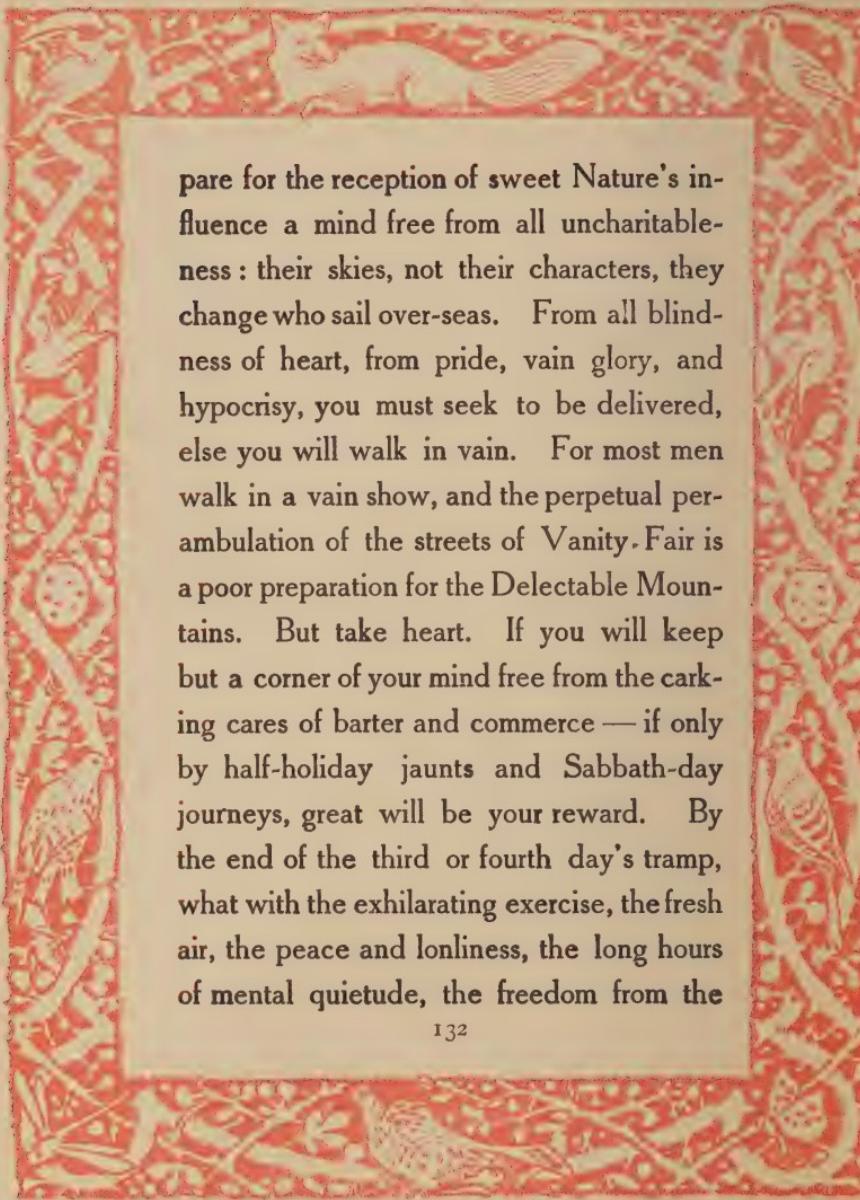
The Lord God Walked in the Garden of Eden: — Well, walking, perhaps, is the primal instinct, ancient as Eden, where the Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. And, if my theory is correct, walking will persist till in recovered Paradise man walks with his Maker again. No mechanical contrivance for locomotion will extirpate the tribe of tourists, of those who walk from love of walking.

Prophecy of Some Disappointments :—

Now, I know precisely what will happen. Some epimethean enthusiast, carried away by the anticipated delights of a walk, will suddenly make up his mind to take one ; will hastily stuff some things into a bag, and will start off at four o'clock in the morning with some vague and distant goal in view. He will think to roll John Burroughs and Richard Jefferies into one in his minute observation of Nature, and to outdo Wordsworth and Amiel combined in his philosophico-poetical disquisitions on the same ; he will rid his mind of the world and the worldly, and float in themes transcendental and abstruse. But I think I know what will happen. By the afternoon of that self-same day he will be hungry, thirsty, foot-sore, and tired. His boots will be tight ;

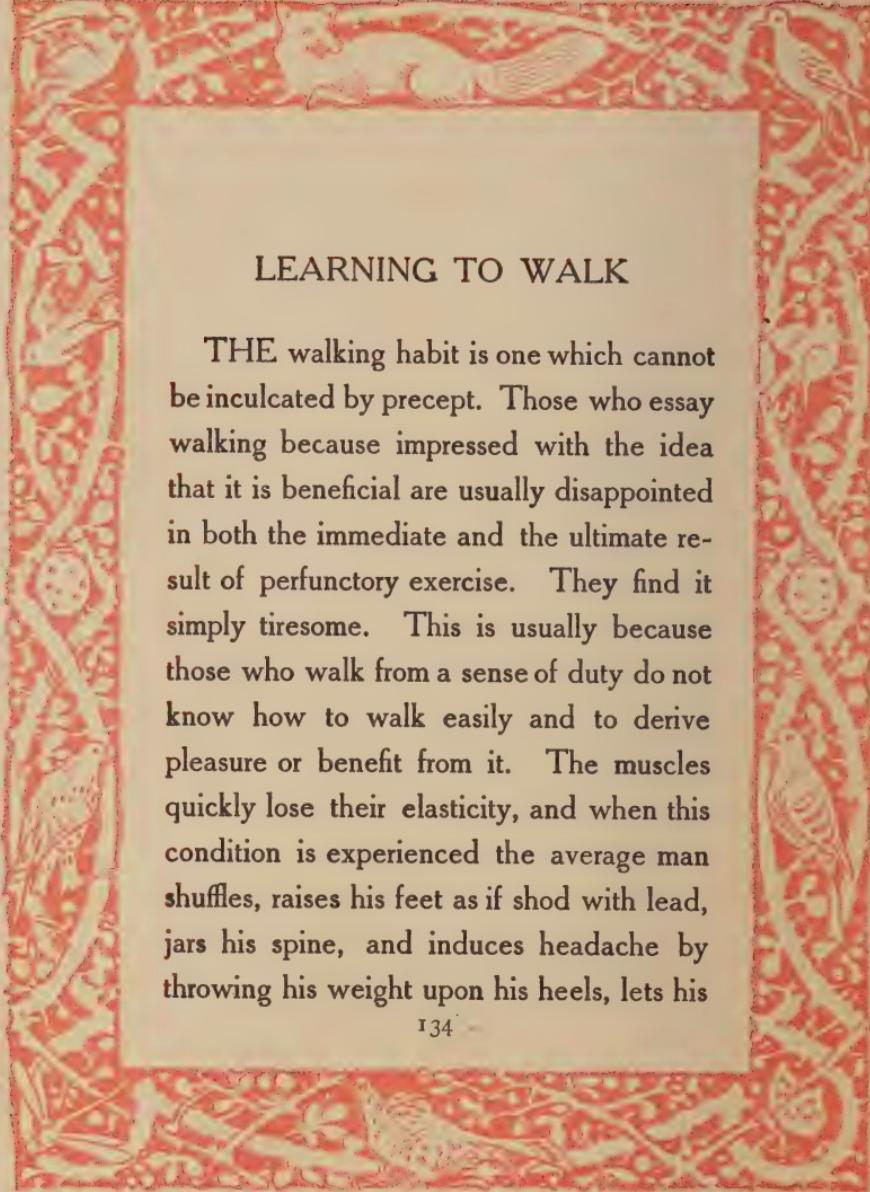


his bag as heavy as his spirits ; his head as empty as his stomach. Instead of observing Nature he will find Nature—in the shape of the rustics (and the rustics' dogs)—very narrowly observing him, not always with sympathetic or benignant gaze. Instead of deep and transcendental meditations rising spontaneously to his mind, he will find curt and practical questions assailing his ear as to who he is and what he is doing there. My dear but epimethean enthusiast, you must know that Nature is a jealous mistress. If so be you are sedulously engaged for fifty weeks in the year in the pursuit of pelf, think not to woo her by a half day's worship at her shrine. Even if your courtship be sincere, it must be slow. Not in forty-eight hours will you brush away the cobwebs of the work-a-day world and pre-



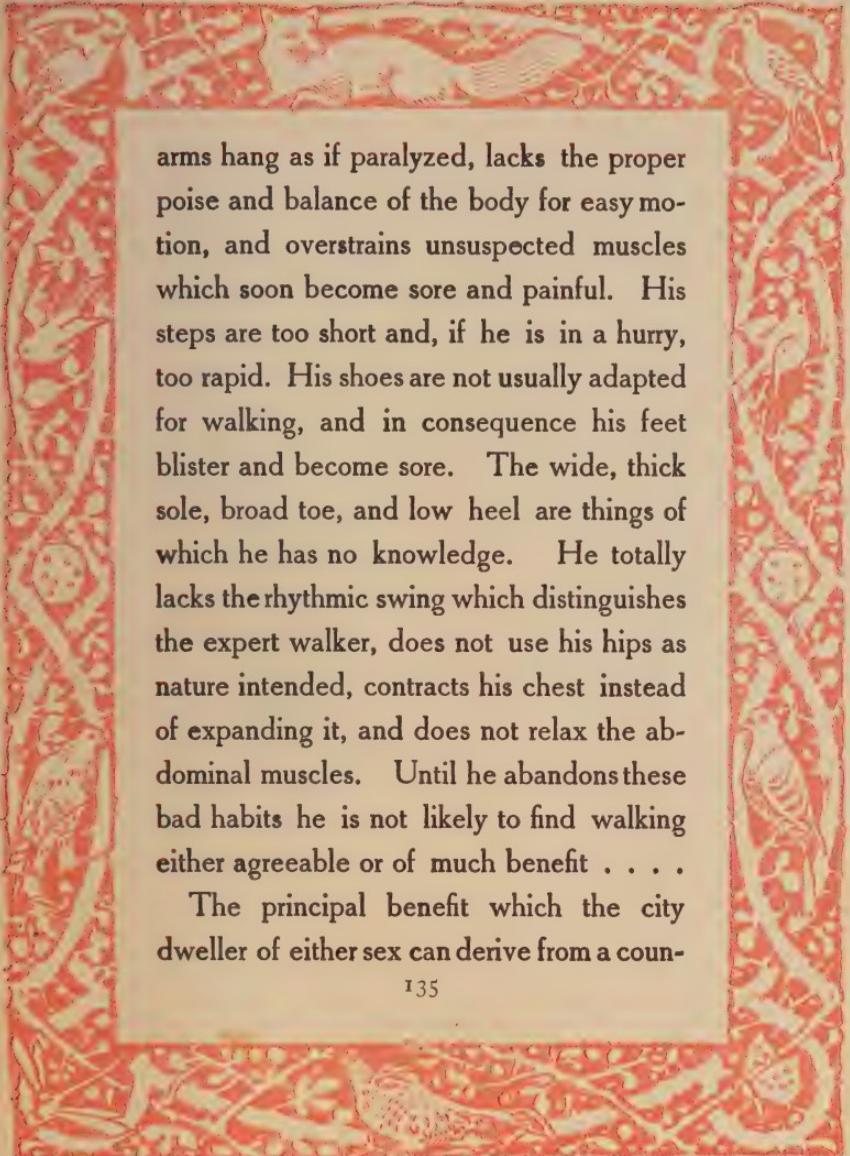
pare for the reception of sweet Nature's influence a mind free from all uncharitable-ness : their skies, not their characters, they change who sail over-seas. From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain glory, and hypocrisy, you must seek to be delivered, else you will walk in vain. For most men walk in a vain show, and the perpetual perambulation of the streets of Vanity Fair is a poor preparation for the Delectable Mountains. But take heart. If you will keep but a corner of your mind free from the carking cares of barter and commerce — if only by half-holiday jaunts and Sabbath-day journeys, great will be your reward. By the end of the third or fourth day's tramp, what with the exhilarating exercise, the fresh air, the peace and lonliness, the long hours of mental quietude, the freedom from the

petty distractions of social and official life, if you are humble and childlike, the world forgetting, by the world forgot — the scales will fall from your eyes ; then indeed you will see — and feel — and think. The trivial little objects at your foot, equally with the immense expanses of earth and sky, will lift you high above themselves : the wet and drooping high-road weed, the tender green of a curled frond, the soft ooziness of a summer marsh — the sense of beauty, of the fitness of things, of their immense incomprehensibility — the wonder of it all . . . words seem useless to say how such things sink into the soul, plough up its foundations, sow there seeds which, like the Indian juggler's plant, spring up at once and blossom into worship, reverence, awe.— Arnold Haultain, Atlantic Monthly, October, 1903.



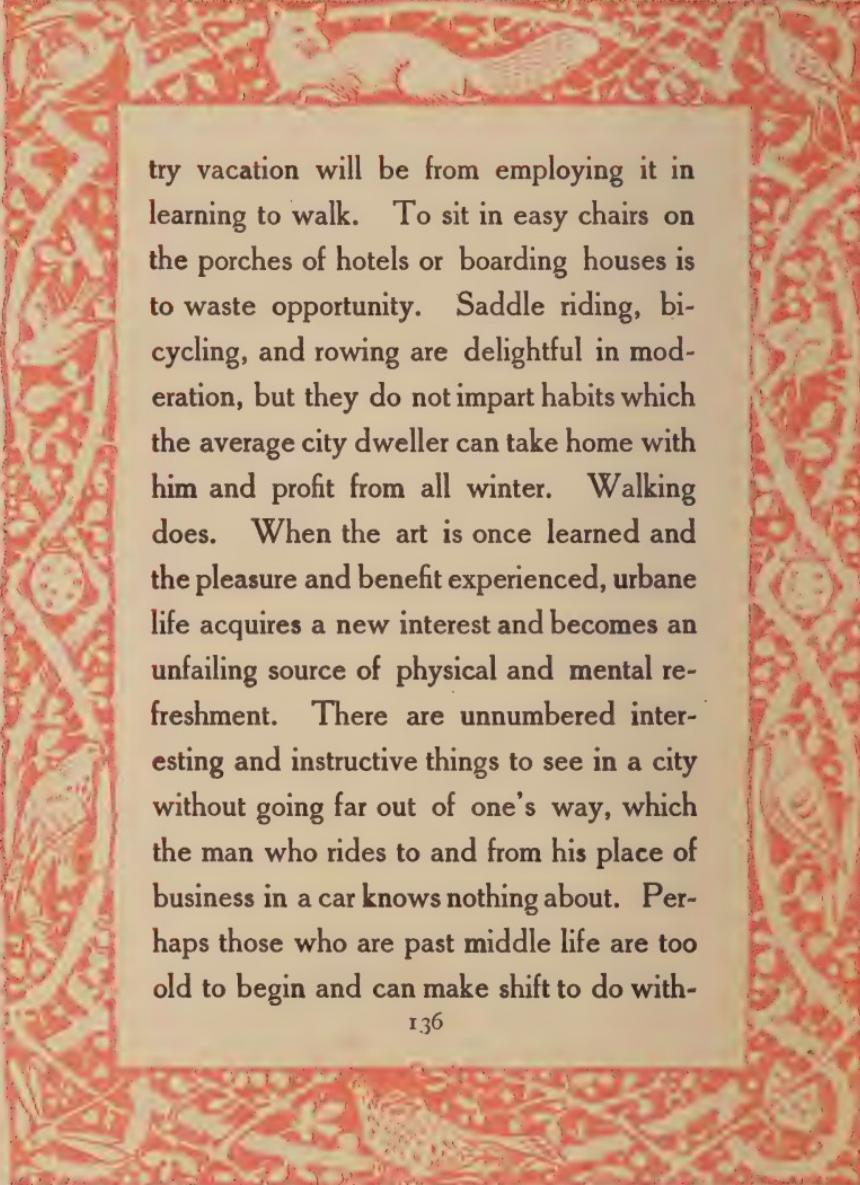
LEARNING TO WALK

THE walking habit is one which cannot be inculcated by precept. Those who essay walking because impressed with the idea that it is beneficial are usually disappointed in both the immediate and the ultimate result of perfunctory exercise. They find it simply tiresome. This is usually because those who walk from a sense of duty do not know how to walk easily and to derive pleasure or benefit from it. The muscles quickly lose their elasticity, and when this condition is experienced the average man shuffles, raises his feet as if shod with lead, jars his spine, and induces headache by throwing his weight upon his heels, lets his



arms hang as if paralyzed, lacks the proper poise and balance of the body for easy motion, and overstrains unsuspected muscles which soon become sore and painful. His steps are too short and, if he is in a hurry, too rapid. His shoes are not usually adapted for walking, and in consequence his feet blister and become sore. The wide, thick sole, broad toe, and low heel are things of which he has no knowledge. He totally lacks the rhythmic swing which distinguishes the expert walker, does not use his hips as nature intended, contracts his chest instead of expanding it, and does not relax the abdominal muscles. Until he abandons these bad habits he is not likely to find walking either agreeable or of much benefit

The principal benefit which the city dweller of either sex can derive from a coun-



try vacation will be from employing it in learning to walk. To sit in easy chairs on the porches of hotels or boarding houses is to waste opportunity. Saddle riding, bicycling, and rowing are delightful in moderation, but they do not impart habits which the average city dweller can take home with him and profit from all winter. Walking does. When the art is once learned and the pleasure and benefit experienced, urbane life acquires a new interest and becomes an unfailing source of physical and mental refreshment. There are unnumbered interesting and instructive things to see in a city without going far out of one's way, which the man who rides to and from his place of business in a car knows nothing about. Perhaps those who are past middle life are too old to begin and can make shift to do with-

out it; but they will be derelict in their duty to society if they do not see to it that their children are taught how to walk and encouraged to acquire the walking habit. It is perhaps the most generally useful of accomplishments.—Mrs. C. A. Creevy in the New York Times.

UNSEEN COMPANIONS AND HAPPINESS

AFOOT and light-hearted, I take to the
open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading
wherever I choose.



Henceforth I ask not good-fortune — I my-
self am good fortune ;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no
more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

You road I enter upon and look around !

I believe you are not all that is here ;
I believe that much unseen is also here.



You air that serves me with breath to speak !

You objects that call from diffusion my mean-
ings, and give them shape !

You light that wraps me and all things in
delicate equable showers !

You paths worn in the irregular hollows by
the roadsides !

I think you are latent with unseen exist-
ences — you are so dear to me.



The earth expanding right hand and left
hand,

The picture alive, every part in its best light,

The music falling in where it is wanted,
and stopping where it is not wanted,
The cheerful voice of the public road —
the gay fresh sentiment of the road.

O highway I travel ! O public road ! do
you say to me, Do not leave me ?
Do you say, Venture not ? If you leave
me, you are lost ?
Do you say, I am already prepared — I am
well-beaten and undenied — adhere
to me ?

O public road ! I say back, I am not afraid
to leave you — yet I love you ;
You express me better than I can express
myself ;
You shall be more to me than my poem.

I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in
the open air, and all great poems also ;

I think I could stop here myself and do
miracles ;

(My judgments, thoughts, I henceforth try
by the open air, the road) ;

I think whatever I shall meet on the road I
shall like, and whoever beholds me
shall like me ;

I think whoever I see must be happy,



I inhale great draughts of space ;

The east and the west are mine, and the
north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought ;

I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me ;

I can repeat over to men and women, You
have done such good to me, I would
do the same to you.

I think it pervades the open air, waiting at
all times ;
Now it flows unto us — we are rightly
charged.

Walt Whitman in
“Song of the Open Road.”

I will recruit for myself and you as I go ;
I will scatter myself among men and women
as I go ;
I will toss the new gladness and roughness
among them ;
Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble
me ;
Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be
blessed, and shall bless me.



Now I see the secret of the making of the
best persons,
It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and
sleep with the earth.



The efflux of the Soul is happiness — here
is happiness ;

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

NOW the joys of the road are chiefly
these :

A crimson touch on the hardwood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide and blue,
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool and brown,
Alluring up and enticing down;

From rippled water to dappled swamp,
From purple glory to scarlet pomp;

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill to hill;

The tempter apple over the fence;
The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince;

The palish asters along the wood —
A lyric touch of the solitude ;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through —

Another to sleep with, and a third,
To wake me up at the voice of a bird ;

The resonant far-listening morn,
And the hoarse-whisper of the corn ;

The crickets' mourning their comrades lost,
In the night's retreat from the gathering frost;
(Or is it their slogan, plaintive and shrill,
As they beat on their corselets, valiant still ?)

A hunger fit for the kings of the sea,
And a loaf of bread for Dickon and me ;

A thirst like that of the Thirsty Sword,
And a jug of cider on the board ;

An idle noon, a bubbling spring,
The sea in the pine-tops murmuring ;

A scrap of gossip at the ferry ;
A comrade neither glum nor merry,

Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,

A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,

Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,

A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,

Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick.)

No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,

A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,

Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands —

Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for
law.

And O the joy that is never won,
But follows and follows the journeying
sun,

By marsh and tide; by meadow and stream,
A will-o'-the-wind, a light-o'-dream,

Delusion afar, delight anear,
From morrow to morrow, from year to year,

A jack-o'-lantern, a fairy fire,
A dare, a bliss, and a desire !

The racy smell of the forest loam,
When the stealthy, sad-heart leaves go
home ;

(O leaves, O leaves, I am one with you,
Of the mould and the sun and the wind
and the dew !)

The broad gold wake of the afternoon ;
The silent fleck of the cold new moon ;

The sound of the hollow sea's release
From stormy tumult to starry peace ;

With only another league to wend ;
And two brown arms at the journey's end !

These are the joys of the open road —
For him who travels without a load.

Bliss Carman,

Burrough's "Song of Nature."

THREE OF A KIND

THREE of us without a care,
In the red September,
Tramping down the roads of Maine,
Making merry with the rain,
With the fellow winds a-fare
Where the winds remember.

Three of us with shocking hats,
Tattered and unbarbered,
Happy with the splash of mud,
With the highways in our blood,
Bearing down on Deacon Platt's
Where last year we harbored.

We've come down from Kennebec,
Tramping since last Sunday,
Loping down the coast of Maine,

With the sea for a refrain,
And the maples neck and neck
All the way to Fundy.

Sometimes lodging in an inn,
Cosey as a dormouse —
Sometimes sleeping on a knoll
With no rooftree but the Pole —
Sometimes halely welcomed in
At an old-time farm-house.

Loafing under ledge and tree,
Leaping over boulders,
Sitting on the pasture bars,
Hail-fellow with storm or stars —
Three of us alive and free,
With unburdened shoulders !

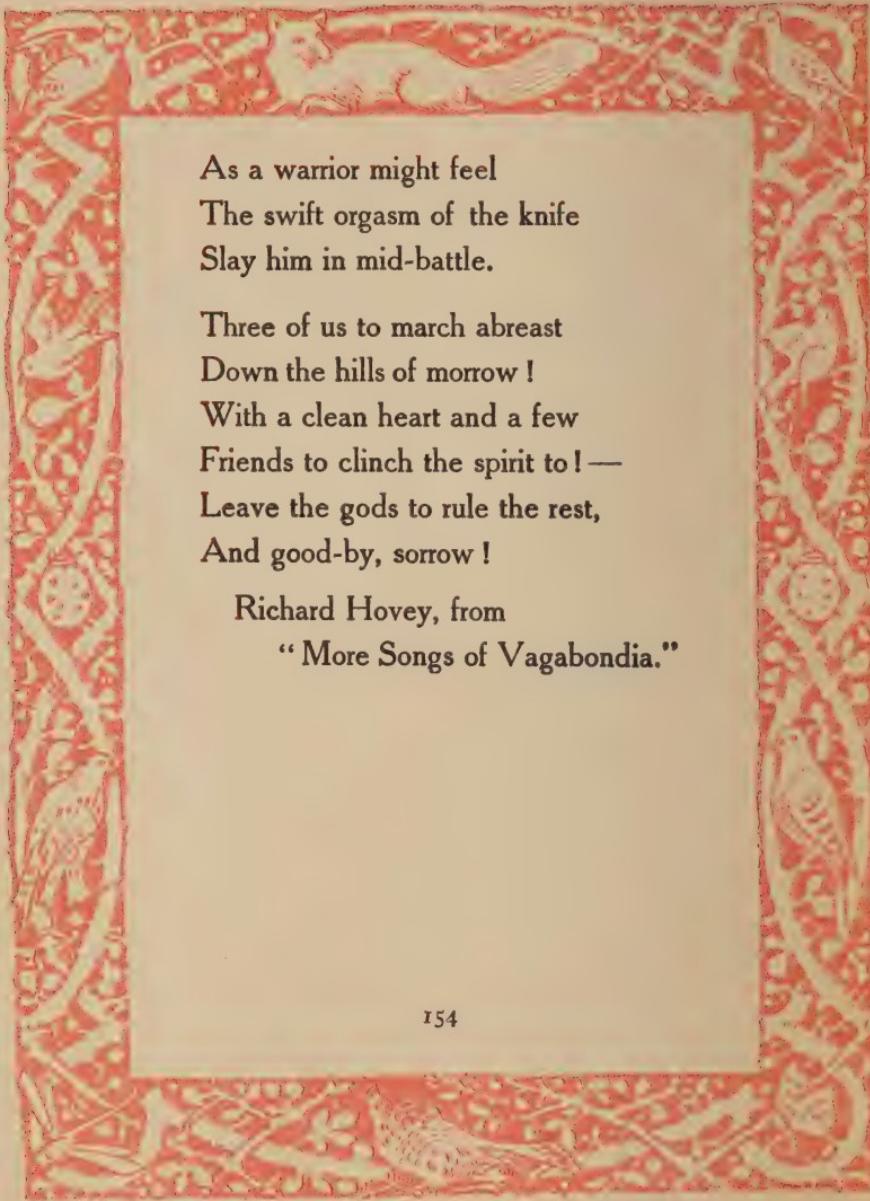
Three of us with hearts like pine
That the lightnings splinter,
Clean of cleave and white of grain —

Three of us afoot again,
With a rapture fresh and fine
As a spring in winter!

All the hills are red and gold ;
And the horns of vision
Call across the crackling air
Till we shout back to them there,
Taken captive in the hold
Of their bluff derision.

Spray-salt gusts of ocean blow
From the rocky headlands ;
Overhead the wild geese fly,
Honking in the autumn sky ;
Black sinister flocks of crow
Settle on the dead lands.

Three of us in love with life,
Roaming like wild cattle,
With the stinging air a-reel



As a warrior might feel
The swift orgasm of the knife
Slay him in mid-battle.

Three of us to march abreast
Down the hills of morrow !
With a clean heart and a few
Friends to clinch the spirit to ! —
Leave the gods to rule the rest,
And good-by, sorrow !

Richard Hovey, from
“More Songs of Vagabondia.”

MISCELLANEOUS FOOTPRINTS

Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breath around
The harmony to others.

— Thomson — The Seasons — Summer.



Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow.

— Macbeth, Act v, Scene 5.



Whene'er I take my walk abroad,
How many poor I see !

What shall I render to my God

For all his gifts to me !

— Isaac Watts, Song iv.



Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and
shades ?

— Paradise Lost, Book xi, line 269.



She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes ;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

— Hebrew Melodies,

“ She Walks in Beauty.”

Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
And put good works on board ; and wait
the wind

That shortly blows us into worlds unknown.

— Young.



She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

— Brennoralt, Act ii.



I will buy with you, sell with you, talk
with you, walk with you, and so following ;
but I will not eat with you, drink with you,
nor pray with you. What news on the
Rialto?

— Merchant of Venice, Act i, Scene 3.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when
we sleep.

— Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book iv, line 677.



Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you — John xii, 35.



The more ladies practice walking the more graceful they become in their movements.— J. W. Howe.



Walking is a nice art ; children learn it only by long practice ; and a man would not know how to walk better than a young child if he had never learned.

— T. Dwight.

The pleasure we might take from walking is much impaired, not by the fatigue we suffer from it, but by the fear of getting fatigued. Children, especially, should be made to walk long distances and to despise short ones. Walking is a better and cheaper exercise than riding, and it has the additional advantage of training to endurance.

— Bovee.



The wandering man knows of certain ancients, far gone in years, who have staved off infirmities and dissolution by earnest walking — hale fellows close upon eighty or ninety, but brisk as boys.— Dickens.



The art of walking is at once suggestive of the dignity of man. Progressive motion

alone implies power, but in almost every other instance it seems a power gained at the expense of self-possession.

— H. T. Tuckerman.



When on the breath of autumn's breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest-hill !

— Mary Howitt — Corn Fields.



Yet walk with me where the hawthorns
hide
The wonders of the lane.

— Ebenezer Elliott,
“The Wonders of the Lane.”

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
The sleepless Soul that perished in his
pride ;

Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough, along the mountain-
side ;

By our own spirits we are deified ;
The poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
But thereof come in the end despondency
and madness.

— Wordsworth,
“Resolution and Independence.”

⁂

Walking is the simplest of exercises.

— Cazenave.

⁂

Walking, especially among rural scenery,
is highly salubrious.— Mrs. Sigourney.

A good walk each day will prolong life
and multiply the pleasures of living.

— J. R. Bowdler.



Riding habits are pretty for ladies, but
walking habits are better for their health.

— G. D. Prentice.



But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

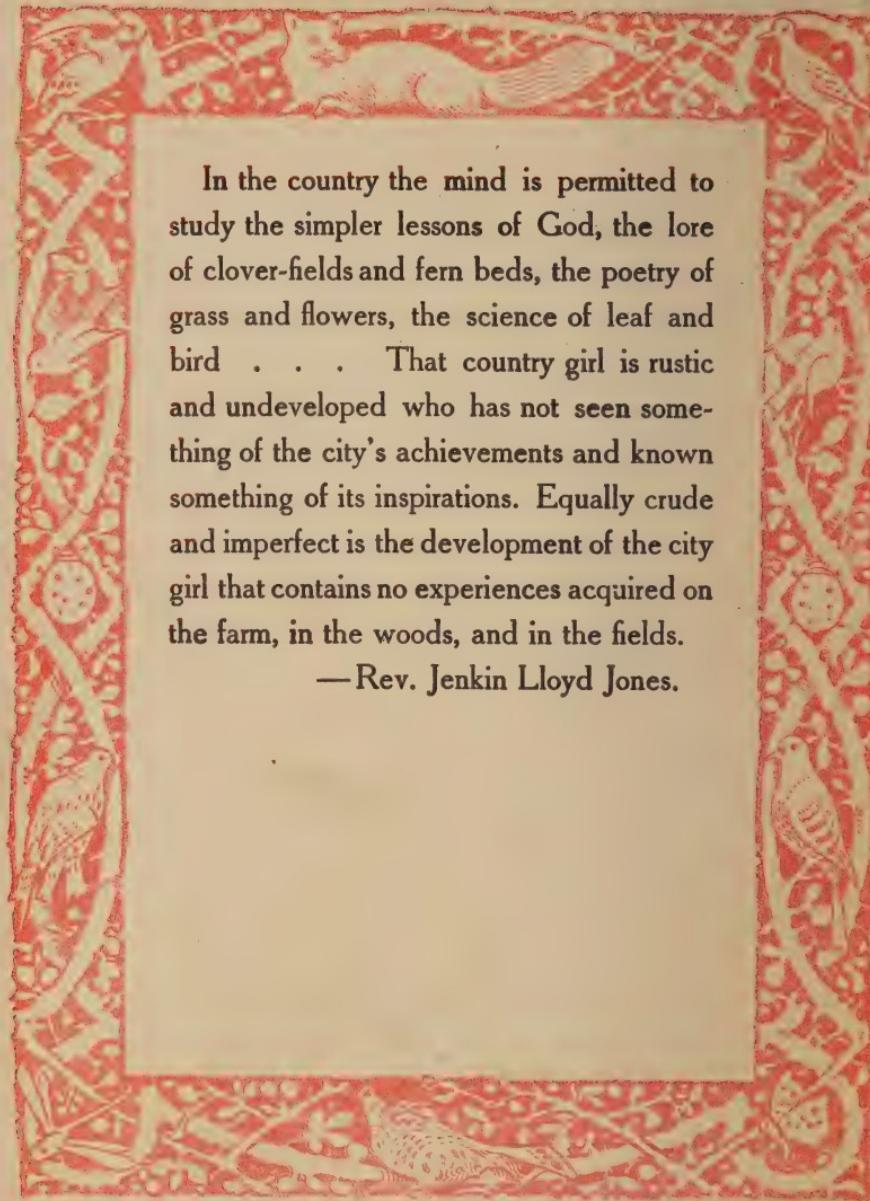
— James Aldrich — A Death-Bed.



Thus Mary Lamb writes to Miss Wordsworth (both ladies being between fifty and sixty); " You say you can walk fifteen miles

with ease ; that is exactly my stint, and more fatigues me," and then speaks pityingly of a delicate lady who could accomplish only "four or five miles every third or fourth day, keeping very quiet between." How few American ladies, in the fullness of their strength, can surpass this English invalid. There is every reason why American girls should love walking on this side the Atlantic ; there is plenty of room for it, the continent is large, the exercise, moreover, brightens the eye and purifies the complexion — so the physiologists declare so that an English chemist classifies red cheeks as being merely oxygen in another form, and advises young ladies who wish for a pair to seek them where the roses get them, out-of-doors.

— Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



In the country the mind is permitted to study the simpler lessons of God, the lore of clover-fields and fern beds, the poetry of grass and flowers, the science of leaf and bird . . . That country girl is rustic and undeveloped who has not seen something of the city's achievements and known something of its inspirations. Equally crude and imperfect is the development of the city girl that contains no experiences acquired on the farm, in the woods, and in the fields.

— Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

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